

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2693.—VOL. XCVII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

WITH ^{SIXPENCE.}
FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT ^{By Post, 6d.}



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH: THE FAITHFUL COMMONS AT THE BAR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A gentleman has been complaining in the papers that the use of the word "Esquire" is undermining his constitution. Everyone, he says, is now an Esquire (unless he is a solicitor, who derives impunity from being a "gentleman" by Act of Parliament), and insists on being addressed as such by his correspondents. This is possible if you happen to know his christian name, but this is not always the case, and then where are you? If you call him "— Jones, Esq." he resents it, and but for that title of ceremony you would write "Mr. Jones," and all would be well. In addressing him abroad, this Esquire business is still more inconvenient, since the foreign postmaster knows no such affix, and in the case of a registered letter he has even been known to decline to give it to Jones, upon the ground that his surname, to judge by what is on the envelope, should be "Esq." The *Illustrated London News* is one of the few newspapers that ignore this title in its Obituaries and its accounts of Wills. Even if Jones leaves a million of money behind him, it describes him as Mr. Jones. What is far worse, however, than this trouble of Esquire in correspondence is the persistence with which ladies of all ages, in writing to persons unknown to them, will abstain from stating whether they are married or single. In America they have the intelligence to put "Mrs." or "Miss" before their signature, when they expect a reply, but in this country we are supposed to discern this delicate point by their handwriting, which, except for experts, is difficult. What is also singular, though they have given us no clue, they are always offended if one makes a mistake. I have received scores of indignant letters arising from this unavoidable error. One female correspondent wrote to say that she had been known and respected as a maiden lady in her neighbourhood for half a century, and to have addressed her as I had done as "Mrs." was "an insult to her character, and an outrage on propriety." And yet, if she had been a "Mrs.," and I had called her "Miss," how much worse it would have been!

The Bank of England borrowed of the Bank of France before the late occasion, but it did so then upon its own account. Mr. Jevons, in his "Money and Mechanism of Exchange," speaks of the "actual exhaustion of bullion" as no ideal event, since it occurred in this country in 1839 under the system of a free issue of notes, "when the Bank of England was only saved from bankruptcy by the ignominious expedient of a large loan from the Bank of France." The old lady of Threadneedle-street was not at that time the person of property she has since become; and, after all, the present year is but her tercentenary. Her original capital was only £1,200,000, which she lent to William and Mary, not from admiration of their virtues, but for the very solid consideration of £100,000 *per annum*. She was the offspring of one Mr. Paterson, who had a very speculative side to his character, for he entertained the idea, which has since cost France so many millions, of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Fortunately, the other directors opposed this view, and, perhaps from alarm at his enthusiasm, excluded all Scotchmen from their committee for a great number of years. The most unpleasant quarter of an hour (and, indeed, it was longer) that the old lady ever experienced was probably in 1745, when we are told she was glad to gain time, which in her case was literally money, "by counting out sixpences."

Though the Bank of England has been of much public service, the greatest national benefit ever conferred by finance was owed, we read, to a private house. When the Armada was preparing, a certain banker, well acquainted with the state of the Spanish treasury, discovered that she could not put to sea without help from the Bank of Genoa. By buying up all the paper afloat and depositing it there, he got that Bank into his power, and then, with a fine combination of patriotism and commercial shrewdness, offered his services, for forty thousand pounds, to Queen Elizabeth. His proposition was accepted, and the pious Philip found his hands so tied that his fleet could not set sail till the following year, by which time England had prepared her navy, which had been in a state of great unreadiness. This was "an operation" indeed.

It is almost as dangerous for a periodical to change its name as to alter its rate of advertisements, though both innovations may be suggested by an increase of prosperity. This is understood to be the cause of the *Scots Observer* being henceforth entitled the *National Observer*. As to the wisdom of the alteration, I offer no opinion, being one of that small and ever-decreasing body who believe that, in most cases, people know their own business better than other people can teach them. The word "*Scots*" seems to imply more of patriotism than universality; but, on the other hand, the *Edinburgh* has held its own for some years. Of the attraction of a name in journalism, as in literature, there is no more doubt than of that of a title in social life. Shakspeare (who, it must be remembered, too, had one of his own much above the average!) is the only writer who has denied it. One Guez (a beggar) called himself Balzac as soon as he took to letters. John Wilkes, one of the most sagacious, if also one of the most worthless, of men, considered that a name had a good deal to do with success even in poetry. "Elkanah Settle sounds so queer," he said, "that one really cannot expect much from him. We should prefer John Dryden, though we knew nothing of their respective merits." Sterne exhorts all godfathers not "to Nicodemus a man into a nothing." George Meredith is quite a fairy godmother's name, which George Cruikshank certainly was not, though, being a humorous artist, in his case it did not much matter. Bloomfield and Florian, as the elder Disraeli points out, had naturally, perhaps, the most appropriate names that could have been selected for them. Some persons have remedied the defect of fortune in this matter according to their circumstances. Simon, on inheriting a large fortune,

"aggrandised his name" to Simonides. Diocles, on becoming Emperor, called himself Diocletian:—

When Abraham was plain Abraham Elt,
Then he had neither sword nor belt;
But when he became Sir Abraham Elton,
Then he put both sword and belt on.

Fuller tells us that when that opulent citizen John Cuts was ordered by Queen Elizabeth to receive the Spanish Ambassador, his Government remonstrated on account of the brevity of his name. A pretty thing, indeed, to object to a monosyllable! What would the Spanish wisacres have said to Pitt or Fox? Everybody cannot be named Harmodius or Aristogiton, and it would be very inconvenient to call to them (over the banisters) if they could. Still, there is no question that for the start in literature, whether in books and periodicals or in men, a pleasant-sounding name is an advantage. At a later stage genius can make greatness out of insignificance, and clothe with its magic robe the commonplace: no more convincing instances of it need be quoted than those of Dickens and Tom Jones.

Committees of clubs and others might do well to peruse the price-list of what is sold at the Salvation Army's Food Dépôt. At a time when everyone is talking of "the increased cost of living," it should be especially worth reading. As to whether the victuals enumerated are good of their kind, and reasonably well cooked, I have no knowledge, but, if it be so, their cheapness is marvellous. A basin of soup is but a halfpenny; at the same rate potatoes are to be had, or cabbage, or rice, or haricot beans. Bread (presumably "at discretion") costs another halfpenny. Coffee and cocoa are a halfpenny a cup. A plate of meat-pudding and potatoes is the chief dainty, and costs threepence. Corned beef and mutton are each twopence. The most expensive sweet is boiled plum-pudding, which is a penny. But jam-pudding, or a slice of bread and jam, or bread and marmalade, is a halfpenny. Everybody dines, it will be seen, by the *carte*; but was there ever before such an economical one? What seems an especial convenience to those who possess a stock of crockery, soup "in your own jugs" is dispensed at a penny a quart. In order to suit diners at what in the fashionable world would certainly be considered unusual hours, all these things are ready for consumption at and after 10 a.m.

Whoever has had much illness in his house must have been struck by the difference of treatment and of "view" adopted by the old and the young doctor. The latter attaches great importance to small details, and has a whole armoury of the latest scientific instruments; he is cautious, and inclined to experiment; if he was a whist-player, one would say that he played the book game. The other trusts much more largely to the result of personal experience; acts with more audacity, and, rightly or wrongly, imposes a greater confidence in the patient—so long, at all events, as he lives. Where doctors differ, it little becomes laymen to decide, and yet it is curious, and very characteristic of the age, to see how enthusiastic laymen now become about every new scientific discovery, concerning which they are as fitted to give an opinion as a Malay or a Chinaman. "A Septuagenarian M.D." in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has stated some facts—if they are facts—which should mitigate this general enthusiasm. We have been told by Lord Mayors, Princes, and other persons in authority that M. Pasteur's system of inoculation for rabies has in four years saved nine hundred valuable lives. But the annual mortality in France from hydrophobia before this discoverer arose was, it seems, only thirty, whereas, since his operations began, it has risen to thirty-five. Where, therefore, asks the puzzled "M.D.," even making allowance for alien patients, did the 225 saved lives per annum come from? Everyone has heard of the carbolic spray which was held to keep microbes away from wounds, as certainly as a mastiff discourages the tramps; yet the inventor of it, says the "M.D.," had the frankness to confess, at the late International Medical Congress: "As regards the spray, I feel ashamed that I should ever have recommended it for microbes." What, asks the "M.D.," has become of Brown-Séquard's Elixir of Life, which was so confidently expected to make old men young? Metschnikoff, it is true, discovered certain organisms in the blood, which he called phagocytes, hostile to microbes, and which, therefore, became extremely popular; but Dr. Koch now tells us that, though hostile, they are so powerless in the combat that they form the favourite eating of the microbes. The "Septuagenarian M.D." has evidently his own opinion about Dr. Koch's discoveries, but, whether he be right or wrong, his contribution may well cause those who are not M.D.s to suspend their judgment. Our general attitude at present in respect to all medical discoveries is that of the trustful infant in the ballad: "We open our mouths and shut our eyes to see what Heaven will send us." And it is not always a sweetmeat.

Far be it from me to say one word against the new crusade instituted by General Booth: with so good and great an intention, it will surely bear some fruit of performance, and I wish it all success. But there is a fear lest so large an undertaking may drain the life-blood of those channels of philanthropy which are already in existence, and have proved themselves worthy of support. This would be a bad beginning indeed for so well-meaning a scheme. The robbing Peter to pay Paul has always been denounced as a financial error. If there is one enterprise more admirable and more necessary in these days than its congeners, it is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and yet we read that its expenditure is nearly £4000 per annum above its income. It is sending starvers and torturers of children to jail at the rate of seven hundred a year; and it is such a wholesome terror to this class of evildoers that it has made five times that number of wretched homes at least tolerable. It is doing more than any other society to stamp out "the rough," that greatest obstacle to human happiness among the poor at present existing. Though he may threaten our lives, the law

has decided that it is murder to shoot him, and, whatever cruelties he may commit, he must not be flogged, because that, forsooth, "degrades" him. He is well known in his neighbourhood, and greatly respected, for who dare touch him? He does things every day as shocking as the horrors which revolt us in Darkest Africa, but he does them in Darkest London, which is quite another matter. A man has lately been charged with outrage and murder, of which he may or may not be guilty; but, however innocent of that particular offence, we read that he has been "the terror of all the women in the vicinity" for years. Is Justice paralysed as well as blind that such a state of things is permitted?—or is it really true that, since these scourges of humanity make life intolerable only among the poor, those who make the laws regard it with indifference? It is impossible to read the cases of domestic brutality published in the reports of the society above mentioned without asking for what purpose are our so-called vigilance committees instituted. They seem rarely to concern themselves except with cases in which pruriency finds attractions. A vigilance committee in which the public may confide, and to which they should send their subscriptions, sits *en permanence* at 7, Harper-street, Bloomsbury, to prevent cruelty to children, and to mitigate the tyranny of that disgrace to civilisation—the Rough.

The nursing of the sick in workhouses is another example of philanthropic enterprise too likely to be ignored in the presence of General Booth's more ambitious programme. It is, comparatively, quite an insignificant institution, its whole income being about £250 a year—a sum sometimes spent in flowers among "smart" people for one evening's entertainment. Yet it has contrived in the last ten years to train nearly five hundred nurses, and to afford something approaching to ease and comfort to a class of sick who almost seem to be forgotten alike by God and man. Those who have read "Oliver Twist" will remember what pauper nurses were like, and there is no evidence that they have improved since his time. This modest society, under head of the "Workhouse Infirmary Nursing Association," substitutes good nurses for bad ones, and receives subscriptions to that end at Messrs. Twining's, 215, Strand. The matter should have a personal as well as a philanthropic interest, for there is no knowing, in these topsyturvy times, who of us may go to the workhouse.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Academy held its annual meeting, on Nov. 20, for the distribution of the Montyon, or virtue, prizes. In the list of recipients the first name is that of the Abbé Beraud, of Blanz, Saône-et-Loire, who receives 2500f. He is eighty-four years of age, has founded two orphanages, has rescued victims in a pit explosion, can still walk thirty miles a day, is a capital swimmer, and is the bricklayer and carpenter of his orphanages. M. Léon Say, who delivered the address, took occasion to pay a tribute to the work of Miss Octavia Hill.—The Earl of Lytton presented, on the 24th, a handsome piece of plate, together with a sum of money, to the Rev. Howard Gill, who is about to leave Paris, having resigned his incumbency of the church in the Rue d'Agnesseau.

The final results of the Italian elections show that Signor Crispi's Government has achieved a complete victory.

Princess Victoria of Prussia was, on Nov. 19, married to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. The civil ceremony was performed in the large hall of the Empress Frederick's palace, and the religious marriage subsequently took place in the chapel of the Royal Palace. The Royal family, the Court officials, and a number of distinguished guests were present. At the dinner the health of the young couple was proposed by the Emperor. A dinner was given on the 20th at the British Embassy in Berlin, in honour of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, which was attended by many Royal and Princely guests. Next day the Duke witnessed, with the German Emperor, the swearing-in of the recruits at Potsdam, and afterwards went to the mausoleum at Friedenskirche and laid a laurel wreath on the tomb of the Emperor Frederick. After laying wreaths on the Emperor Frederick's tomb, the Emperor and Empress were present on Sunday morning, the 23rd, at Divine service in the Friedenskirche. They also ordered wreaths to be laid on the Emperor William's grave at Charlottenburg. The Emperor, gave the Chancellor an audience on the 24th. His Majesty has gone to Silesia to shoot, returning to Potsdam on the 30th. The Empress Frederick paid an hour's visit to the hospitals of Doctors Cornet and Krause on the 23rd, when the patients who are being treated on Dr. Koch's new system were presented to her Majesty.

The Czarevitch, with the Grand Duke George and Prince George of Greece, arrived in Cairo on Nov. 23, when a most brilliant reception was accorded them. A dinner was given by the Khedive in their honour. The city was illuminated, and the Greek community organised a torchlight procession to the Abdin Palace.

The agitation respecting the threatened war by the Indians is increasing in the United States. The New York newspapers have received despatches stating that seven settlers have been murdered by Indians in South Dakota.—The United States Supreme Court has rejected the appeal of the Japanese who has been sentenced to be executed by electricity.

The Viceroy of India held a public durbar at Agra on Nov. 24, and reception of the native nobles and gentlemen of the Agra, Meerut, and Rohilkund divisions. About five hundred and thirty Durbaris were present, besides a large number of civil and military officers. Lord Lansdowne delivered an important address.

The Canton dollars and parts of dollars, made by order of the late Viceroy Chang-Chit-Tung, have been made a legal tender in all parts of China. The United States Minister to China says the introduction of this coinage will undoubtedly work a financial revolution in China. This is the first serious attempt ever made in China to coin money.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-penny-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-pence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



THE MORNING ROOM OF THE REFORM CLUB.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

One predominant subject, to which the Prime Minister referred with pungent satire, may be said to have preoccupied the minds of legislators when the new Session of Parliament was quietly opened on Tuesday, the Twenty-fifth of November. But, whether Mr. Parnell be leader or not of the Home Rule Party, the old-world ceremony of inaugurating a Session by Royal Commission proceeds smoothly as ever. It should be explained that the Illustration on the front page represents our good-humoured Lord Chancellor, Baron Halsbury, presiding on a former occasion at this function, when the Speaker was, as usual, present to head the "faithful Commons." On the Tuesday in question, the grave illness of his wife kept Mr. Peel away, and his place at the bar of the House of Lords was taken by the able Chairman of Committees, Mr. Leonard Courtney. Compared with the brilliant spectacle presented when the Queen opens Parliament in person, and Peers and Peeresses gather in all their splendour to do honour to our Sovereign, the scene when a group of Royal Commissioners represent her Majesty is tame enough. The only spot of colour that enlivened the Chamber on the Twenty-fifth was furnished by the scarlet-cloaked Commissioners, who sat on a bench in front of the throne; the noble Lords being the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Lathom, Lord Knutsford, and Earl Brownlow.

Lord Halsbury, who possesses an exceptionally resonant voice which can easily fill even so large a building as the Guildhall, clearly read the Queen's Speech, which commenced with the hopeful statement that "The securities for European peace appear to me to be undiminished"; then glanced at the sensible improvement in the general condition of Ireland effected by "salutary legislation"; promised measures to mitigate the distress occasioned in the sister Isle by the potato famine, and a Bill to increase the number of Irish peasant landowners; and foreshadowed Ministerial proposals on the tithe question, compulsory education, and, "in case time for further legislation should be found," "Bills for the enactment of a reformed system of County Government in Ireland analogous to that which has been recently put in operation for Great Britain; for the establishment of District Councils; for the extension of facilities for purchasing small parcels of land in Great Britain; for amending the law with respect to the compensation payable by employers in case of injury to persons in their employment; for consolidating and amending the Laws relating to Public Health; for the appointment of a public trustee; and for increasing the security of Friendly Societies and Savings Banks."

Would Mr. Parnell, despite the fact that he was co-respondent in the O'Shea divorce suit, reappear in his place as chief of the Irish Home Rulers? That was the question of questions in the House of Commons. The matter was greatly in doubt, owing to the numerous pulpit fulminations against Mr. Parnell on the preceding Sunday, to the general sentiment in the Liberal ranks that he ought to retire, and in consequence of the re-election of the member for Cork as leader at a meeting of the Home Rule members. Responding to this vote of confidence, Mr. Parnell, seemingly still as cool as a cucumber, took his usual seat on the third bench below the gangway on the Opposition side; sitting in a line with him being Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Justin McCarthy (a good successor to Mr. Parnell), Mr. Sexton, Mr. Conyngham, Mr. Bradlaugh, and other members who habitually sit in that part of the House. The Irish group reckoned, however, without the veteran Liberal Leader. Though hale and hearty, Mr. Gladstone wore an air of depression as he sat back with folded arms between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley on the crowded front Opposition bench, the end seats of which were occupied by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. And the morrow saw the publication in the papers of Mr. Gladstone's explicit letter to Mr. Morley to the effect that he had seen Mr. Justin McCarthy, and had assured him that—

Notwithstanding the splendid services rendered by Mr. Parnell to his country, his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland. I think I may be warranted in asking you so far to expand the conclusion I have given above as to add that the continuance I speak of would not only place many hearty and effective friends of the Irish cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party, based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish cause, almost a nullity.

His duty thus plainly set forth, Mr. Parnell should have found no difficulty in deciding to serve Ireland best by resigning to other hands the leadership of the Home Rule Party he has so skilfully formed.

The debate on the Address in the Lords was tamer than usual. Lord Windsor (in the uniform of a Lord Lieutenant) and Lord Ardilaun (garbed as a Deputy Lieutenant) discharged with credit the graceful duties of moving and seconding the Address. Earl Granville found less than usual to criticise in his gentle fashion. In fine voice, Lord Salisbury boldly defended the Government policy all along the line, and caused Lord Halsbury's broad face to become broader still with an irrepressible smile, and a ripple of laughter to spread through the House by his sly hit at Mr. Parnell: "There is always some difficulty with Irish leaders. Their strong point just now is escaping. Some prefer to escape by water; some prefer fire-escapes."

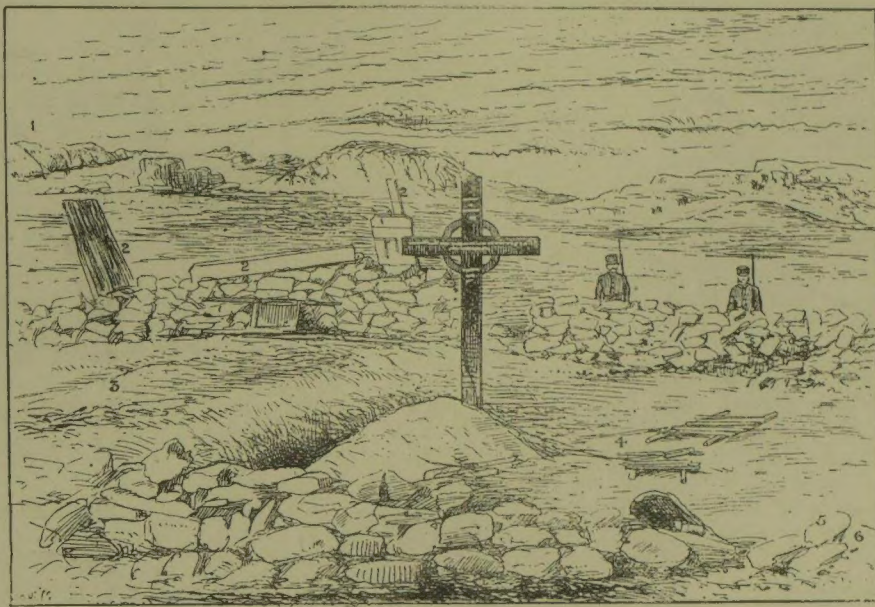
The ruddy face of Sir Robert Fowler grew almost purple with suppressed laughter at the Prime Minister's Disraelian quip, which he heard from the members' balcony of the Upper House. And the satisfaction of the hon. Baronet had hardly subsided when he later on took the corner seat in the Commons generally occupied by Lord Randolph Churchill, and lustily cheered Mr. Smith when he rose to reply to Mr. Gladstone. With

a passing tribute to Colonel Kenyon-Slaney for his earnestness in moving the rationally abbreviated Address, and to Mr. Fulton for his brevity in seconding it, let us pass on to the dignified figure presented by the pallid, white-haired Liberal Leader, as he stood, still upright as a dart, at the table to comment eloquently, but in subdued accents, on the actions and promises of the Government. The Duke of Fife, Lord Derby, Earl Spencer, and Lord Kimberley were among those who gathered in the Peers' Gallery to listen to this most important feature of the debate. Mr. Parnell was conspicuous now by his absence. It was interesting to mark the closeness with which Mr. Smith, Mr. Balfour, Sir Richard Webster, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Goschen, and especially Mr. Matthews watched, from the Treasury Bench, Mr. Gladstone's erect form, and

Commons. He is married to a daughter of the late Earl of Bantry. (Portrait from photograph by Genin, Aix-les-Bains.)

Lieutenant-Colonel William Kenyon-Slaney, M.P. for the Newport Division of North Shropshire, was born at Bombay in 1847, son of the late Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, who was grandson to the first Lord Kenyon. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford, entered the Grenadier Guards, and became Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1883, having served in the Egyptian campaign. (Portrait from photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.)

Mr. James Forrest Fulton, M.P. for the North Division of West Ham Borough, was born in 1846, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, K.H., was educated at Norwich Grammar School and at the London University, where he graduated, and obtained the degree of LL.B. in 1873; was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1872, and is one of the counsel to the Treasury and to the Mint; he is author of a "Manual of Constitutional History." (Portrait from photograph by Mr. Vandyk, Gloucester-road, S.W.)



1. Rock on which the ship was wrecked. 2. Mess-table and stools from the ship.
3. Graves of forty-seven of the crew. 4. Stretchers for carrying the bodies.
5. Grave of Commander H. Ross, R.N. 6. Grave of Mr. W. Edwards, Engineer.

GRAVE-YARD NEAR PUNTA DEL BUEY, WHERE OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF H.M.S. SERPENT ARE BURIED.

listened to his distinct, well-modulated voice, and doubtless admired the old rhetorical skill of their venerable critic. But it was manifest that the Parnell misfortune had taken the fire out of Mr. Gladstone's speech. Though adroit and dignified, it lacked "go." And his letter in the following morning's papers, epitomised above, plainly showed how deeply the right hon. gentleman felt the scandal of the O'Shea case. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Smith aptly spoke with sympathy of the Speaker's domestic trouble; and the First Lord of the Treasury's reply to the Leader of the Opposition was admirably clear and to the point. In its sensibly curtailed form, the Address was actually agreed to on the first night.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

The Address from both Houses of Parliament, in reply to the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session, was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Windsor, and seconded by Lord Ardilaun; in the House of Commons it was moved by Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, and seconded by Mr. Forrest Fulton.

The Right Hon. Robert George Windsor-Clive, fourteenth Baron Windsor, was born in August 1857, grandson of the Hon. Robert Henry Clive, M.P., who was second son of the first Earl Powis, and whose wife, Harriet Clive, in 1855, had the ancient Barony of Windsor, dormant since 1833, revived in her favour; it was created in 1529. Her Ladyship and heirs were also permitted to bear the additional surname of Windsor, that of the first Barons Windsor; the Earldom of Plymouth, conferred on the heads of this family in 1682, became extinct in 1843. Lord Windsor, who was educated at

excellent photograph taken before her departure by Mr. H. Simmons, photographic artist, of 52, Notte-street, Plymouth, whose name ought to have been mentioned with due acknowledgment of its use.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has been elected Treasurer of the Middle Temple for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. Justice Day.

Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., has been presented with his portrait by the members of the Vine Hunt, in recognition of his mastership of the hounds from 1868 to 1888.

The Bishop of Rochester visited the School for the Indigent Blind, Southwark, on Nov. 24, and at a service in the new chapel gave an address to nearly two hundred blind inmates.

In connection with the recent incorporation of Bourne-mouth, Mr. Merton Russell Cotes has given a mace and badge for the Mayoral Chair, at a cost of 150 guineas.

Messrs. Hovell and Co., of Lamb's Conduit-street, are to the fore again with their Christmas crackers—prominent among them being their theatrical, Stanley, and Newmarket crackers, poetical cosques, and Dolly's trousseaux.

Messrs. Theobald and Co., of Church-street, Kensington, have a variety of Christmas novelties, including, among many others, the Royal Old Maid Game; the Caledonian skate, which requires only one screw at the back to fasten the entire skate; and a number of popular toys.

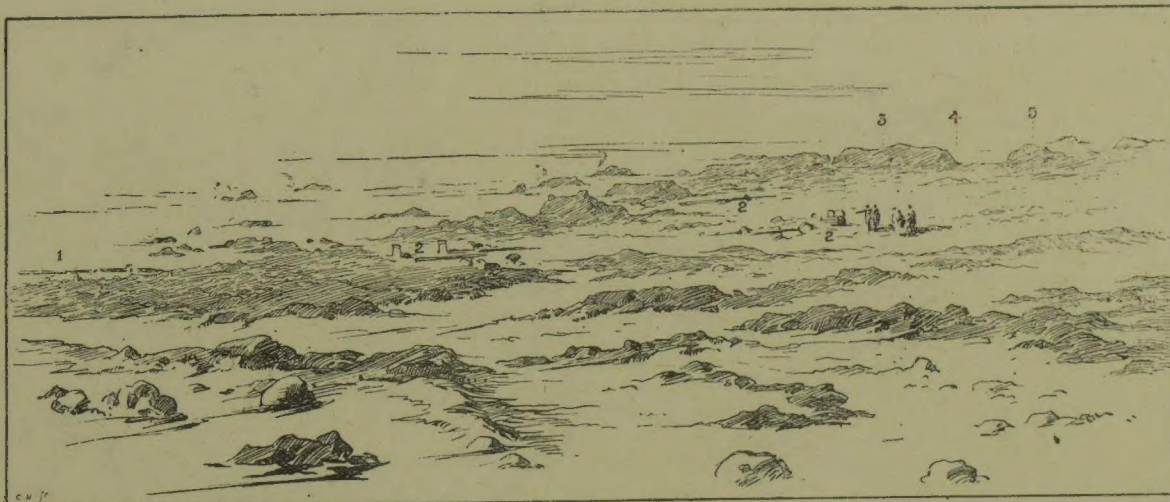
Reports from various parts of the country show that the storm which prevailed on Nov. 23 and during the early part of the next day was very severe, particularly in the English Channel, where the Bristol steamer Calypso foundered after having been in collision with a Spanish vessel. Seven of the crew, who put off in boats, were drowned, and the remainder were landed at Folkestone. In the Bristol Channel the steamer Uppingham was driven ashore off Bude and went to pieces, and the first mate lost his life.

The council of the National Rifle Association have confirmed Colonel Mackinnon, lately chief instructor at the Hythe School, in the post of secretary of the association, which he has occupied provisionally since the resignation of Colonel Marsden.

This year Mr. Punch makes a new departure, and instead of his Annual Almanack he will issue to the world, on Dec. 4, his Christmas Number, of which the title and subject will be "Mr. Punch Among the Planets." The account of his visits to the planetary bodies will be given by his attendant staff of ready writers, and the illustrations will be by Messrs. Du

Maurier, Sambourne, Reed, and others, the double-page cartoon, of a very novel character, being by Mr. Harry Furness, and the Grand Transformation Scene which brings to a brilliant termination Mr. Punch's Peregrinations is by that Master Magician of the Black-and-White Art, Mr. John Tenniel, who also contributes a characteristic "tail-piece," in which, of course, Toby appears. "Stars" of all magnitudes will herein appear, Toby will assume a Sirius aspect, and there is scarcely a comet, planet, galaxy, or any star of note that will not appear on the disc of the newly patented telescope employed on this occasion by Mr. Punch, the Universal, Royal, and Imperial Astronomer.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Naval Exhibition, it was stated that the Guarantee Fund now amounts to over £40,000. Several letters have been received from the great Naval families of the Kingdom offering relics, documents, &c., for exhibition.



1. One of the masts of H.M.S. Serpent. 2, 2, 2. Piles of wreckage; two white posts being standards of the compasses.
3. Extreme point of rocks at high water. 4. Point of rock where the ship probably struck.
5. Rock on which the ship was fixed and broke asunder.

PUNTA DEL BUEY, NORTH COAST OF SPAIN, WHERE H.M.S. SERPENT WAS LOST.

Eton and at St. John's College, Cambridge, is part-author, jointly with a travelling companion, of a tourist's book on Greece. He married, in 1883, a daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Paget, British Ambassador at Vienna. (The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Draycott, of Birmingham.)

The Right Hon. Sir Arthur Edward Guinness, Bart., first Baron Ardilaun, is eldest son of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P. for Dublin, formerly head of the great firm of porter-brewers in that city, who munificently restored St. Patrick's Cathedral at his own cost, and who was created a Baronet in 1867. Sir Arthur Guinness was born in 1840, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of M.A., succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1868, and in 1880 was raised to the Peerage as Lord Ardilaun. He was M.P. for Dublin a few months in 1868 and 1869, but was afterwards unsuccessful in seeking election to the House of



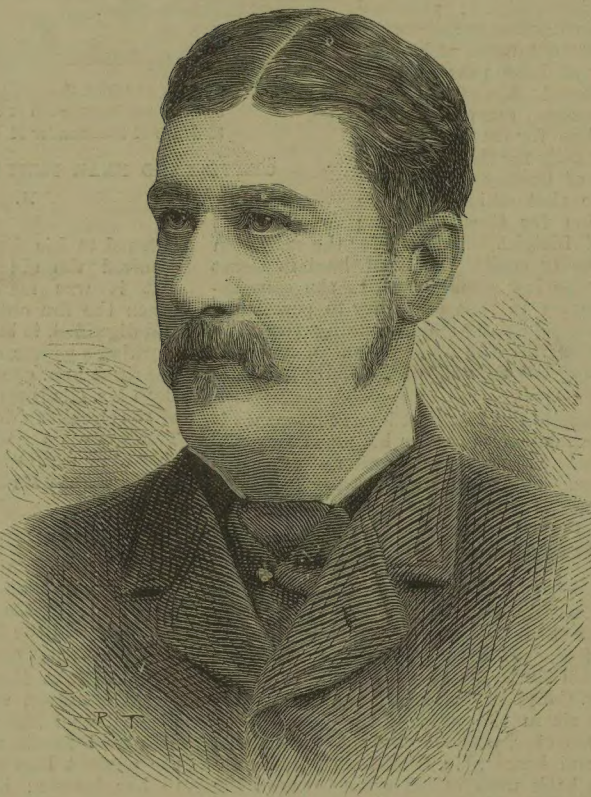
LORD WINDSOR.



LORD ARDILAUN.



COLONEL W. KENYON-SLANEY, M.P.



MR. FORREST FULTON, M.P.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.



1. Sir Arthur D. Hayter, Bart.
2. Right Hon. Lord Kensington.
3. Right Hon. Viscount Hampden, G.C.B.
4. Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.
5. Right Hon. J. T. Hibbert.
6. Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart.
7. Right Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G., &c.
8. Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart.
9. The Most Noble the Marquis of Ripon, K.G.
10. Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, M.P.

11. W. S. Caine, Esq.
12. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.
13. W. Woodall, Esq., M.P.
14. Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P.
15. Leonard Courtney, Esq., M.P.
16. Sir Edward W. Watkin, Bart., M.P.
17. Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P.
18. H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P.
19. H. D. Pochin, Esq.
20. Joseph Cowen, Esq.

21. George Armitstead, Esq.
22. Henry Broadhurst, Esq., M.P.
23. Sir W. MacCormac, F.R.C.S.
24. Sir Joseph Pease, Bart., M.P.
25. William Agnew, Esq.
26. Sir J. Pender, K.C.M.G.
27. R. K. Causton, Esq., M.P.
28. Sydney Buxton, Esq., M.P.
29. F. A. Channing, Esq., M.P.
30. Dr. Robert Farquharson, M.P.

31. Sir G. Campbell, K.C.S.I., M.P.
32. Right Hon. Sir H. James, Q.C., M.P.
33. Right Hon. Sir W. G. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C., M.P.
34. Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart., M.P.
35. Right Hon. Earl of Rosebery.
36. Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G.
37. The Right Hon. Marquis of Hartington, M.P.
38. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.
39. Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P.
40. Herbert J. Gladstone, Esq., M.P.



ALOYSIUS O'KELLY

A SOUDANESE MINSTREL IN EGYPT.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

A whole group of what might be called "photographic" periodicals have sprung up within the last few months, and appear to flourish, giving clear evidence of supplying a want of the public taste. One of the oldest of these publications, called *Our Celebrities*, Nos. 28 and 29 of which we have just received for review, seems to be far from having exhausted its supply of subjects for treatment. Miss Ada Rehan, George Du Maurier, and Madame Melba fill the October number; and the Archbishop of York, Lady Monckton, and Mr. Robert Buchanan are given in that of November. It is a catholic enough selection, and likely to appeal to a large class of the public. The portraits show no falling off in point of excellence, and are accompanied by succinctly written descriptions. A somewhat similar brochure is the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery*, published by Messrs. Cassell, the photographs for

which are taken by Messrs. Downey. In the three numbers before us—namely, Nos. 12, 13, and 14—the Princess of Wales, Sir Charles Russell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Father Ignatius are some of the more prominent names in the list of contents.

A third gallery of portraits, which makes its first appearance this month, is called "Notable Women at Home," and begins, with commendable loyalty, with the Princess of Wales, an exceedingly good photograph of her Royal Highness. Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mrs. Stannard—the "John Strange Winter" of literature—are the two other notable women.

Each number of *Sun Artists* is devoted to an account of the work and methods of one out of the largely increasing number of photographers who aspire to develop the artistic capabilities of photography as apart from mere portraiture and indiscriminate "picture taking." We have the fourth and fifth numbers before us, which deal respectively with Mr.

Lyddell Sawyer and Mrs. Cameron. The specimens of the artists' work are, some of them, remarkably good.

No. 2 of the *Amateur Photographer* contains an account of a trip to Norway, illustrated with several photographs of the Hardanger Fjord and the neighbourhood. The views are excellent and well chosen.

A dissertation on Netoukés and Okimones is continued in the September number of *Artistic Japan*. The loose plates, which accompany every part, are reproductions of pictures, designs, and all objects of art, and must be most valuable to all connoisseurs; and also the sketches, scattered among the letter-press and on the margin of the pages, repay the closest study. The October number contains an article on the theatre in Japan, of the greatest interest, and shows the curious contrast between eastern and western ideas on the limitations of the drama.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica, reached Windsor on Nov. 20, from Balmoral. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who arrived at the castle on the previous day, met her Majesty and the Royal family at the Great Western Railway station on arrival. The Queen being again in residence at Windsor, the fine band of the Scots Guards plays daily upon the castle hill during the mounting of the Palace guard. On the 21st the Queen gave a dinner-party in honour of the marriage of her Majesty's granddaughter Princess Victoria of Prussia with Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. During and after dinner there was music by the Royal Artillery band under Cavalier L. Zaverthal, the programme including Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and a march of the Imperial Naval Division, by Prince Henry of Prussia. The Duchess of Albany and her children, the young Prince Leopold Charles, Duke of Albany, and Princess Alice of Albany arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. This being the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Empress Frederick, the bells of St. George's Chapel and Windsor Parish Church were rung, and a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. Princess Frederica took leave of her Majesty. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, visited the Queen at Windsor Castle in the evening for the purpose of taking leave of her Majesty previous to his departure with his regiment, the 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, to India. At a council held by her Majesty on the 22nd the Earl of Yarborough and Lord Justice Kay were sworn members of the Privy Council, the former also kissing hands on his appointment as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Mr. Justice Romer, the new Judge of the Chancery Division, received the honour of knighthood. On Sunday morning, the 23rd, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and the Hon. Marie Adeane. In the evening the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duke of Edinburgh, who has been the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, terminated his visit to her Majesty on the 24th, and returned to Clarence House. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who had arrived the previous day, also left. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Princess Herman of Saxe-Weimar, and Mr. H. Farnham Burke, arrived at the castle in the evening on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. Prince Adolphus of Teck and the Hon. Horatio Stopford were also invited. Her Majesty invested Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar with the Insignia of a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. The Queen went out on the morning of the 25th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Adolphus of Teck have left the castle. The Queen has given orders for the Court to go into mourning from the 25th for three weeks for his late Majesty the King of the Netherlands. Her Majesty has sent to Queen Emma a message of condolence.

The Prince of Wales presided, on Nov. 21, at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. Another new club, the Amphitryon, situated at 41, Albemarle-street, was opened in the evening with a dinner, the Prince of Wales, who is one of its members, being the principal guest. The Prince was present at a meeting, on the 22nd, of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History Department) at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road. In the afternoon he returned to Sandringham to receive another party of guests—the Danish Minister, Madame De Bille, Lord Herschell, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Frederick Abel, and Archdeacon Farrar—who arrived on the same day. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Maud, and the guests in the house, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, the 23rd, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, Chaplain to the Queen, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, who also preached the sermon. At King's Lynn a Sporting and Art Exhibition was opened on the 24th by the Prince, who was accompanied by the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud. His Royal Highness afterwards proceeded to London for the opening of Parliament; and the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her two daughters, arrived at Melton Constable by special train from Lynn, on a visit to Lord and Lady Hastings. The Prince was present at the debate in the House of Lords on the 25th. His Royal Highness has paid a visit to Melton Constable, the seat of Lord Hastings.

Prince and Princess Christian, with their two daughters, have arrived at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, from Germany.

The Duke of Cambridge held his first Levée of the winter season at the Horse Guards on Nov. 24.

Princess Frederica of Hanover and suite left Charing-cross on Nov. 21 by Club Train for Paris, en route for Biarritz.

On Monday, Dec. 1, Messrs. Reed and Grain will produce a new entertainment, entitled "Possession," written by Walter Browne, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

Judge Bristowe has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple for 1891, in succession to Lord Justice Lopes.

A Royal Proclamation is published in the *Gazette* calling in, by Feb. 28, 1891, all gold coins not of the present reign, and declaring that after that date such coins shall not be current or legal tenders.

The Marquis of Winchester has made a reduction of eight per cent. on the rectorial tithe, and the Rev. W. D. Harrison, the Vicar, a reduction of nine per cent. on the vicarial tithe, for the parish of Crondall, Hants, for the current year.

The earth's path has just been through the group of meteorites known as the Andromeda group. The Geminidæ come next, the maximum being assigned to Dec. 10; and, as there will be no moonlight, the display which they will present ought to be specially bright.

We are requested by Messrs. Vokins (Great Portland-street), to whose collection of mezzotint engravings we made reference last week, to state that, in addition to Mr. Walter Gilbey, they are indebted to Mr. H. A. Blyth, of Portland-place, for some of the specimens requisite to complete the collection now exhibited.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Nov. 25 consisted of "Our Bitterest Foe" and "A Husband in Clover," well performed by Miss May Woolgar Mellon and Mr. William Felton, with the addition of Mr. Herbert Boyle in the first piece. Some agreeable vocal music was furnished by Miss Minnie Wilson, and Miss Lemon contributed two pianoforte solos. The patients greatly enjoyed the evening's amusement.

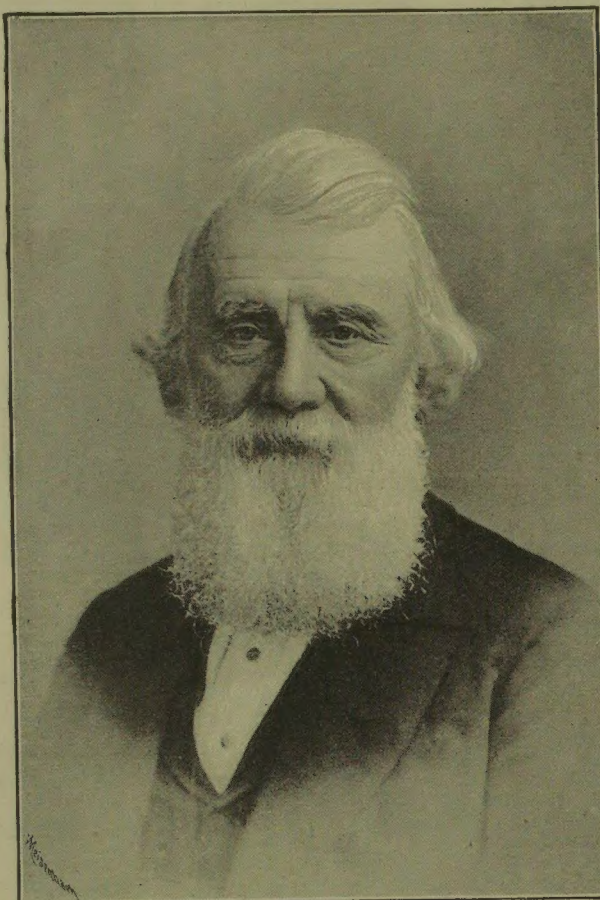
THE LATE MR. W. BECKETT, M.P.

By a disastrous accident on Sunday, Nov. 23, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, Mr. William Beckett, of York, M.P. for the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire, lost his life. He was

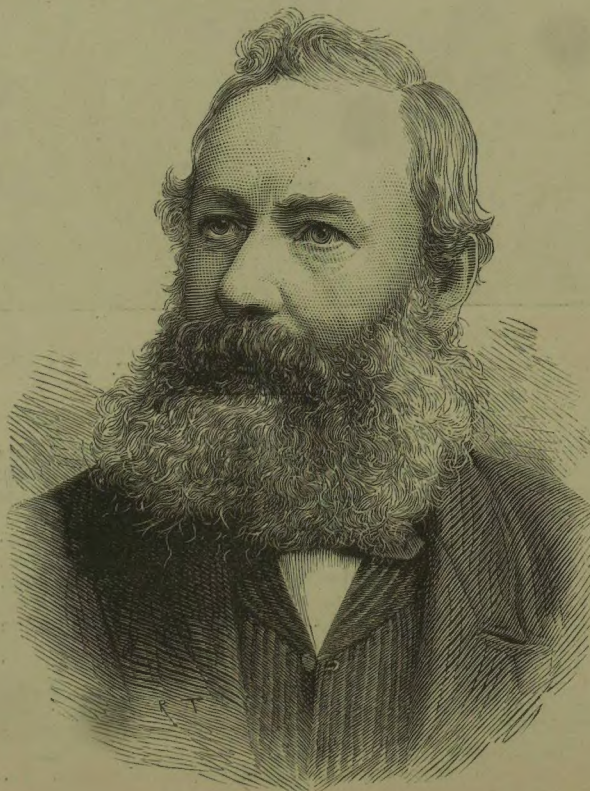


THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BECKETT, M.P.

walking to the railway station from Canford Manor, the residence of Lord Wimborne, and was on the line of rails, when he was knocked down by a train, and was killed on the spot. This gentleman, born in 1826, was a younger son of Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., of Grimthorpe, Yorkshire, and was brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Grimthorpe. He

THE LATE REV. DR. HANNAY,
SECRETARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

was formerly called Mr. Beckett Denison, and was M.P. for East Retford from 1876 to 1880. He afterwards resumed the original family surname of Beckett, and was elected for the Bassetlaw Division in 1885 and 1886. He was head of a large banking business at Leeds and York. His eldest son is Mr. Ernest William Beckett, M.P. for the Whitby Division.



THE LATE MR. J. SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S.

MR. JUSTICE ROMER.

On Tuesday, Nov. 18, Mr. Justice Romer took his seat on the Bench, having been appointed to the Judgeship of the Chancery Division vacant by the appointment of Mr. Justice Kay as Lord Justice of Appeal. Mr. Robert Romer was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was Senior Wrangler and Equal Smith's prizeman in 1863, and became a Fellow of his college. Mr. Romer was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. He was an Examiner in Civil Law to the University of Cambridge in 1869-70, and has been a member of the Bar Committee since 1883. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1881, and elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1884. Mr. Romer married a daughter of the late Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Vandyk, 125, Gloucester-road, Kensington.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL HACKETT.

The death of this veteran officer, in his seventy-second year, was lately recorded. He entered the Army in 1837, attained the rank of Major in 1855, became Colonel of the 76th Regiment, and retired with the rank of Major-General in 1882. In the Crimean campaign he was Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at headquarters, and was present at the affairs of Bulganac and McKenzie's Farm, the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. As Major in the 44th Foot he proceeded to the North of China, where he took part in the assault and capture of the Taku Forts. In 1878 he relinquished the control of the Brigade Depot at Halifax to assume the command of the troops in the West Indies as Colonel on the Staff in Jamaica. While holding this appointment he was selected for a "distinguished service reward," which he held till his death.

THE LATE REV. DR. HANNAY.

The Rev. Alexander Hannay, D.D., secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, who died on Nov. 11, was educated at Glasgow University, and entered the Congregational ministry in 1846. His first charge was at Prince's-street Church, Dundee, where he officiated sixteen years. In 1862 he came to London to be minister of the church in the City-road. His last pastorate was at West Croydon, but at the special request of the Colonial Missionary Society he resigned his charge in order to devote his whole time to that work. In 1870 he became the secretary to the Congregational Union, in which capacity he was widely known.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

THE LATE MR. SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

This accomplished and instructive writer on horticultural topics died on Nov. 23, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. James Shirley Hibberd began life as a bookbinder, but soon abandoned that calling and applied himself to journalism and literature. He was for many years editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*, and author of valuable works on kindred subjects. He was a fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society; and, as one of the best authorities on the cultivation of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, acted as one of the judges at the Guildhall flower show. He was recently offered the freedom of the Fruiterers' Company, which honour he was compelled to refuse in consequence of his many engagements. Mr. Shirley Hibberd was recently consulted by Government concerning the potato disease in Ireland.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The resplendent revival of Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's Theatre by Mrs. Langtry was noticed last week. But the splendour of this magnificent stage production amply deserves illustration. The greatest care has been taken by Mrs. Langtry to secure the historic accuracy of the Roman and Egyptian costumes, which have been designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Indeed, costumes and scenery alike are of dazzling beauty. The Rome of Mark Antony's time and the Egypt of Cleopatra's prime are made to live again. Mrs. Langtry herself is portrayed by our Artist in the principal scenes of love and passion Cleopatra is witnessed in with Antony (Mr. Coghlan); and Mr. Arthur Stirling and Mr. F. Kemble Cooper are also delineated as Domitius Enobarbus and Octavius Cæsar. Without repeating criticism on Mrs. Langtry's acting as Cleopatra, it is but fair to recognise the sumptuous beauty of the two principal spectacular tableaux. In a picturesque hall in Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria takes place an Oriental festival of rainbow loveliness—one of those choreographic revels which Mr. D'Auban organises to perfection, this one notable for the graceful dancing of Miss Emma D'Auban and Miss Madge Greet as Day and Night. Similarly admirable in its way is the grandly impressive scene representing the triumphal reception of Antony by Cleopatra. In fine, "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's is emphatically a play to see.

The laughter that greeted Mr. Edward Terry throughout Saturday night, Nov. 22, on his reproduction of "In Chancery" at Terry's Theatre justified this popular comedian's choice of a successor to "Sweet Lavender." "In Chancery" is by the same author as that charming Temple idyl; and it is one of Mr. A. W. Pinero's most humorous works, abounding with strongly contrasted characters, and furnishing Mr. Terry himself with one of the most comical parts it is possible for the mind of a dramatist to conceive. Full of mirthful situations from first to last, "In Chancery" has for its central character a commercial traveller, one Joliffe, who has his memory shaken out of him by a railway shock, and becomes absolutely ignorant of his own identity, so that, albeit in the possession of a fond wife at home, he becomes affianced to a publican's daughter, and matrimonially involved with a ward "In Chancery." How Joliffe, by an ingenious expedient, is in the end reunited to his comely wife (enacted with spirit by Miss Alice Yorke) occasions fresh amusement, so droll is the acting of Mr. Terry as Joliffe, and so well he is supported.

Mr. Irving has arranged to give four matinées of "Ravenswood" in December—Saturday, 6th (which will be for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund), and Saturdays, 20th and 27th, and on Wednesday, 24th (Christmas Eve). On the evenings of Saturdays, 20th and 27th, "The Bells" will be given, and on the night of Christmas Eve the theatre will remain closed.

The Portrait of Professor Koch, the discoverer of the cure for consumption, is from a photograph by Mr. J. C. Schaarwächter, Leipziger-strasse, Berlin.

During the week ending Nov. 22, thirteen steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a collective supply of 4813 cattle, 156 sheep, and 17,762 quarters of beef.





THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL HACKETT.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S JUDGMENT.

On Friday, Nov. 21, the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by his Vicar-General (Sir James Parker Deane) and the Bishops of London, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, and Hereford as Assessors, held his Court at Lambeth Palace to deliver judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case. The court was crowded, and his Grace took nearly four hours, not including a short recess for luncheon, in reading his judgment. The Bishop of Lincoln was charged with various ritualistic practices during the celebration of the Holy Communion on two occasions, in the Church of St. Peter at Lincoln, and in the Cathedral. The promoters of the suit were represented by Sir H. Davey, Q.C., Dr. Tristram, Q.C., and Mr. Danckwerts; the counsel on behalf of the Bishop of Lincoln being Sir Walter Phillimore, Mr. F. H. Jeune, Q.C., and Mr.



THE NEW JUDGE, MR. JUSTICE ROMER.

A. B. Kempe. The defence was that these practices were lawful. The judgment of the Archbishop and of his assistant Bishops is that some at least of these practices are contrary to the law of the Church. They consider that the mixture of water with the sacramental wine beforehand is not an offence, but that it is an offence if done in presence of the congregation and as part of the service. They do not regard the drinking of the contents at the end of the service as illegal. Neither do they hold that any particular position should be taken up by the celebrant at the communion table; but they have decided that the Bishop, in standing so as to conceal the bread and wine from the people, was acting under a mistake. The "Agnus Dei" they declare to be legal, also the keeping of lighted candles on the altar, "although distasteful to many." The Court directs all parties to pay their own costs of this suit.

By a majority of seventy-eight votes on a poll of 782 the Marquis of Huntly has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. Mr. Bryce, M.P., was the unsuccessful candidate. Lord Huntly had a majority of three of the four nations, as well as a numerical majority.



THE LATE SIR J. F. DAVIS, BART., K.C.B., F.R.S.

THE LATE SIR JOHN DAVIS.

The death of the late Sir J. F. Davis, Bart., K.C.B., formerly Governor of Hong-Kong and Chief Superintendent of British Trade with China, was in the ninety-sixth year of his age; his Chinese experiences in the diplomatic service began so long ago as 1816, when he was attached to Lord Amherst's embassy at Peking. In 1834 he was joint commissioner with the late Lord Napier to arrange commercial regulations with China, and from 1843 to 1848 was Governor of Hong-Kong, as well as British Plenipotentiary in Foreign Office transactions with the Chinese Empire. He was created a Baronet in 1845, and a Knight of the Bath in 1854. Sir John Davis was author of several books on Chinese literature and history.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Co., of Piccadilly.

Bishop of Hereford. Vicar-General.

Bishop of Oxford.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of London.

Bishop of Rochester.

Bishop of Salisbury.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY DELIVERING JUDGMENT ON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

CORRIDOR, AND BUST OF MR. GLADSTONE.

IN CLUBLAND.

No. II.

The Reform.

the Morning Room. Four papers were ordered—the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Herald*, and *Post*. The first was charged at the rate of 6d., a treaty being concluded with the news-agent whereby the three latter were tossed in for a shilling, on consideration of their being returned on the morning after publication. There were five evening papers, which were collected on the following morning by the newsagent. They cost fourpence each, and were the *Globe*, the *Courier*, the *Standard*, the *True Sun*, and the *Sun*. The rear was brought up by six weekly papers—the *John Bull*, the *Age*, the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, the *Observer*, and the *Satirist*. These cost two-pence each, with the exception of the *Spectator*, which ran up to threepence. All were returned into the possession of the newsagent on Monday morning, from which it will appear that the original arrangements of the club were not chargeable with lavishness.

Mr. Louis Fagan, whose history of the Reform Club is a monument of patient research and a model of happy construction, has discovered in the minute-book of the Westminster Club an interesting historical fact. When, in 1835, Mr. Disraeli went down to Taunton to contest the seat with the Mr. Henry Labouchere of that day, a question arose as to the actual condition of his political principles, just then a little unsettled. It was publicly stated that he appeared on the scene as the nominee of the Conservative Club, to which retort was made that he was actually a member of the Westminster Reform Club. In an election speech delivered in April 1835, Mr. Disraeli noticed this report, meeting it with unequivocal denial. "The Westminster Reform Club is," he said, "a club I have never heard of, and I never belonged to a Reform or political club in my life." In the minute-book of the Westminster Club, under date July 2, 1834, is found the following entry: "Resolved, That Mr. Disraeli, proposed by Mr. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling and Bulwer), and seconded by Dr. Elmore, be elected a Member of the Club." The election accordingly took place, and Mr. Disraeli received the usual notification and polite request for a cheque. The cheque not being forthcoming, the secretary was instructed to write to Mr. Disraeli informing him that they (the committee) "had observed by the banker's book that his subscription had not been paid." Thereto, under date Feb. 8, 1835, Mr.

Disraeli wrote to the secretary of the club (of which he had never heard) enclosing a draft for fifteen guineas, but stating that, as his engagements had not permitted him to avail himself of the club, he begged to have his name withdrawn. Upon this the committee held solemn meeting, and passed the following lofty resolution: "That the cheque sent by Mr. Disraeli be returned to him, and he be informed that the committee declines its acceptance, having no inclination to accept money from gentlemen whose engagements render them unable to avail themselves of the conveniences of the club." Mr. Disraeli did not bandy words in the matter: he pocketed the cheque, which, in course of time, went towards meeting the initial charges of membership of the Carlton.

The actual founder of the present Reform Club was (Mr. Louis Fagan says) Mr. Edward Ellice, who was member for Coventry so recently as the year 1863, having been first returned for the borough in 1818. At his residence in Carlton House-terrace the project of a club worthy of the growing power of the Liberal Party was broached. Mr. Alderman Wood's caravanserai in Great George-street was all very well for a temporary convenience, but it was not founded on a permanent basis. It was, moreover, running into debt, and in 1836, its lusty progeny having been fairly started, it closed its door with a debt of over £1000, honourably met by a subscription of eleven guineas from each member.

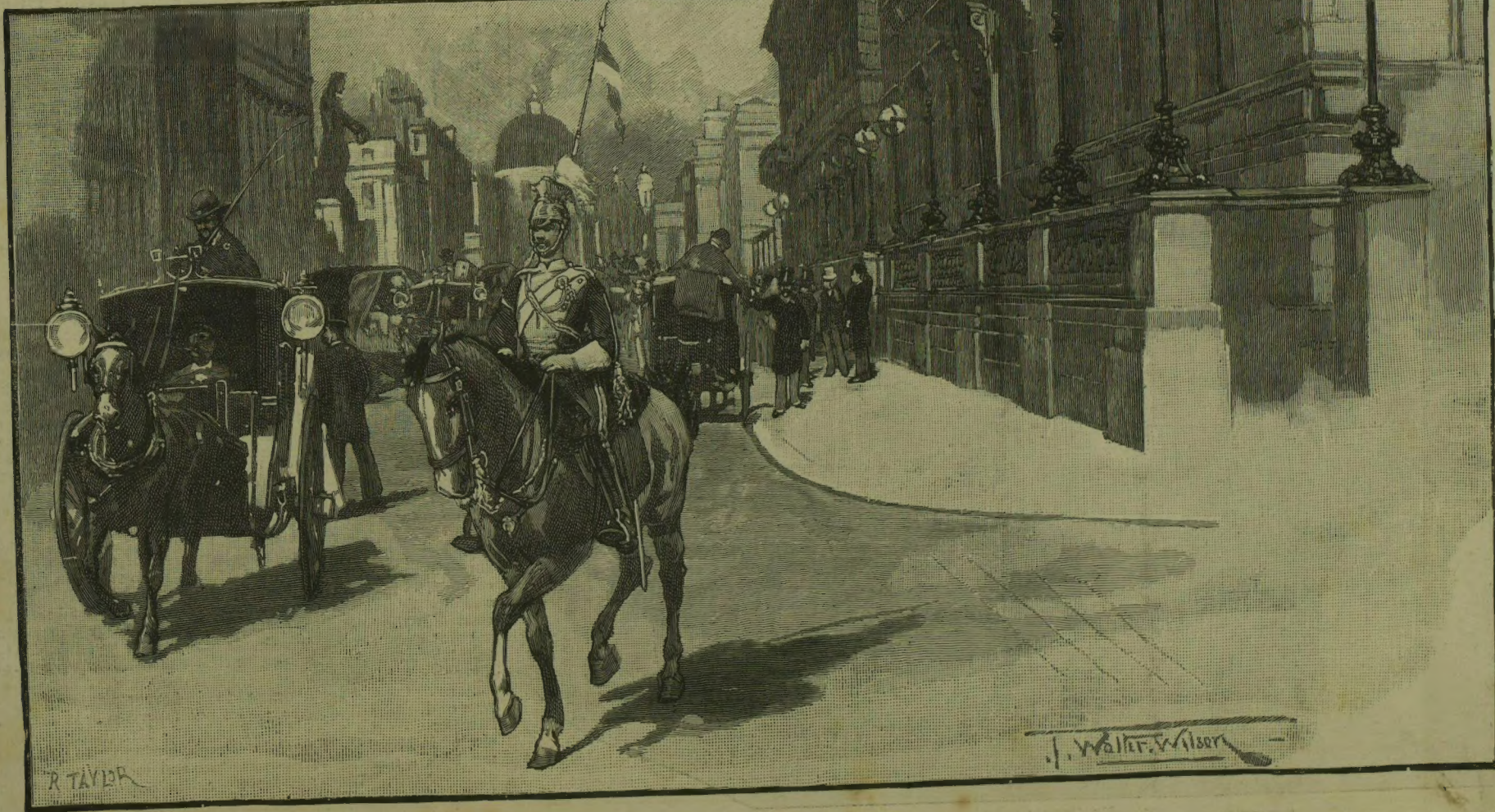
A house standing on the site of the present building,

THE REFORM CLUB, as its name suggests, dates from the great political epoch with which the figure of Earl Grey will ever be associated. It did not start under its present title or in the palace which

Barry built for it in Pall-mall. In 1834, four years after the passing of the Reform Bill, the club had its birth. It was called the Westminster, and its local habitation was at 24, Great George-street, the residence of Sir Matthew Wood, twice Lord Mayor of London, and founder of the family which is now endowed with the peerage of Hatherley. On March 7, 1834, a meeting of the founders of the Westminster Club was held under the presidency of no less redoubtable a person than John Wilkes. Daniel O'Connell was present, and a gentleman then known as Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer was among the founders of the club.

It is interesting to learn that Alderman Wood lent, for the purposes of the club, "the entire basement of his house, with the first floor and fixtures and furniture, at a rental of 650 gs., he undertaking to supply all the requisite fittings up in the dining-room, kitchen utensils, plate, linen, and glass sufficient for the comfort and accommodation of a hundred members." For a further consideration of 350 guineas the worthy Alderman engaged to hire and maintain the necessary servants to superintend and conduct the club. In short, Alderman Wood "ran the concern" upon payment of 1000 guineas a year. Original subscribers were admitted on payment of an entrance fee of 10 guineas and an annual subscription of 5 guineas.

On April 7, 1834, the club was opened, and a week later the members dined together. Record is preserved of the arrangements for what, in the building in Pall-mall, is called



THE REFORM CLUB, PALL-MALL.

MR. JAMES PAYN. MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

MR. G. A. SALA. MR. J. ROBINSON.

MR. WEMYSS REID.



A FAMILIAR QUINTETTE.

numbered 104, Pall-mall, was taken on lease, and a strong committee formed. Sir Hussey Vivian, still alive, was on the committee, and so was The O'Connor Don, dead the other day. On Tuesday, May 24, 1836, the Reform Club was opened, with a full muster of members. Originally it was arranged that the club should consist of a thousand members, exclusive of members of either House of Parliament, and of foreigners admitted by the committee. No. 104, Pall-mall, at one time the town-house of the Countess of Dysart, supplied space miserably inadequate for the needs of members, even at this early stage. Within a few months it was decided to build a club-house, and there being, happily, contiguous ground available for an extended site, it was purchased.

The Commissioners of Lands and Forests, to whom the land belonged, leased to the trustees of the club a site then occupied by three houses, in one of which the pictures of the National Gallery were temporarily deposited. The committee resolved forthwith to erect a new building at a cost of not less than £19,000. When the bill was finally settled it was found to reach a sum of £80,000.

Mr. Charles Villiers is one of the few members of the present club who can call to mind the long narrow building in which the Reform Club lay in swaddling-clothes. Others are Mr. William Bracken, Mr. George Burnand; Sir H. Elphinstone, Colonel Fielden, Mr. R. T. Fisher, Mr. J. A. Herbert, Mr. J. T. Leader, Mr. J. Paget, Mr. De Beauvoir Prieulx, Mr. Rooke, and Mr. Tremenheere. Mr. Cobden became a member on June 20, 1837; John Bright not joining till August of 1838, the year in which he entered Parliament as member for the City of Durham.

On June 7, 1838, the doors of 104, Pall-mall were finally closed, previous to demolition, the club migrating to Gwydyr House, in Priory-gardens. Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, designed the club-house, and the work was finished so that members took possession on March 1, 1841. As soon as it was decided to build a new club-house, the annual subscription was raised from five to six guineas, and life membership from £65 to £70. Immediately on taking possession the entrance-fee was raised from £20 to £25. It is now £40, with an annual subscription of ten guineas, though members elected previous to March 5, 1864, pay an annual subscription of only eight guineas.

The Reform Club was, according to the declaration of the founders, instituted for the purpose of promoting the social intercourse of the Reformers of the United Kingdom. It now consists of a maximum of 1400 members, exclusive of honorary, supernumerary, and life members. The only stated qualification for membership is that candidates shall be what is vaguely termed "Reformers." Members of either House of Parliament are admitted by ordinary ballot, though they have priority of election—a considerable privilege, seeing that candidates are on the average down for years before coming up for ballot. There have, in recent times, been some famous cases where members of the House of Commons put up for election have been black-balled, and at one time reprisals were carried on with considerable vigour. Of late the ballot, which takes place on appointed Thursdays during the sitting of Parliament, has been carried on under the observation of a general truce. One black ball in ten excludes, and no more than fifteen candidates may be balloted for on one day. Foreigners and British colonists temporarily resident in England may be elected by the committee as honorary members for one month without entrance fee or subscription. This privilege is, to suitable candidates, extended for twelve months on payment of a year's subscription.

The committee is empowered to elect every year two gentlemen of distinguished eminence for public service or in science, literature, or the arts. Under this rule Mr. Gladstone was elected in May 1869, he, oddly enough, having up to that year not been a member of the principal and historic association of Reformers. When, in 1875, Mr. Gladstone announced to "My dear Granville" his retirement from political life, he was so thorough in his intention that he also resigned his membership of the Reform Club, and has not since taken it up. In 1877, the political committee of the club were empowered



SIR HENRY EDWARDS. MR. THOMAS BURT.

REFORM CLUB: THE HALL.

LORD BRASSEY.

MR. E. ROBERTSON.



G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

SIR P. O'BRIEN.

REFORM CLUB: THE SMOKE ROOM.

to elect in each year two candidates who had "proved their attachment to the Liberal cause by marked and obvious success." The first two gentlemen elected under this rule were Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. J. H. Stoddart, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, neither in later years especially noted for close connection with Liberalism. In 1878 the gentlemen chosen were Mr. Henry Danckley, editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* (a journal which has itself undergone a strange sea change), and Mr. James Grahame, honorary secretary of the West of Scotland Liberal Association. In 1879 it was Mr. Craig Sellar, then honorary secretary to the Liberal Central Association, and the Earl of Breadalbane; in 1880, Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., and Sir Peter Coats; in 1881, Mr. Edward Lloyd, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Cooper, editor of the *Scotsman*; in 1882, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P.; in 1883, Sir George Trevelyan; in 1885, Mr. Henry Lucy; in 1886, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Since 1887 the committee have not availed themselves of the privilege of bestowing this coveted distinction.

"Supernumerary members" are gentlemen temporarily leaving the United Kingdom and desirous of keeping up their connection with the club. They pay a subscription of two guineas a year during their absence.

The property of the club is vested in four trustees, three of whom are Peers of the Realm. They are Lord Breadalbane, Lord Carlingford, Lord Hartington, and Lord Lansdowne. The general concerns of the club are managed by a committee of fifteen members, in addition to the trustees, who are, *ex officio*, committee-men. The committee is elected by ballot, and one third retire in rotation, not being eligible for re-election for the space of a year. The political affairs of the club are managed by a committee of fifty members, elected by ballot at the same time as the General Committee. There is a Library Committee, consisting of five members. The General Committee meet once a week, oftener if necessary, to transact current business and audit the accounts. The club is open at half past eight in the morning throughout the year. While Parliament is sitting it remains open till two in the morning, except Sundays, when it closes at one o'clock. During the recess the doors are closed at 1 a.m. on weekdays and at midnight on Sundays.

When the club-house was finished, it was said, by way of detraction, of Sir Charles Barry that he had slavishly had in mind the Farnese Palace at Rome. That would not have been an unpardonable sin had it been committed. But, as Mr. Louis Fagan demonstrates by the aid of illustrations, the two buildings are quite distinct. The front of the Reform Club, with its solidity, simplicity, and general appearance of eminent respectability, is familiar to all who go by Pall-mall. On entering one passes by the porter's lodge, up a short flight of steps, into the Hall, which is the glory of the club. It occupies the whole centre of the building, on the same level as the coffee-room and the morning-room. Its walls are carried right up to the roof, being crowned by a vaulted skylight, which sheds a soft light over the marble columns and tessellated pavement. The walls under the colonnade are enriched by portraits of distinguished Reformers. Early in the history of the club the wholesome rule was passed that no busts or portraits of living Reformers should be introduced. Three exceptions were specially made—one in the case of Mr. Gladstone, another in favour of Mr. Villiers, and a third in honour of Mr. Bright. Mr. Gladstone's bust, presented to the club ten years ago, stands on the west side, facing the staircase. Mr. Villiers's portrait is by the entrance to the cloak-room. It is the work of Mr. Arthur Cope, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1885.

Other portraits are those of Robert Marquis of Westminster, member for East Loos in the last century, later member for Chester—coming to the Peerage in 1802, he supported the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, and was one of those to whom the committee did earliest honour by electing him apart from the ballot; Mr. Denison, eight times

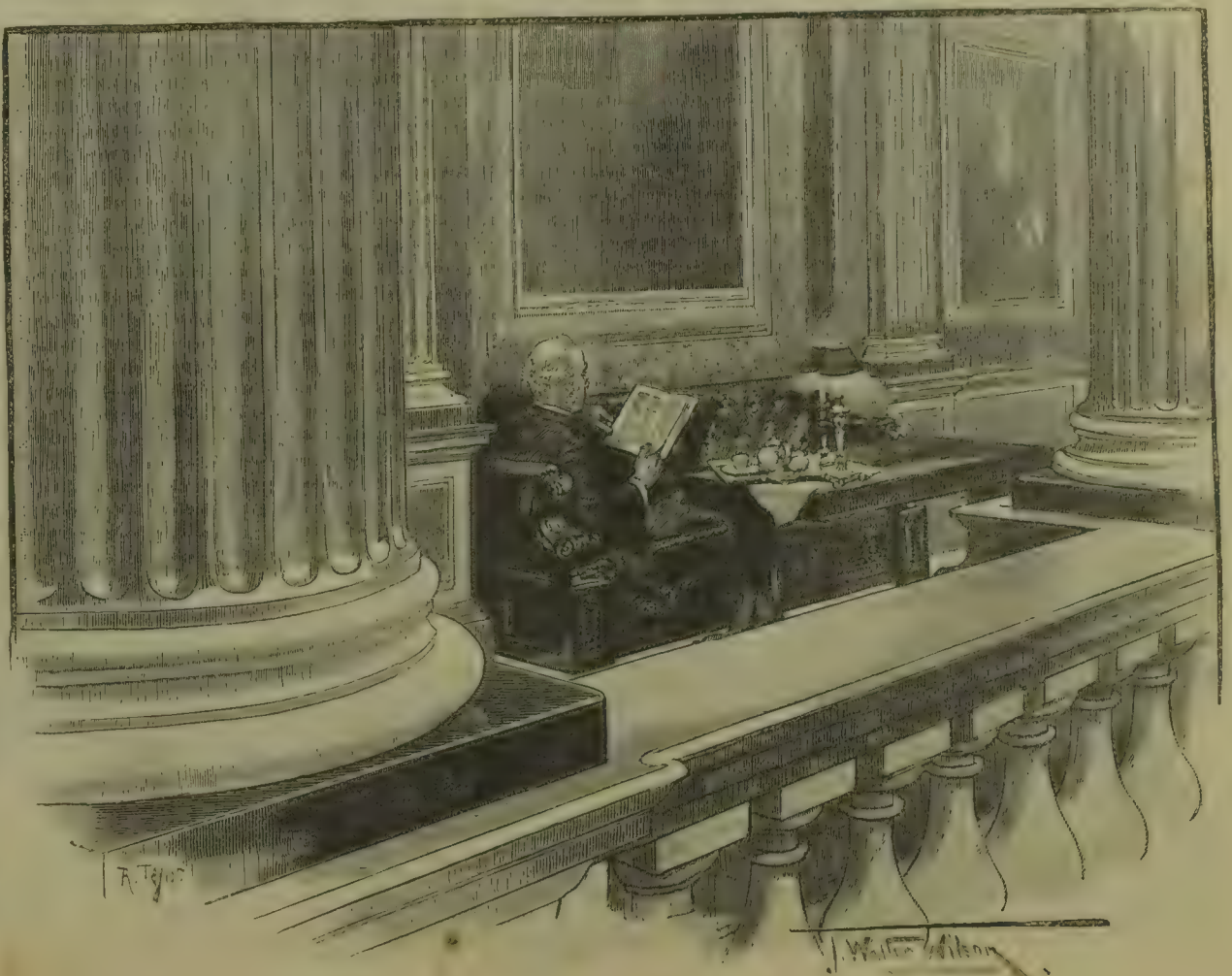
member for Surrey, and an original member of the club; Lord Saye and Sele; Lord Palmerston, an original member; Lord Macaulay, who joined in 1839; and Daniel O'Connell, with his martial-looking cloak around him, one of the most picturesque portraits in the hall. In addition to the bust of Mr. Gladstone, there are others of Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, Cobden, and Oliver Cromwell, who obtained this distinction as a root-and-branch reformer who would certainly have belonged to the club in Pall-mall had he had the opportunity.

In the room on the left, entering the hall, strangers are admitted to dine while Parliament is in session. The room is also the scene of social gatherings, when members of the club give friends among outsiders an opportunity of testing the famed cuisine and wine-cellar of the club. In this room are two busts, one the counterfeit presentment of Sir William Molesworth, the other of Charles Buller, a Reformer in days when he stood among a very small minority. The most notable decoration in this room is the portrait of Thackeray, which stands over the sideboard at the end of the room. Thackeray is little known in connection with politics; but he was a member of the Reform Club, dating as far back as 1840.

He made one effort to enter the House of Commons, standing for Oxford in 1857, and very narrowly escaped success at the poll.

A still smaller room at the approach to the morning room is already assigned for the convenience of strangers. Here members may confer with callers. It contains engraved portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Joseph Hume, and Sir Charles Barry. Over the fireplace is a facsimile copy of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, the original of which is in the museum at Washington.

A step beyond this small reception room is the Morning Room, where there is a collection of newspapers and magazines that would make the custodian of the original daily collection in the Westminster Club stare. All the London and most of the provincial papers are taken, together with some Continental and American journals. The room is 29 ft. wide by 59 ft. long, the walls being 20 ft. high. It is curious how in clubs regular attendants habituate themselves to certain rooms, and even to particular seats. Men who exclusively frequent the Morning Room at the Reform might live for years in ignorance of the fact that under the same roof with them, in daily attendance, are a dozen or a score of



THE GALLERY: AFTERNOON TEA.

exceedingly brilliant, but as the company is rigidly exclusive this has to be taken on trust. It is, however, impossible even for the distant looker-on to fail to note that it is much appreciated by those who contribute to it.

Members of old standing and constant attendance might pass away without knowing that there was any habitable portion of the club above the gallery out of which the library and smoking-room lead. Looking upwards there is visible only the vaulted skylight, but stowed away on the third floor are eighteen bed-rooms for the use of members, with access alike from Pall-mall and from the interior of the club. In the basement are the kitchen, scullery, larder, and wine-cellar, upon the construction of which Sir Charles Barry bestowed much care, and which Alexis Soyer—heaven-born chef, who from 1836 to 1850 deigned to take charge of the culinary department of the club—regarded as almost perfect.

HENRY W. LUCY.

MR. LOUIS FAGAN.



MR. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

MR. FRANK HILL.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS. SIR ARTHUR OTWAY.

REFORM CLUB: THE LIBRARY.

acquaintances. The Library has its habitués, who are rarely seen in any other room; so has the Smoking Room, the Reading Room, and, above all, the small room on the first floor by the head of the staircase, where every afternoon a select company assemble to play whist. These are nearly always the same, the afternoon tenants being rarely seen in other parts of the building, except at the luncheon-table. Mr. Forster was a constant frequenter of this room, playing whist, it is said, with more assiduity than science. It was to his partner in this room that he made the half-humorous, half-pathetic remark after he had committed a *létise* more unpardonable than ordinary. "Well," he said, glancing at his partner, who politely attempted to hide his chagrin, "if it would be any relief to you, you may call me 'Buckshot.'"

Mr. Bright, another member whose name has now disappeared from the list, usually resorted to the Smoking Room. Here he had his particular chair, and at certain hours in the afternoon was to be found with a semicircle of fellow-members listening to his talk. Since his chair stood vacant, Mr. Labouchere is one of the most frequent and prominent visitors to the Smoking Room. He too has his chair and his circle of friends, with whom he smokes innumerable cigarettes, and for whose benefit he distills much wisdom.

The Coffee Room, as the dining-hall is modestly called, flanks the south end of the outer hall, and looks on to Carlton-gardens. It is of prodigious length, but occasionally, during the Parliamentary session, its fullest capacity is tested. Immediately over the Coffee Room is the Library, of equal proportions, and probably one of the finest in the world. Along either side run handsome columns, dividing the long corridor into bays, every one loaded with books. In the centre of the room, over the fireplace, stands a marble bust of Milton, and close by a bust of John Hampden. This was presented to the club on June 24, 1843, on the 200th anniversary of Hampden's death. It bears the inscription: "With great courage and consummate abilities he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field."

When the new club-house was projected the smoking-room was, oddly enough, forgotten, and no provision for one appears in the specifications. When this was amended, the room set apart for smokers was out of proportion to other apartments of the club. Nearly forty years ago this state of things was mended. What was originally projected as a drawing-room was turned into the library, and the library made into the smoking-room.

The gallery which gives access to these rooms on the first floor displays the portraits of many old members. A portrait of Mr. Bright was placed in its position a couple of years ago, and for a while the Great Tribune passed under it on his way to the Smoking Room. Lord Brougham, not a clubbable man, never belonged to the Reform; but a panel in the gallery shows a characteristic portrait of him. There is another portrait of a non-member; but it is Earl Grey, a man whose right to recognition in the Reform Club is pre-eminent. Other portraits represent the third Lord Holland; Mr. Cobden; Mr. Edward Ellice, founder of the club; Lord Sydenham, who, as Charles Poulet, represented Manchester from 1832 to 1839; the Earl of

Durham, an original member; Mr. W. E. Forster, last addition to the Picture Gallery; and H.R.H. Augustus Frederick, the Duke of Sussex, who from his place in the House of Lords advocated the Reform Bill in 1832, and so acquires a place in this gallery.

To these portraits of past members the artist of the *Illustrated London News* now adds innumerable sketches of members of the present time, whose appearance is always welcome in the club, and some of whom bear names familiar throughout the land. In the Morning Room are gathered a notable assemblage, including most of the prominent members of the Liberal Party. The little group fortuitously caught in the Library includes a former occupant of the Chair of Committees in the House of Commons, a gentleman who was for many years editor of one of the leading morning papers, and another who, at one time prominently associated with journalism as editor of an evening paper, sat for a large constituency in the Parliament of 1880. In a recess in the upper gallery is sketched a familiar figure with his accompaniment of two candles and a teapot, apparently engaged in studying the most recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* or some other of the monthlies. There is an excellent portrait of Mr. Labouchere in his judicial seat in the smoking-room, surrounded by the group of men of light and leading who are accustomed to profit by his comments on current events. Not least interesting of the groups encountered by the artist in his rapid passage through the club is one seated at a table in the dining-room. These are gentlemen belonging to the literary and journalistic profession, who are accustomed to meet at luncheon, and who have by prescriptive right assumed the proprietorship of this table. It is whispered among waiters that the conversation is



SOYER'S
KITCHEN,
AND
THE CELLAR.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

That kneeling maid was dipping water for him in her rosy palm, and the great bird was perched upon the marble rim and dropping his ivory beak into that sweet chalice.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XX.

A bright dazzle of sunshine roused me with the following sunrise. I rubbed my sleepy lids and sat up, vaguely gazing round upon the tarnished hangings, the immovable white faces of the pictures on the wall, and the dusty floor whereon, in the greenness of countless years, were marked just the outlines of last night's feet, and nothing more. However, it was truly a lovely morning, and, moved by that subtle tonic which comes with sunshine, I felt brighter and more confident.

Having dressed, I went down the old staircase again to the breakfast which would certainly be ready, unbarring as I passed the casements and setting wide the great hall door, that the cool breath of that spring morning might sweep away the mustiness of the old house, even humming a snatch of an old camp song, learnt in Picardy, to myself the while. Thus, I gained the dining-hall in good spirits, and saw, as had been expected, a new meal set with modest food and drink for me, and me alone, but no other sign or trace of human presence.

I sat and ate, vowing as I did so this riddle had gone far enough unanswered, and before that shiny, sparkling world outside (all tears and laughter like a young maid's face) was a few hours older I would know who was my host, who served me thus persistent and invisible, and what might be the service I was looked to to pay for such quaint entertainment. Therefore, as soon as the meal was done, I belted on my sword and straightened down my finery, the which had lost its creases and sat extremely well, and, smoothing the thick mass of my black Eastern hair under my velvet Tudor cap, sallied forth.

There was nothing new about the garden save the sunshine, and, having intently regarded the broad-terraced and mullioned front of the house without learning one single atom more than I knew before, I resolved to force a way round to the rear if it were possible. But this was not so easy. On one hand were thickets of shrub and bramble laced into dense impenetrable barriers; and on the other great yew hedges in solemn ranks, with vast masses of ivy and holly forbidding a passage. But, nothing daunted, I walked down to these yews, and peering about soon perceived a tangled pathway leading into their fastness. It was a narrow little way begrudgingly left between those sullen hedges, thick-grown with dank weeds below, and arched over by neglected growth so that the sun could not shine into these dusky alleys, and the paths were wet and chilly still.

Well, I pushed on, now to right and now to left, amid the tangles of one of those old mazes that gardeners love to grow, and until only the tall smokeless chimney-stacks of the deserted house shone red under the sunshine over the bough-tops in the distance, and then I paused. It was all so strangely quiet, and so lonesome—I had been solitary so long, it seemed doubtful whether anyone was alive in the world but me—why, surely, I was thinking, there were no human beings at least about this shadow-haunted spot. It were idle to seek for them. I would give it up. And just as I was meditating that—had half turned to go, and yet was standing irresolute—Jove! right from the air in front of me, right out from the black bosom of the shadowy yew and ivies, there burst a wild elfin strain of laughter, a merry bubbling peal, a ringing cascade of fairy merriment, a sparkling avalanche of disembodied mirth, that, like some sweet essence, permeated on an instant all that gloomy place, and thrilled down the damp alleys, and shook the thousand coloured drops of dew from bent and leaf, and vibrated in the misty prismatic sunshine up above, and then was gone, leaving me rooted to the ground with the suddenness of it, and half delighted and half amazed. But only for a moment, and then I leaped forward and saw a turning, and found at bottom of it a gap, and plunged headlong through!

It was a pretty scene I staggered into. In front of me spread the open centre of the maze, a grassy space some twenty paces all about, and lying clear to the sunshine falling warm and strong upon it. In the midst of that fair opening, shut off from wind and outer barrenness, had once been a fountain with a basin, and, though the jet played no longer, yet the white marble pool below it, stained golden and green with moss and weather, held from brim to brim a little lake of sparkling water. And about that fountain, bright in decay, the green ferns were unwinding, while great clumps of gold narcissus hung trembling over their own reflection in the broken basin. Overhead, there was a blossoming almond-tree, a cloud of pale-pink buds wherefrom a constant cheerful hum of bees came forth, and a pale rain of petals fell on to the ground beneath and tinted it like a rosy snow. No other way existed in or out of that delightful circle save where I had entered, but little paths ran here and there among the grass, and industrious love had marked them out with pretty country flowers—pale primroses, all damp and cool among the shadows, broad bands of purple violets lining seductive alleys, splendid starlike saffron outshining even the gorgeous sun, and blushing daisies, with varnished kingcups where the fountain ran to waste. It was as pretty a dominion—as sweet an oasis in that dank dark desert beyond—as you could wish to see, and the clear strong breath of flowers, and the warm wine of the sunshine set my blood throbbing deep and swift to a new sense of love and pleasure as I stood there spellbound on the dewy threshold.

But, fair as earth and sky looked in that magic circle, they were not all. Kneeling at the broken marble fountain, her dainty sleeves rolled to pearly elbows, the strands of her loose brown hair dipping as she bent over the shining water, with white muslin smock neatly bunched behind her, a milky kerchief knotted across her bosom, and a great country hat of straw by her side, knelt a fair young English girl. She did not see me at once, her face was turned away, and on her other hand she was tending a noble peacock, a splendid fowl indeed—as stately as though he were the Suzerain of all Heaven's chickens—ivory white from bill to spurs, crested with a coronet of living topaz, and with a mighty fan upreared behind him of complete whiteness from quill to fringe, saving the last outer row of gorgeous eyes that shone in gold and purple and amethyst refulgent in that spotless field!—a magnificent bird indeed, and fully wotting of it—and that kneeling maid was dipping water for him in her rosy palm, and the great bird was perched upon the marble rim and dropping his ivory beak into that sweet chalice and lifting his lovely throat and flashing coronet to the sky ever and anon, while the thrill of the girl's light laughter echoed about the place, and the almond-blossoms showered down on them, and the bees hummed, and the sweet incense of the spring was drawn from the warm, budding earth, flowers glittered, the sun shone, and the sky was blue, as I, the intruder, stood, silent and surprised, before that dainty picture.

In a moment the girl looked up and saw me in my amber suit and ruffle, my rapier and cap, standing there against the

black framing of the maze; and then she did as I had done—stared, and rubbed her eyes, and stared again! In a moment she seemed to understand I was something more than a fancy, whereat, with a little scream of fear, she sprang to her feet, and, crossing the kerchief closer on her bosom, pulled down her sleeves and backed off towards the almond-tree. But I had that comely apparition fairly at bay, and, after so many hours without company, did not feel a mind to let her go too easily, whether she proved fay or fairy, nymph, naiad, or just plain country flesh and blood.

I pulled off my cap, and, with a sweeping bow, advanced slowly towards her, whereon she screamed again.

"Fair girl," I said, "I grieve to interrupt so sweet a picture with my uninvited presence, but, wandering down these paths, your laughter burst upon the stillness and drew me here."

"And now, Sir," quoth that fair material sprite, recovering herself, and with a pretty air, "you would ask the shortest way to the public road. It lies there to your left, beyond the hollybank you see over by the meadows."

"Why, not exactly that," I laughed. "I have an idle hour or two on hand, and, since you seem to have the same, I would rather rest content with the good fortune which brought me hither than try new paths for lesser pleasures. If you would sit, I think this grassy mound is broad enough for two."

I meant it well, but the maid was timid, and far from rescue in the wilderness of that maze. The colour mounted to her cheeks until they were pinker than the almond-buds overhead. She looked this way and that, and gave one fleeting glance round the strong, close-set walls of that sunny garden among the yews, then just one other glance at me, that dangerous stranger in silk and satin, standing so gallant, cap in hand, and finally she was away, running like a hind towards the only outlet, the gap by which I had come in. But was I to be robbed of a pretty comrade so? Was the lovely elf of the neglected garden to slip between my fingers without answering one single question of the many I would ask? I spun round upon my heels, and, quick as that maiden's feet were on the turf, mine were quicker. We got to the gap together, and, in another minute, her kirtle fluttering in the breeze, her loose hair adrift, and the flush of fear and exertion on her youthful face, that comely lady was struggling in my grasp.

I held her just so long as she might recognise how strong her bonds were, then set her free. If she had been pink before, that maid was now ruddier than the windflowers in the grass. "Oh, fie, Sir!" she began, as soon as she could get her breath. "Oh! fie, and for shame! You wear the raiment of a gentleman, you carry courtly arms, you do not look at least a rough, uncivil rogue, and yet you burst into a privy garden and fright and offend a harmless girl—oh! for shame, Sir!—if gentleness and courtesy are so poor barriers, we shall need to look the better to our hedges—let me by, Sir!" and, gathering her skirts in her hand and tossing back her head with all the haughtiness she could command, that damsel looked me boldly in the eyes.

Fair, foolish girl! she thought to stare me down—I, who had eyed unmoved a thousand sights of dread and wonder—I, who had mocked the stare of cruel tyrants and faced unblanching the worst that heaven or hell could work—what! was I to be out of countenance under the feeble battery of such gentle orbs as those? 'Twas boldly conceived, but it would not do, and in a moment she felt it, and her eyes fell from mine, the colour rushed again from brow to chin, she let her flowered skirt fall from her grip, she turned away for a moment, and there and then burst out a-crying behind her hands as though the world were quite inside out.

Now, to stand the fair open assault of her eyes was one thing, but such sap as this was more than my resolution could abide. "You do mistake me, maid, indeed," I cried. "I swear there is no deed of courtesy or goodwill in all the world I would not do for you."

"Why then, Sir, do the least and easiest of all—stand from that gap and let me pass."

"If you insist upon it, even that I must submit to. There!—there is your way free and unhampered!" and I stood back and left the passage clear—"and yet, before you go, fair lady, let me crave of your courtesy one question or two, such as civility might ask, and courtesy very reasonably answer."

Now that maid had dried her tears, and had been stealing some sundry glances at me under the fringe of her wet lashes while we spoke, and as a result she did not seem quite so wishful to be gone as she had been. She eyed the free gap in the tall wall of yew and holly, and then, demurely, me. The pretty corners of her mouth began to unbend, and while her fingers played among her ribbons, and the colour came and went under her clear country skin, feminine curiosity got the better of timidity, and she hesitated.

"Oh!" she murmured, "if it were a civil question civilly asked, I could wait for that. What can I tell you?"

"First then, are you of true material substance, not vagrant and spiritual, but, as you certainly look, a healthy plain-planed mortal?"

"Had I been else, Sir," the damsel answered, with a smile, "I had found a short way out of the trap you saw fit to hold me in."

"That is true, no doubt, and I accept this initial answer with due thanks. I had not asked it, but lodging so long amid shadows sets my prejudice against the truth even of the sweetest substance."

"And nextly, Sir?"

"Nextly, how came you in this lonely place, with these pretty playthings about you? How came you in my garden here, where I thought nothing but silence and sadness grew?"

"Your garden! What hole in our outer fences gave you that warrant, Sir?" queried the young lady, with a toss of her head. "How long user of trespass makes that right presumptive? Faith! until you spoke I thought the garden was mine and my father's!" and the young lady, for such I now acknowledge her to be, looked extremely haughty.

"What! Hast thou, then, a father?"

"Yes, Sir. Is it so unusual with our kind that you should be surprised?"

"And who is thy father?"

"A very learned man indeed, Sir; one who hath more wit in his little finger than another brave gentleman will have in all his body. Of nature so courteous that he instinctively would respect the privacy of a neighbour's property and manners, so finished he would never stay a maiden at her morning walk to bandy idle questions with her all out of vanity of black curled hair and a new, mayhap unpaid-for, yellow suit. If you had no more to ask me, Sir, I think I would wish you good day."

"But stay a minute. It seems to me I might know thy father; and this is the very point and centre of my inquisitiveness."

"If you did, it were much to your advantage, but I doubt it. He is reclusive and grave, not given to chance companions, or, in fact, to friend with any but some one or two."

"Ah! that may well be so," I said thoughtlessly, speaking with small consideration and recalling the vision of my ancient host just as it came to me—"a sour, wizened old carl, clad in rusty green, a-straddle of a spavined, ragged

palfrey; mean-seeming, morose, and sullen—why, maid, is that thy father?"

"No, Sir!"

"Gads!" I laughed, "it was discourteously spoken. I should have said, now I come to reflect more closely on it, a reverent gentleman indeed, white-bearded and sage, with keen eyes shining-severe, the portals of a well-filled mind. A carriage that bespoke good breeding and gentle blood; raiment that disdained the pomp of silly, fickle fashion, and a genial air of learning and of mildness."

"My father, Sir, to the very letter, Master Adam Faulkener, the wisest man, they say, this side of the Trent, and greatly (I know he would have me add) at your service."

"And you?"

"I am Mistress Elizabeth Faulkener, daughter to that same; and if, indeed, you know my father, then, as my father's friend, I tender you my humble and respectful duty," and the young lady, half mockingly and half out of gay spirit, picked up her flowered muslin skirt, by two dainty fingers, on either side and made me a long, sweeping curtsy.

A pretty flower indeed, for such a rugged stem!

"But this is only half the matter, fair girl," I went on, when my responding bow had been duly made. "If that venerable gentleman indeed be thy father, and this his house and thine, it is more strange than ever. I came here two evenings since by his explicit invitation, but since that time I have not set eyes upon him. High and low have I hunted, I have pricked arras and rapped on hollow panels, trodden you ghostly corridors at every hour of the day and night, yet for all that time no sight or sound of host or hostess could I get. Now, out of thy generous nature and the civility due to a wondering guest, tell me how was this?"

"Why, Sir! Do you mean to say since two nights past you have been lodged back there?"

"Ah! three days, in your grim, mouldy mansion."

"What! there, in that melancholy front of the many windows—and all alone?"

"The very simple, native truth!—alone in yonder tenement of faint sad odours and mournful sighing draughts, alone save for a mind stocked with somewhat melancholy fancies—misled by him, it seemed, who brought me thither—dull, solitary, and damp—Why, damsel!"

And, in faith, when I had got so far as that, the maiden sank back upon a grassy heap and hid her face behind her hands, and gave way to a wild, tumultuous fit of laughter, a golden cascade of merriment that fell thick and sparkling from the sunny places of her youthful joyance, as you see the heavy raindrops glint through a bright April sky; a wild, irresistible torrent of frolic glee that wandered round the far-off alleys, and raised a hundred answering echoes of pleasure in that enchanted garden.

Presently the maid recovered, and, putting down her hands, asked—"And your meals—how came you by them?"

"They were laid for me twice each day in the great hall by unseen hands, most punctual and mysterious. 'Twas simple fare, but sufficient to a soldier, and each time I cleared the table and went afieid, when I came back it was reset; yet no one could I see—no sound there was to break the stillness!"

Again that lady burst into one of her merry trills, and, when it was over, signed me to sit beside her. I was not loth. She was fair and young and tender—as pretty an Amaryliss as ever a country Corydon did pipe to. So down I sat.

"Now," said she, "imprimis, Sir, I do confess we owe you recompense for such scant courtesy; but I gather how it happened. This is, as I have said, my father's house, and mine; and time was, once, it has been told me, when he had near as many servants as I have flowers here, with friends unending; and all those blank windows, yonder, were full of lights by night and faces in the day. Then this garden was trim—not only here but everywhere—and great carriages ground upon the gravel drive, and the courtyard was full of caparisoned palfreys. That was all just so long ago, Sir, that I remember nothing of it."

"I can picture it, damsel," I said, as she sighed and hesitated; "and how came this difference?"

"I do not know for certain—I have often wondered why, myself—but my father presently had spent all his money, and perhaps that somehow explained it," sighed my fair philosopher. "Then, too, he took studious, and let his estate shift for itself, while he poured over great tomes and learned things, and hid himself away from light and pleasure. That might have scared off those gay acquaintances—might it not, Sir?" queried the lady so unlearned in worldly ways.

"It were a good receipt, indeed," was my answer: "none better! To grow poor and wise is high offence with such a gilden throng as you have mentioned. So then the house emptied, and the gates no longer stood wide open; the garden was forsaken, and grass grew on thy steps; owls built in thy corridors—a dismal picture, and sad for thee. But this does not explain the strange entertainment I have had. Where is your father lodged? And you—how is it we have not met before?"

"Oh," said the damsel, brightening up again, "that is easily explained. When his friends left him, my father dismissed all his servants but one—a Spanish steward—and good old Mistress Margery, my nurse (and, saving my father, my only friend), then lodged himself back yonder in the far rear of our great house, and there I have grown up."

"Like a fair flower in a neglected spot," I hazarded.

"Ah! and secure from the shallow tongues of silly flatterers, old Margery tells me. Now, my father, as you may have noted, is at times somewhat visionary and absent. It thus may well have happened that, bringing you here a guest, he would by old habit have taken you, as he was so long accustomed, to the great barren front and lodged you so. Once lodged there, it is perfectly within his capacity to have utterly forgot your very existence."

"But the meals—for whom were they spread, if not for me?"

"Why, simply for my father. He has, where he works, a cupboard, wherein is kept brown bread and wine, and, sometimes, when studious studies keep him close, he goes to it and will not look at better or more ordered meals. Then, again, when the fancy takes him, he will have a place put for himself in the great deserted hall, and sups there all alone. Now, this has been his mood of late, and I can only fancy that when you came the whim did change all on a sudden, and thus you inherited each day that which was laid for him, who, too studious, came not, and old slow-witted Margery, finding every time the provender was gone, laid and relaid with patient remembrance of her orders."

"A very pretty coil indeed!—and I, no doubt, being sadly wandering afieid all day, just missed thy ancient servitor each time."

"And had you ever come in upon her heels you would have seen her hobble up one silent corridor and down another, and press a button on a panel, and so pass through a doorway that you would never find alone, from your tenement to ours. Oh, it makes me laugh to think of you pent there! I would have given a round dozen of my whitest hen's eggs to have been by to see how you did look."

"That had been a contingency, fair maid, which had greatly lightened my captivity," I answered; and the lady went babbling on in the prettiest, simplest way, half rustic and half courtly in her tones, as might be looked for in one brought up as she had been.

For an hour, perhaps, we lay and basked in the pleasant warmth, while the rheums of melancholy and dampness were slowly drawn from me by the sun and that fair companionship, then she rose, and, shaking a shower of almond petals from her apron, re-knotted her kerchief, and, taking a look at the sky, said it was past midday and time for dinner. If I liked, she would guide me to her father. Up I got, and, side by side with that fair Elizabethan girl, went sauntering through her flowery walks, down past shrubberies and along the warm red old wall of her great empty house, until we came into a quiet way overgrown with giant weeds and smelling sweet of green sheep's-parsley and cool fair vegetable odours. Here the maid lifted a latch, and led me through a well-hidden gateway into the sunny rearward courtyard.

It showed as different as could be from the dreary front. The ground was cobble-stones all neatly weeded round a square of close-cut grass. On one side the great back wall of the manor-place towered windowless above us, with red roofs, mighty piles of smokeless chimney-stacks and corbie steps far overhead; and, on the other hand, at an angle to that wall, were lesser buildings to left and right, enclosing the grass plot and shining in the sun, warm, lattice-windowed, quaint-gabled. The third side of the square was open, and sloped down to fair meadows, beyond which came flowering orchards, bounded by a brook. Moreover, there was life here, plain, homely, honest country life. The wild loose-hanging roses and eglantine were swinging in the sunshine over the deep-seated porches of these modest places; the lavender smoke was drifting among the budding branches overhead, proud maternal hens were clucking to their broods about the open doorways; there were blooming flowers growing by one deep-set window,—ah! and fair Mistress Elizabeth's snowy linen was all out on cords across that pretty sunny courtyard, struggling in sparkling, white confusion against the loose caresses of the April wind.

"And look you there," cried pretty Mistress Faulkener, when she saw it, pointing far down the distant meadows, "'tis there we keep our milk and cows—oh! as you are courteous, as you would wish to deserve your gentle livery, count those cattle for a minute," and thereat, while I, obedient, turned my back and mustered the distant beasts grazing knee-deep among the yellow buttercups—she outleaved upon those linens, and pulled them down and rolled them up in swathes, and set them on a bench; then tucked back some dishevelled strands of hair behind her ears, and, somewhat out of breath, turned to me again.

"Here," she said, "on this side lives old Margery and our steward, black Emanuel Marchena; there, on the other, is my room—that one with the flowers below and open lattices. Next is my father's; below, again, is the room where we do eat; and all that yonder—those many windows alike above, and those steps going down beneath the ground—those half-hidden cobwebbed windows ablink with the level of the turf—that is where my father works."

"By all the saints, fair girl!" I exclaimed impetuously, as she led me towards that place, "thy father's workshop is on fire! See the grey smoke curling from the lintel of the doorway, and the broken panes—and yonder I catch a glint of flame! Here, let me burst the door!" and I sprang forward.

But the lady put her hand upon my arm, saying with a somewhat rueful smile, "No, not so bad as that—there is fire there, but it is servant, not master. Come in and you shall see." She took me down six damp stone steps, then lifted the latch of a massy, weather-beaten, oaken doorway and led me within.

It was a vast, dim, vaulted cellar. The rough black roof of rugged masonry was hung by vistas of such mighty tapestries of grimy cobwebs as never mortal saw before. On the near side the row of little windows, dusty and neglected, let in thin streams of light that only made the general darkness the more visible. All the other wall was rough and bare; beset with great spikes and nails wherefrom depended a thousand forms of ironware, and ancient useless metal things, the broken rusty implements of peace and war. The floor seemed, as I took in every detail of this subterranean chamber, to be bare earth, stamped hard and glossy with constant treading, while here and there in hollows black water stood in pools, and grey ashes from a furnace-fire margined those miry places. It was a gloomy hall, without a doubt, and as my eyes wandered round the shadows they presently discovered the presiding genius.

In the hollow of the great final arch was a cobwebbed, smoke-grimed blacksmith's forge and bellows. The little heap of fuel on it was glowing white, and the curling smoke ascended part up the rugged chimney and part into the chamber. On one side of this forge stood a heavy anvil, and by it, as we entered, a man was toiling on a molten bar of iron, plying his blows so slow and heavy it was melancholy to watch them. That man, it did not need another glance to tell me, was my host! If he had looked gaunt and wild by night, the yellow flicker of the furnace and the pale mockery of daylight which stole through his poor panes did not improve him now. The bright fire of enthusiasm still burnt in his keen old eyes, I saw, but they were red and heavy with long sleeplessness; his ragged, open shirt displayed his lean and hairy chest, stained and smudged with the hue of toil; his arms were bare to the elbow, and his knotted old fingers clutched like the talons of a bird upon the handle of the hammer that he wielded. Grim old fellow! He was near double with weariness and labour; the breath came quick and hectic as he toiled; the painful sweat cut white furrows down his pallid, ash-stained face; and his wild, grey, elfin locks were dank and heavy with the foul fumes of that black hole of his. Yet he stopped not to look to left or to right, but still kept at it, unmindful of aught else—hammer, hammer, hammer! and sigh, sigh, sigh!—with a fine inspired smile of misty, heroic pleasure about his mouth, and the light of prophecy and quenchless courage in his eyes!

It was very strange to watch him, and there was something about the unbroken rhythm of his blows, and the inflexible determination hanging about him, that held me spellbound, waiting I knew not for what, but half thinking to witness that red iron whereinto his soul was being welded spring into something wild and strange and fair—half thinking to witness these sooty walls fall back into the wide arcades of shadowy realm, and that old magician blossom out of his vile rags into some splendid flower of humankind. It was foolish, but it was an unlearned age, and I only a rough soldier. That fair maid by my side, more familiar with these strange sights and sounds, roused me from my expectant watching in a minute.

She had come in after me, had paused as I did, and now with pretty filial pity in her face, and outspread hands, she ran to that old man and laid a tender finger upon his yellow arm, and stayed its measured labour. At this he looked up for the first time since we entered, as dazed and sleepy as one newly waked, and, seeing that he scarce knew her, Elizabeth shook her head at him, and took his grizzled cheeks between her rosy palms, and kissed him first on one side and then on the

other, kissed him sweet and tenderly upon his pallid unwashed cheeks, and then, with kind imperiousness, loosed his cramped fingers from the hammer-shaft and threw it away, and led him by gentle force back from his forge and anvil. "Oh, father!" she said, bustling round him and fastening up his shirt and pulling down his sleeves, and looking in his face with real solicitude, "indeed I do think you are the worst father that ever any maid did have," and here was another kiss. "Oh! how long have you worked down here? Two nights and days on end. Fie, for shame! And how much have you eaten? What? Nothing, nothing all that time? Did ever child have such a parent? Oh! would to Heaven you had less wisdom and more wit—why, if you go on like this, you will be thinner than any of these spiders overhead in springtime—and weary—nay, do not tell me you are not—and, oh! so dirty, alack that I should let a stranger see thee like this!" and, taking her own white kerchief from her apron, that damsel wiped her father's face in love and gentleness, and stroked his grizzled beard and smoothed, as well as she was able, his ancient locks, then took him by the hand and pointed to me, standing a little way off in the gloom.

At first the old man gazed at the amber-suited gallant shining in the blackness of his workshop, stolidly, without a trace of recognition, but, when in a minute or two by an effort he drew his wits together, he took me for one of those gay fellows, who, no doubt, had haunted his courtyards and spent his money in brighter times, and taxed me with it. But I laughed at that and shook my head, whereon he mused—"What! art thou, then, young John Eldrid of Beaulieu, come to pay those twenty crowns your father borrowed twelve years since?"

No! I was not John Eldrid, and there were no crowns in my wallet. Then I must be Lord Fossedene's reeve come to complain again of broken fences and cattle straying, or, perhaps, a bailiff for the Queen's ducs, and, if that were so, it was little I would get from him.

Thereon his daughter burst out laughing and stroking the old man's hand. "Oh, father," she said gently, "you were not always thus forgetful. This excellent gentleman I found trespassing among my flowers, and did arrest him; he is your guest, and declares you brought him here two nights since, lodging him in our empty front, where he has subsisted all this time on melancholy and stolen meals. Surely, father, you recall him now?"

The old man was puzzled, but slowly a ray of recollection pierced through the thick mists of forgetfulness. Indeed, he did remember, he muttered, something of the kind, but it was a sturdy, shrewd-looking yeoman, tall, and bronzed under his wide cap, a rustic fellow in country cloth that he had brought along, and not this yellow gentleman. So then I explained how he had resited me, and jogged his memory gently, lifting it down the trail of our brief acquaintance as a good huntsman lifts a bound over a cold scent, until at last, when we had given him a cup of red wine from his cupboard in the niche, his eyes brightened up, the vacuity faded from his face, and, laughing in turn, he knew me; then, holding out two withered hands in very courteous wise, old Andrew Faulkener welcomed me, and in civil, courtly speech, that seemed strange enough in that grim hole, and from that grizzled, bent, unwashed old fellow, made apology for the neglect and seeming slight which he feared I must have suffered.

We spoke together for some minutes, and then I ventured to ask, "Was there not something, Master Faulkener, you had to tell or ask of me? I do remember you mentioned such a wish that evening when we parted, and certain circumstances of our short friendship make me curious to know what service it is I have to pay you in return for the hospitality your goodness put upon me."

"In truth, there was something," Faulkener answered, with a show of embarrassment, "but it was a service better sought of frieze than silk."

"Tell it, good Sir, tell it! It were detestable did silk repudiate the debts that honest frieze incurred."

"Why, then, I will, and chance your displeasure. Sweet Bess, get thee out and see to dinner. This gentleman will dine with me to-day!" And as Mistress Elizabeth picked up her pretty skirts and vanished up the grass-grown steps the old recluse turned to me.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General, in laying the foundation-stone of the extension of the Post-Office buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand, on Nov. 20, gave a number of striking figures showing the growth of the work of the department, and said he trusted that there would very soon be a universal postage rate between the United Kingdom and the Colonies. Sir Arthur Blackwood also spoke.

Sir Andrew Clark presided on Nov. 20, at St. Thomas's Hospital, at a lecture on "Nurses' Food, Work, and Recreation," delivered by Mr. Henry C. Burdett, who, after offering many suggestions for reducing the hours of duty and providing relaxation for nurses, said he had recently visited some of the large provincial hospitals, and had been struck with the cheerfulness with which the duties were fulfilled. He had been forced to the conclusion that, after all, there were few places in the world where the earnest life-work of a devoted man or woman could be more happily or usefully performed than within the walls of one of our hospitals.

The Duke of Edinburgh attended a meeting, held at Devonport on Nov. 20, to raise funds for the sufferers by the loss of the *Serpent*, and said the Queen and the Prince of Wales had repeatedly expressed to him their distress at the calamity, and their warmest sympathy with the bereaved. At the request of the Duke, the Lord Mayor has opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the families of those who perished. Such relief will be administered through the Sailors' and Soldiers' Families' Association at Devonport, at which port the larger number of these families reside. The Duke has accepted the offer of a benefit for the relatives of the lost crew, to be held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, on Dec. 10. Those anxious to take part in the proceedings are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Royal Aquarium Society, Limited, Westminster, as soon as possible.

At Clonmel, Messrs. Irwin and Shannon, Resident Magistrates, have delivered judgment in the Crimes Act prosecution against Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and nine others, on the charges of conspiracy to induce the Smith Barry tenants not to pay rent, intimidation, and incitement to intimidation to effect that object. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are each sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labour on each of the three charges, the sentences to run concurrently. On the first charge Messrs. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., and John Cullinane are also sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Michael O'Brien, Dalton; Patrick Mockler, and Thomas Walsh are sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The case against Father Humphreys and Mr. Sheehy, M.P., is dismissed without prejudice, the members of the Court disagreeing; and the case against Mr. Condon, M.P., and Mr. Daniel Kelly is dismissed on the merits. All the sentences are without hard labour.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN DECEMBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn on the mornings of the 4th and 5th, being to his right on the former and to his left on the latter morning. She is near Venus on the 11th, the day before New Moon. She is near Mercury on the 13th, the day after New Moon. She is near and to the right of Jupiter during the early evening hours of the 15th. She is very near Mars during the evening of the 16th. She passes the Meridian, or is due south, on this evening at 4h 19m a.m., and the planet 9 minutes later; and she will be near and to the right of Saturn a second time this month during the night of the 31st. The Moon rises on this day at 9h 25m p.m., and the planet at 9h 55m p.m.; their nearest approach will be at 4h 25m on Jan. 1, 1891. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter on the	4th at 27 minutes after	1h in the afternoon.
New Moon	" 12th " 11 "	3 " morning.
First Quarter	" 18th " 36 "	8 " afternoon.
Full Moon	" 26th " 57 "	5 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the 3rd, and nearest to it at midnight on the 14th, and most distant again on the morning of the 31st.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 4th at 4h 19m p.m., or 28 minutes after the Sun; on the 9th, at 4h 23m p.m., or 33 minutes after the Sun; on the 14th, at 4h 37m p.m., or 48 minutes after the Sun; on the 19th, at 4h 55m p.m., or 1h 5m after the Sun; on the 24th, at 5h 14m p.m., or 1h 22m after the Sun; on the 29th, at 5h 32m p.m., or 1h 36m after the Sun; and on the 31st, at 5h 31m p.m., or 1h 36m after the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 13th, and at his greatest eastern elongation (19 deg. 36 min.) on the 28th.

Venus rises on the 1st at 8h 15m a.m., or 29 minutes before the Sun; on the 8th at 7h 10m a.m., or 41 minutes before the Sun; on the 18th at 6h 2m a.m., or 2h 2m before the Sun; on the 28th at 5h 13m a.m., or 2h 56m before the Sun; and on the 31st at 5h 3m a.m., or 3h 6m before the Sun. She is in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 4th, in ascending node on the 6th, near the Moon on the 11th, and stationary among the stars on the 24th.

Mars sets on the 8th at 9h 23m p.m., on the 18th at 9h 28m p.m., on the 28th at 9h 31m p.m., and on the 31st at 9h 33m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 16th.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 8h 26m p.m.; on the 6th at 8h 11m p.m., or 4h 20m after the Sun; on the 16th at 7h 42m p.m., or 3h 53m after the Sun; on the 26th at 7h 15m p.m., or 3h 22m after the Sun; and on the 31st at 7h 1m p.m., or 3h 3m after the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 15th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 11h 51m p.m., on the 6th at 11h 22m p.m., on the 16th at 10h 53m p.m., on the 26th at 10h 14m p.m., and on the 31st at 9h 55m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 4th, in quadrature with the Sun on the 8th, and stationary among the stars on the 25th.

Sir Henry Beyer Robertson of Palé, Merionethshire, where the Queen stayed during her visit to North Wales in 1889, was married on Nov. 20 to Miss Florence Mary Keates, eldest daughter of Mr. J. A. Keates of Llantysilio Hall, Llangollen, and Bishop's Nympton, Devonshire. The marriage took place at Llantysilio Church, in which Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) recently placed the memorial of Browning.

A meeting took place at University College on Nov. 20 with the object of forming an English Economic Association for the Advancement of Economic Knowledge. Mr. Goschen, who presided, remarked that it was necessary now not only to study economic problems but to examine the foundation of economics, as the axioms of the science, instead of being accepted, were derided. A resolution for the formation of a society was agreed to. Among the other speakers were Professor Marshall, Dr. Giffen, and Mr. Courtney; and resolutions were passed in favour of the formation of the society, and the issue of a journal and other publications. Mr. Goschen was unanimously elected president.

Ready December 1.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CONTAINING AN

ORIGINAL STORY BY CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY HERMAN

Entitled "ONLY A SHADOW."

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Entitled "MRS. HAUKSBEET SITS OUT,"

With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

THREE PRESENTATION PICTURES IN COLOURS

1. "LITTLE JACK HORNER."
2. "THE SWING."
3. "IDLE MOMENTS."

AND

FINE ART ENGRAVINGS

By HERBERT SCHMALZ, DAVIDSON KNOWLES, E. MORANT COX, LUCIEN DAVIS, MARCELLA WALKER, C. T. GARLAND, Etc.

ONE SHILLING; Inland Parcel Postage, Threepence. INGRAM BROTHERS, 193, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Now Ready,

ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1891.

SIX PICTURES IN CHROMO.

1. TEA ROSES AND HAWTHORN.
2. GENERAL JACQUEMINOT ROSES AND CLEMATIS.
3. WATER LILIES.
4. MARECHAL NIEL ROSES AND WISTERIA.
5. PASSION FLOWER.
6. IRIS.

Monthly Calendar—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High-water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1891—Eclipses, &c.

By JAS. GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c.

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, as Headings to Calendars, of THE FEATHERED FRIENDS AND FOES OF FARMER AND GARDENER. Described by JABEZ HOGG, F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., &c.

Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year—National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licenses—Public Acts passed during the last Session of Parliament—Notable Occurrences, and Obituary.

TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN PICTORIAL COVER.

Price ONE SHILLING; Postage, Twopence—Halfpenny.

Published at the Office of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 193, Strand. Post-Office Orders, &c., Payable to INGRAM BROTHERS.

Now Ready,

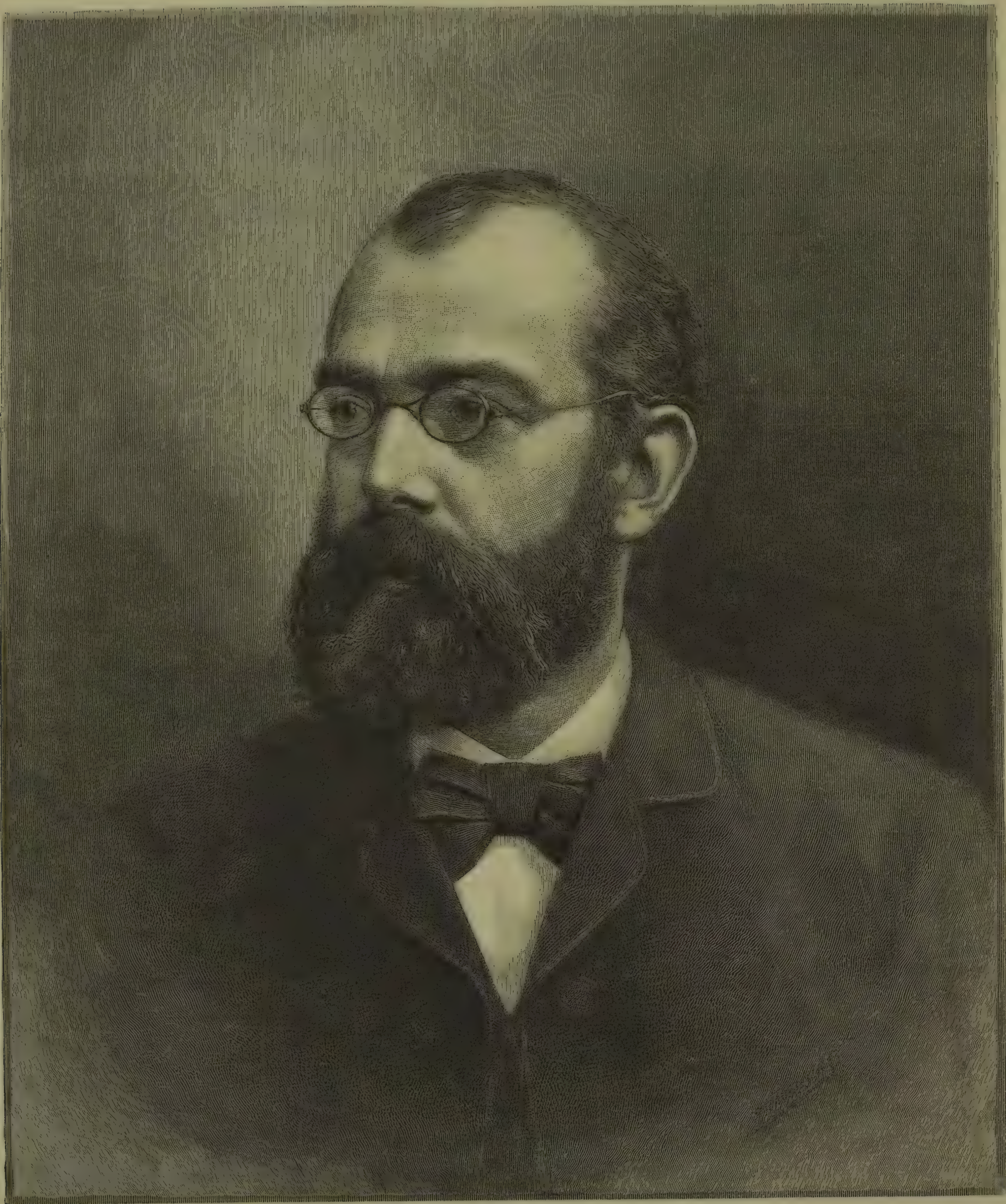
FATHER CHRISTMAS, THE CHILDREN'S ANNUAL. ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

FORTY PAGES OF PICTURES FOR CHILDREN WITH APPROPRIATE RHYMES.

PRESENTATION PICTURE IN COLOURS "HAPPY TIMES." By FRED MORGAN.

IN PICTORIAL COVER.

ONE SHILLING; by Inland Parcel Post, 1s. 3d. INGRAM BROTHERS, 193, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH, M.D., OF BERLIN, DISCOVERER OF THE NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

PROFESSOR KOCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

That the pulmonary disease called phthisis, or consumption, which is fatal to so many lives, is caused by the settlement and growth of very small animal parasites in the tubercles of the lungs, has for some years past been an accepted scientific opinion. The species of animalcule to which this mischief is attributed is one of the large class known to microscopists as "bacilli," or "little rods," from their visible shape, but differing widely in their origin and habitation; some "bacteria," as they are also called; residing in infected water, some in the air, and some in living organic bodies, as those of plants or animals, to which they naturally are causes of disease. Dr. Robert Koch, an eminent Professor of Physiology at Berlin, with the rank of Privy Councillor at the Royal Court of Prussia, has long been engaged in a series of experimental investigations concerning the peculiar species of bacillus which is

credited with the mischief of obstructing and destroying the lung tubercles. At the "Kaiserliche Hygienische Institut," No. 36, Kloster-strasse, in that city, he has been diligently working, like Pasteur in Paris with his researches in canine rabies; and not long ago, at the Berlin International Medical Congress, on Aug. 4, Professor Koch excited much curiosity by detailing his experiments to discover a substance which when injected into the body should have the effect of destroying the bacillus of tubercle without injuring the animal operated upon.

Koch himself is said to have warned against exaggerated expectations. He deems it absolutely necessary that his method should be subjected to the test of long experience. The remedy is a substance consisting of weakened cultivations of tubercle bacilli in combination with a metallic solution, and is applied by inoculation. It thus bears a certain resemblance to vaccine, but the difference lies in the circumstance that vaccine is introduced into the healthy body, whereas

Koch inoculates bodies already invaded by tubercle bacilli, so that his method is more analogous to Pasteur's attempts against anthrax and hydrophobia. Pasteur's failures induce medical authorities to regard Koch's method with a certain amount of scepticism—a scepticism which Koch himself will be the last to blame, for in this matter the only final test is practice. It ought to be remembered that vaccination has sometimes been tried with some success as a remedy in organisms suffering from genuine smallpox. In all these cases, however, the disease was in its very first stages. It is understood that Koch weakens a species of bacteria in its virulence by cultivation in animals, as that in the last generation it secretes no poisons injurious to the human organism, and, if introduced into the blood-passages of a person suffering from tuberculosis, checks the tubercle bacilli in their vitality, by "overgrowing" them or by the harmless virus secreted by it. It is also probable that not the bacilli themselves but their virus is introduced into the blood-



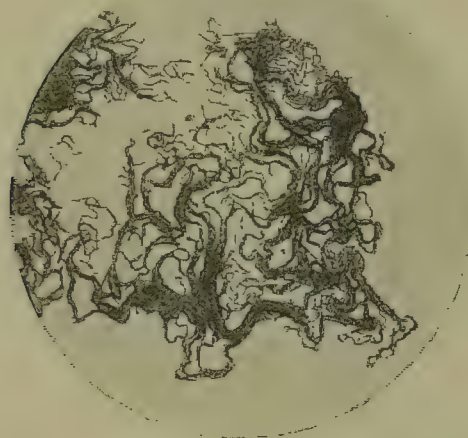
EXCITEMENT AMONG NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS: INTERVIEW WITH INDIANS WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR RESERVES WITHOUT LEAVE.

passages. The method applies not only to tuberculosis but also to diphtheria, cholera, and all other bacterial diseases. If the virus of degenerate tubercle bacilli checks the vitality of undegenerate ones, this is probably the case with all bacteria. Professor Koch stated, at the International Medical Congress, that he had found in tube cultures various substances to be



BACILLI OF TUBERCULAR PHTHISIS, SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE.

remedies which hinder the growth of tubercle bacilli—a number of ethereal oils—among the aromatic compounds β-naphthylamin, paratoloidin xylinin; some of the so-called tar dyes—namely, fuchsin, gentian violet, methyl blue, clinolin yellow, aniline yellow, auramin; among the metals mercury in the form of vapour, silver and gold compounds. The compounds of cyanogen and gold were especially conspicuous, their effects surpassing that of all other substances; even in a dilution of one or two millions they checked the growth of tubercle bacilli. But all these substances, though effective in tube cultures, were absolutely without effect if tried on tuberculous animals. But Koch was too far successful to be discouraged, and he thinks he has hit on a substance which has the power of preventing the growth of the tubercle bacillus,



THE SAME BACILLI AFTER FOURTEEN DAYS' DEVELOPMENT.

not only in the test-tube, but in the body of an animal. Even guinea-pigs, which are extraordinarily susceptible to tuberculosis, if exposed to this substance cease to react to the inoculation of the tuberculous virus; and, still more, guinea-pigs actually suffering from general tuberculosis, even to a high degree, have the morbid process arrested, without the body being in any way injuriously affected.

We have not had to wait long for the promised trial on the human subject of the efficacy of this method to restrain the development of the bacillus. Such a trial was made in the wards of La Charité Hospital, and with such promising result that Dr. Koch has been granted a prolonged leave of absence from his professional duties to enable him to pursue his investigations on a wider scale. The *Lancet* observed upon

haste in drawing conclusions or a premature adoption of a method on which so much depends. Indeed, apart from the fact that we may be on the verge of a revolution in therapeutics, it may be said that bacteriology itself is on its trial in this momentous investigation."

In a medical journal of Berlin, dated Nov. 14, Professor Koch publishes an article, entitled "Further communications regarding a Cure of Tuberculosis, and the experiments relating thereto performed by Dr. Libbertz and Staff-Surgeon Dr. Pfuhl, under the direction of Dr. Koch." Respecting the derivation and preparation of the matter employed, Koch will as yet give no indications, as his work is not yet completed. The matter itself is, however, to be obtained from Dr. Libbertz, whose address is 28, Lüneburger-strasse, Berlin. It consists of a brownish transparent liquid, which is by its own properties proof against deterioration. The dilutions which are necessary for its use, however, are, on the other hand, when produced with water, liable to decay, and therefore the attenuations must be sterilised by heat and preserved in a covering of wadding, or they must be prepared with a solution of phenol of 5 per cent. in strength. The curative matter does not operate through the stomach, and therefore has to be applied subcutaneously. Dr. Koch has used for this purpose a syringe which has commended itself to him in his bacteriological experiments, having no valve and furnished only with a small hollow ball of india-rubber, the merit of this syringe being that it can be easily and surely rinsed out with absolute alcohol and kept in an aseptic condition. With more than a thousand subcutaneous injections not a single abscess has occurred. The place selected for applying the injection is the skin of the back between the shoulder-blades and in proximity to the loins. The human being is found to be much more susceptible than the guinea-pigs which were used for the experiments. Whereas two cubic centimetres of the fluid affected the guinea-pigs scarcely perceptibly, a strength of 0.25 produced in a healthy grown man intense effect. After Dr. Koch had injected in his own upper arm a strength of 0.25, there supervened, after three to four hours, a contraction in the limbs, lassitude, an inclination to cough, and difficulties of breathing, which increased rapidly, and in the fifth hour occurred an unusually violent rigour and shivering, lasting nearly an hour, and accompanied by nausea, vomiting, and a rise in the temperature of the body to 39.6 Centigrade. After twelve hours these symptoms abated, the temperature declined, and on the next day went back to its normal height. The heaviness of the limbs and lassitude continued for some days longer, and for the same length of time the place where the injection was made remained somewhat painful and red. The lowest limit of effective strength in the healthy human body is 0.01 cubic centimetres, showing little or no reaction. The same is the case with diseased persons suffering from other than tuberculous affections, but in persons attacked with tuberculosis the same dose produces a strong reaction, both general and local. The former consists in an attack of fever mostly commencing with a shivering fit. The temperature of the body then rises to over 39 deg. and even up to 41 deg. Centigrade. At the same time, pains in the limbs are noticeable, together with cough irritation and great exhaustion, and sometimes nausea and vomiting. In some cases there is a slight icteric colouring or exanthema, resembling measles, on the chest and neck. As a rule this attack commences about four or five hours after the injection, and its duration is from twelve to fifteen hours. The patient is but little affected by the attack, and afterwards feels comparatively well as a rule, even better than before the injection.

Berlin is now visited by hundreds of medical men, who have journeyed thither from all parts of the world to study Dr. Koch's method of curing consumption. Among them are delegates from King's College Hospital, London, the Middlesex Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Dublin hospitals. Temporary hospitals have been opened, with very inferior accommodation; but it is understood that Professor Koch himself will before long open a hospital, at which, however, for the first six weeks only patients belonging to Berlin will be treated, as the supply of lymph is still very limited. Later on patients will be treated no matter whence they come; but it will be advisable to send applications as early as possible, as admission will be granted according to the date of application. Professor Koch has received from the Emperor the Order of the Red Eagle of the First Class. This is the first time that this decoration has been bestowed on anyone not possessing the preceding classes of the Order. An additional honour has been paid him by the Common Council of Berlin unanimously voting him the freedom of the city. The Municipality has further placed at his disposal a hospital of 150 beds. Professor Koch is no longer confining his investigations to the healing of tuberculosis, but has extended them to all infectious diseases.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The United States Federal Government has been compelled to make extensive military preparations for an expected campaign against the rebellious tribes of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, numbering 30,000 or more, in Dakota Territory, to the north of Nebraska, between the Black Hills and the Missouri. Reserves of land have been allotted to the Indians in that rough and barren country, with which they are dissatisfied, as the disappearance of the buffalo herds deprives them of their former means of subsistence. It is feared that many of the white settlers in Dakota will be slaughtered by these savage insurgents; but troops are now being dispatched to the Territory, and there is likely to be severe fighting. Our Artist's Sketch shows an encampment of some Indians who had quitted the Reserve limits without official license, and who are being questioned to account for their conduct.

Lord Salisbury has given £500 towards the fund for the extension of St. Clement's Church, Ilford.

Miss Kate Steel has been appointed the first lady professor at the Royal College of Music, Tenterden-street.

Mr. Ledgard, Q.C., of the Parliamentary Bar, has been elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple, in place of the late Mr. Crompton, Q.C.

Mr. Alexander Low, Advocate, Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the Scotch Judicial Bench occasioned by the death of Lord Lee, one of the Senators of her Majesty's College of Justice in Scotland.

The newly restored church of St. John-Easton, near Bath, has been enriched by two fine stained-glass windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners street, the gifts of Mrs. Hooper, in memory of her parents and of her late husband, Walker Busfield, 68th Light Infantry.

The Queen has approved the following appointments in connection with the celebration of the Postal Jubilee: Mr. Herbert Joyce, Third Secretary of the Post Office, to be C.B., and Edward Hugh Rea and Mr. John Cameron Lamb, Assistant Secretaries, each to be C.M.G.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE'S NEW PICTURE.

The popularity of the picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which Mr. Briton Riviere painted more than ten years ago, has been so well proved by its frequent reproduction that it is not surprising that the artist should make another effort to repeat the success of his earlier career. The picture now on view at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery (Old Bond-street) differs from so many sequels as showing an advance upon the original work. The figure of the prophet, standing in the grey light which falls through the opening to the den, is simple, dignified, and composed. He has passed the night in the dungeon in company with the wild beasts whom we saw in the first picture gnashing their teeth and preparing to leap upon their prey. Now cowed, but still restless, they pace round—their mouths shut—but still able to snarl and growl. The grouping of the animals is not less skilful than the painting of their hides and manes, and Mr. Briton Riviere has been especially successful in depicting the sullenness of the wild beasts, disappointed of their presumed rights. In several minor particulars—and especially in the arrangement of the light, which falls through a grating high above the prophet—the present picture shows greater strength, and, at the same time, greater self-reliance, than the earlier work. The somewhat incongruous decorations which figured upon the walls of the pit in the first picture—betraying the influence of Mr. Long—now give place to rough-hewn stones far more in keeping with probability; while the sight we now get of Daniel's face, full of subdued religious enthusiasm, is in fine contrast to the constraint placed upon the wild beasts. We confidently anticipate for the present work at least as great a popularity as that achieved by its predecessor.

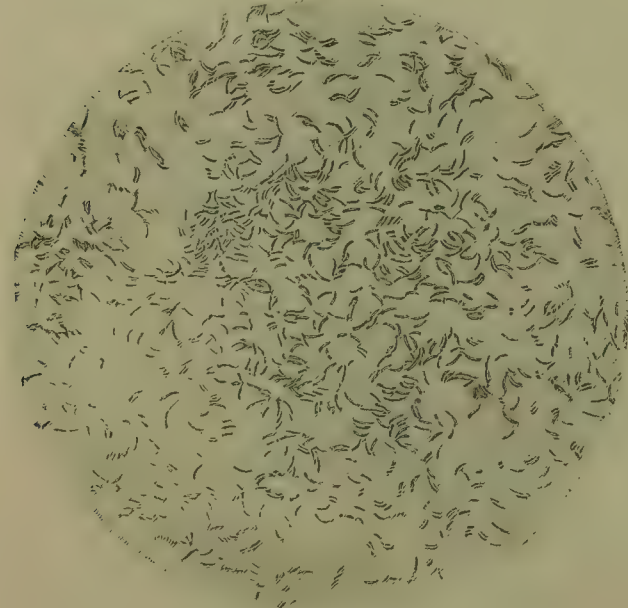
A JAPANESE ARTIST'S WORKS.

The collection of the drawings and engravings brought together at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) will, we venture to think, be "caviare to the general." The works are both varied and interesting, but to the eye of a vast majority they will suggest little more than the dexterity exhibited by the followers and imitators of the artist whose talents are here so conspicuously brought into evidence. Hokusai, the artist in question, was almost the last exponent of a school which had done much to revolutionise as well as to popularise art in Japan. It found its subjects not in the fairy-tales and mythology of the past, but as much in the daily life of the people as in the beauties of nature. The very name given to the school indicated its aim: the Ukiyo-yé School was that of the "passing world." Hokusai was born in 1760, when the renaissance of art was complete, and he lived until 1849, long enough to see its influences spread over the northern kingdom. Although he commenced painting at the earliest age, he seems to have offered little or nothing to the public until he was nearly forty, when we find him engaged in alternately illustrating books and teaching. By degrees his leisure was more and more curtailed by the increasing demand for products of his pen and brush, and his own opinion may be cited as to the value of these early (!) works: "Ever since the age of six," he wrote of himself (as we know from Mr. Dickens's translation of the "Hundred Views of Fuji"), "I had a mania for drawing the forms of objects. Towards the age of fifty I published a very large number of drawings, but I am dissatisfied with every work which I produced before the age of seventy. It was at the age of seventy-three that I had mastered the real nature and form of birds, fish, plants, &c. Consequently, at the age of eighty, I shall have made a great deal of progress, and at ninety I shall have got to the bottom of things." Hokusai lived on to his ninetieth year, when his hopes of further perfectionment were cut short. Whether the bulk of the work here exhibited belongs to the period between forty and seventy, or to the last twenty years of his life, we have no means of ascertaining, but probably both periods are represented. Unfortunately there are very few of Hokusai's original drawings; but we may gather from these colour engravings, executed at the time when the art was in its perfection, a fair idea of Hokusai's proficiency as a draughtsman, a colourist, and an observer of nature. Such works in black and white as the sketch of the young woman carrying a lantern (8), the young woman with a mouse running up her arm (49), the girl lying down (59), and the two sketches (138) of men with their heads resting on their hands, are drawn with remarkable vigour and appreciation of the power of line. Instances of delicate touch, on the other hand, are to be seen in various New Year's cards, such as the "Children at the Panorama" (33), "Girls with a Guitar" (34), and the "Girls Gathering Pine Branches" (129), where the figures are wearing tall black hats, which recall the tall hats formerly worn by Welsh women and maidens, but now, alas! almost disappeared. Still more delicate and fanciful are "The Three Studies" (179), where the plumage of the birds is worked out with rare truth and beauty; while such a work as the "View over a Plain" (175) should for ever remove the impression that Japanese artists were unacquainted with the laws of perspective. It would be quite impossible to touch upon a tithe of the numerous drawings here represented, or to do justice to the various illustrated books by which the exhibition is supplemented. We can only congratulate the director upon the taste he has displayed in making the present selection from the larger exhibition which has been open for some time in Paris, and refer visitors to the interesting notice of Hokusai—also due to Mr. M. B. Huish—prefixed to the catalogue.

We have received impressions of two mezzotint engravings by Mr. John Finnie—"The Windmill," exhibited at the Society of Painter Etchers, and "Capel Curig," exhibited at the Royal Academy. Both works show a considerable mastery of an art of which we welcome most cordially the revival; but both are wanting, though in different degrees, in those effects of light and shade which constitute the charm of mezzotints. In the "Capel Curig" especially there is a want of air and space which makes it difficult to realise the distance which separates the foreground from the mass of mountain slope in the rear; and the picture when seen from a distance, and in such a light as prevails in most London houses, will appear black and blurred in a manner which will fail to do justice to the etcher's skill and good intention.

Christmas cards of all sorts and sizes have been received from Messrs. Birn Brothers (27, Finsbury-street), as well as a large specimen of their colour-printing on porcelain. All have been executed in Germany, where it is said by some that the various processes of art-printing, especially the colours, have been carried to a high degree of perfection. Without wishing to detract in any way from the merits of the present production, we feel bound to say that our own country produces work better both in design and execution, but whether at an equally low price it is not within our province to determine.

At a meeting of the electors to the Professorship of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, Cambridge, Professor Ewing, of University College, Dundee, has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Professor Stuart.



MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF CULTIVATED BACILLI.

this occasion: "The vast importance of the possible results of such an inquiry upon the welfare of thousands renders it all the more necessary for the world at large to imitate the caution and reticence of Koch himself, bearing in mind that hitherto he has not overstepped the limits of justifiable inference, and that he would be the first to deprecate either

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1887), with three codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1887; Oct. 27, 1888; and Dec. 2, 1889), of Mr. John Williams Grigg, J.P., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, late of Cann House, Tamerton Foliot, Devon, who died on July 23 last, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on Oct. 7 by the Rev. Benjamin Mills, Henry Elliot Tracey, and William John Woolcombe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £232,000. The testator bequeaths £200 free of duty to the Vicar and churchwardens of Tamerton Foliot, the dividends to be applied at Christmas in every year in money gifts to such aged and infirm men and women inhabitants of the parish as they shall consider fit recipients, in sums not exceeding five shillings or less than two shillings and sixpence; £250 to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, Plymouth; £150 to the Devon and Cornwall Female Orphan Asylum; £100 each to the South Devon and Cornwall Blind Institution, and the Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport Female Penitentiary; £6000 to his son Mark Edward; £2000 to his son George Frederick Mills; and there are specific gifts of pictures, &c., to his sons; and other legacies. Portions of £22,000 are provided for each of his daughters, over and above the legacy duty. He appoints, under his marriage settlement, the Butterford estate, Devon, to his second son, Henry Williams; and devises all his dwelling-houses, land, and hereditaments in the parishes of Tamerton Foliot, and Saint Budeaux, Devon, to his eldest son, Mark Edward; and the Coombe and Stone estates, Devon, to his third son, George Frederick Mills. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said three sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1889) of Mr. Edmund Wilkinson Bell, merchant, late of Bradford and Salterforth, and Rawdon, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Nov. 14 by Mrs. Mary Bell, the widow, and William Davy, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £102,000. The testator bequeaths his jewellery, plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture, and other effects, horses and carriages, plants, &c., in greenhouses, hothouses, and conservatories, and gardening tools and effects, and £3000 to his wife. His Rawdon estate he gives to his wife, for life, or widowhood, and then to his child or children as she shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining and educating sons until twenty-one, and daughters until marriage. Power is given to carry on his Bradford business for his wife's benefit, and to employ part of his personal estate, not exceeding £40,000, therein; and in the event of her marrying again, £600 per annum is to be paid to her. On her death or remarriage the residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his child or children as she shall appoint. In default of such appointment he settles the residue of his freehold and copyhold property upon his eldest son, Henry Wilkinson Bell, and the residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares. He appoints, under the will of his grandmother, Isabella Wilkinson, all her real estate in the township of Salterforth to his eldest son.

The Irish Probate, granted at Belfast, of the will (dated July 7, 1890) of Sir John Preston, Kt., J.P., late of Dunmore, Belfast, who died on Aug. 3 last, to George Johnston Preston, the son, one of the executors, was resealed in London on Nov. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £94,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Belfast Church Extension Fund; £100 each to the Protestant Orphan Society for the counties of Antrim and Down, the Belfast Charitable Society, North Queen-street, and St. James's Mission Church; all his jewellery, wines and provisions, horses and carriages, farming stock, and an annuity of £1000 to his wife, Dame Mary Ann Preston; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter, Eliza Jane Cooke, her husband and children; £10,000, upon trust, for his son John; and other legacies and annuities. His residence Dunmore, with the gardens and pleasure grounds, and the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, he gives to his wife, for life, and then settles the same upon his son George Johnston. Certain tenements and premises at Belfast and Springvale he devises to his last-named son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail. He confirms several settlements made on his wife and children, and declares that the provision made for them by his will is in addition thereto. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon various trusts, for his son George Johnston Preston.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1886), with three codicils (dated Sept. 7, 1887, and March 21 and Aug. 19, 1890), of Mr. James Matthews-Duncan, M.D., late of 71, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Sept. 1 at Baden-Baden, was proved on Nov. 8 by Mrs. Jane Hart Matthews-Duncan, the widow, and eleven others, twelve of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £86,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife; and a legacy of £100 and an annuity of £30 to Mrs. Margaret Lees. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining and educating sons during minority and daughters until marriage, and then for his children.

The will (dated May 23, 1889) of Mr. John Corner, formerly of 18, Albert-road, and late of 30, Abbey-road, Regent's Park, merchant, who died on Sept. 26 last, was proved on Nov. 13 by John Henry Corner and Walter William Corner, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, and effects, £100, and £350 per annum for life (she continuing his widow) to his wife; and his tenement, orchard, and premises, Kinderwell, Yorkshire, and the advowson, donation, and right of presentation to the rectory and parish church of Kinderwell-cum-Roxby, Yorkshire, to his son Arthur Edward. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children, John Henry, Walter William, Jane Eliza Spokes, and Arthur Edward, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 28, 1883) of Mr. William Bradfield, late of 136, Church-road, Islington, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Nov. 5 by Mrs. Mary Milton Bradfield, the widow, Isaac Smith, and John Hayes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture and effects, and the cash in the house and at his banker's, to his wife, and makes other provision for her; and there are legacies to relatives and others. After all the legacies are paid he bequeaths £4000, or such lesser sum as may remain, equally between the London Hospital (Whitechapel), the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (Finsbury-square), the Dental Hospital (Leicester-square), and the Foundling Hospital (Great Guildford-street). He appoints as his residuary legatees Mary Thomason, Rebecca Bradfield, Isaac Smith, Robert Henry Smith, Caroline Paine, Rebecca Forty, and Rebecca Good-fellow.

The will (dated May 13, 1886), with two codicils (dated May 13, 1886, and April 5, 1887), of Miss Meliscent Fielder,

late of 33, Montagu-square, who died on Sept. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 11 by Miss Naomi Meliscent Gunn and Henry Manisty, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Rector and Churchwardens of the parish of Marylebone, upon trust, to apply the dividends first in keeping in repair the tomb of her father and mother in the new Finchley Cemetery, and next for the benefit of the girls' school of the said parish; £500 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to be applied in fitting out a life-boat to be called "The Meliscent," to be stationed on the north-east coast of England; £20 to the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom; £30 to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading; £50 to the Cripples' Home, Marylebone-road; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her friend Mariann, Lady Manisty.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 17, 1885), with two codicils (dated Dec. 10, 1886, and Dec. 16, 1889), of the Right Hon. Alexander Dundas Ross Cochrane Wisheart Baillie, Baron Lamington, D.L., late of Lamington, Lanarkshire, who died on Feb. 15 last, granted to Lord Napier and Ettrick, Cecil Drummond, and David Duncan, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £17,000.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA, FR. FERNANDO, AND OTHERS.—You have not got on the right road this time. There is a good defence to the move 1. Q to K8th in Mr. Kelly's problem, which we leave you to discover.

A S (The Hague).—Your correction is, unfortunately, still far from the mark.

J BENJAMIN (Bombay).—Thanks for further game, which shall have our attention. From a casual inspection, we think White ought certainly to have won. The check on the thirty-eighth move was the first mistake of a series.

J C K.—Problem No. 2428 appeared in our issue of Oct. 19, 1890.

C BOYCE (Southport).—We cannot examine positions except on a diagram, and in any case do not publish problems of the character you send.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2415 to No. 2418 received from P B Bennie, M D (Melbourne); of No. 2424 to No. 2426 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur), of No. 2427 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay) and C W von Alten (Wyoming, U.S.A.); of No. 2429 from Alpha, Rev John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.), K K Railway, W Sturges (Beverly), J W Shaw (Montreal), V (Guernsey), and An Old Lady (Ipswich, U.S.A.); of No. 2430 from Bernard Reynolds, V (Guernsey), N Gales, W Sturges, and W R Hamilton (Oleary); of No. 2431 from Rev Windfield Cooper, Bernard Reynolds, O V Coster, Brattleby, New Forest, L Schlu (Vienna), B R (Cuckfield), M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), Tortebesse, Captain J A Challice, V (Guernsey), R Worters (Canterbury), and L Desances (Oleary).

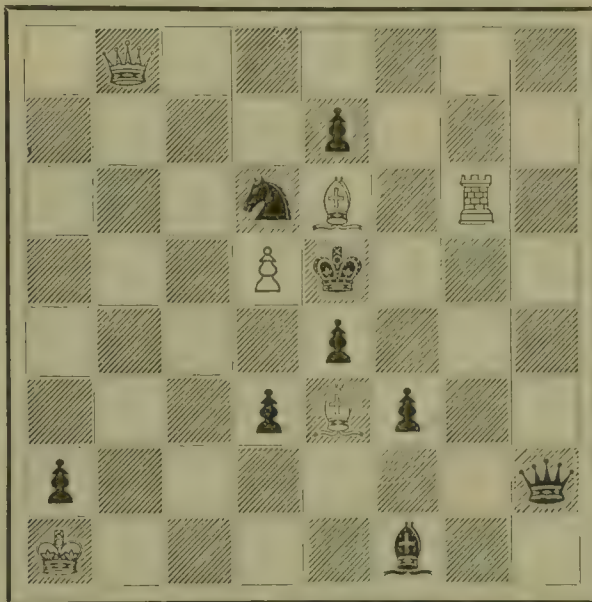
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2432 received from W R Raitlen, Bernard Reynolds, D McCoy (Galway), E Louder, N Harris, M Burke, R Worters (Canterbury), T G (Ware), Martin P, Herbert Chown (Brighton), A Newman, Dawn, W R B (Plymouth), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C E Perugini, E E H, B D Knox, A N Brayshaw (Scarborough), J Dixon, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), and Dr F St.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2430.—By B. G. LAWS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt sq. Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2434.

By P. KLETT.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Two-Move Chess Problem. By B. G. LAWS. (George Bell and Son, Covent-garden, W.C.)—This is a very entertaining and instructive book to the problem student, and it is surprising how much the author has to tell of this class of composition. At first sight the two-move problem seems too slight and fragile a creation to stand the handling of an elaborate analysis; but Mr. Laws has a fine critical faculty, and with his light touch succeeds where most men would fail. He has brought together an excellent collection of these sparkling stratagems, and discourses pleasantly on their points, good, bad, and indifferent. While the merits of the book are many, the faults apparent to a hasty examination are few, the most noticeable, perhaps, being the absence of any examples from Mr. Healey, some of whose compositions for beauty, skill, and cunning are among the very best extant. A few of the illustrative positions appeared originally in this column, and we cannot do better than quote above one of the author's selections, as evidence of the judgment with which his choice is made. Those who wish to track the artful two-mover to its inmost cell cannot do better than make themselves masters of such a clever little volume.

In the City of London Club Tournament the leader among the twenty first class players is Mr. Loman, who up till now has won all his games; but Mr. Eckenstein, the winner of last year's tournament, has lost only half a point, and Messrs. Morlau, Block, Jacobs, Gibbons, Howell, Smith, Munlove, and Vyse have each lost only one point. Among the forty second class players, Dr. Coupland, Mr. Alexandre, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Howell have each won all their games; Messrs. Hamburger, Curnoek, and Brown have each lost half a point; while Messrs. Passmore, Harley, Ward, Tietjen, Clayton, Hill, Booth, Newman, and Watts have each lost a point. Among the forty third class players Messrs. Rildpath, Gooding, Hunt, Hoare, Dally, and Carson have each won all their games.

The Amethyst Chess Club, whose headquarters are at 110, Church-street, Stoke Newington, have decided to open a central meeting-place in the City, and have accepted the offer of the proprietor of Wort's Restaurant, No. 50, London-wall, who has placed an excellent room at the disposal of the club.

At a meeting of the Brighton Town Council, sanction was given to close with the Marquis of Bristol for thirty acres of land on the Race Hill for letting off in allotment gardens.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farrington House, Warwick-lane, send some samples of their back-loop pocket diaries for 1891, excellent specimens of what a pocket diary should be—convenient in size and arrangement, and strongly bound to stand the wear and tear of daily use.

A few specimens of Christmas cards have been received from Messrs. Baird and Sons, artistic stationers, of Glasgow. They certainly have not spared expense in getting up their "golden series," while the "Scotch series" will, doubtless, appeal successfully to the Scot at home and abroad. Their "private Christmas cards" bid fair to become quite popular, being more personal than the ordinary Christmas card.

QUEEN AND QUEEN-REGENT OF HOLLAND.

By the death, on Nov. 23, of William III., "King of the Netherlands," commonly called King of Holland, his little daughter, Princess Wilhelmina, ten years old, becomes reigning Queen, and her mother, Queen Emma, widow of the late King, is now Queen-Regent.

The late King, a Prince of the Royal House of Orange Nassau, born in 1817, succeeded his father, King William II., in March 1849. His reign has been prosperous but uneventful. He married, first, Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, who died in 1877; secondly, in January 1879, Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, sister of the Duchess of Albany. Their Majesties have visited England, and the King was a Knight of the Garter.

Two sons of the King by his first marriage having died childless, the only child of his second marriage became, in June 1884, heiress to the Crown, though under four years of age. The Princess Royal, Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria, was born at the Hague on Aug. 31, 1880. On the death of her half-brother, the Prince of Orange, an Act was passed by the States-General providing that in case of the King's death while she was under age the Regency should be vested in her mother, Queen Emma. The young Queen will come of age in 1898.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg will henceforth be separated from the Kingdom of Holland, as by the Salic law it cannot have a female sovereign. It passes to Duke Adolphus of Nassau.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Phillips and Page's "Dance Album" is one of the several cheap publications that appear in anticipation of the festivities of Christmas. The work now referred to comprises various pieces in the forms of waltz, polka, quadrille, and galop, all bright in rhythm and tunable in style, and published in handy quarto form at the price of a shilling.

Another publication similar in kind, size, and price, and with an analogous purpose, is "Enoch's Dance Album" (issued by Enoch and Sons, of Great Marlborough-street). This work contains some stirring dance pieces that will well serve their intended object. The publishers just named have also issued Nos. 4 and 5 of the Children's Album ("Kindergarten" series). No. 4 contains some characteristic dances of various nations, arranged for the pianoforte by M. Watson; No. 5 consisting of some pleasing pieces for piano and violin, by J. L. Roedel. All these are easy of execution, are well printed and low-priced, and should be very acceptable to a juvenile public. "Bella Napoli" is a very flowing vocal piece (to words by Clifton Bingham), the music by F. Boscovitz, who has gained deserved celebrity as a pianist and composer. This piece is published by Messrs. Enoch and Sons, as are the following: a very characteristic "Breton Slumber-Song" by J. L. Roedel, and "In the years that are gone," a pleasing song of the sentimental kind, by the same composer.

Several pianoforte pieces composed by Arthur W. Marchant, and published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart, may be commended as being bright and tuneful in style, and with a strongly impressed character in accordance with their respective titles, which are as follows: "La Gaieté" ("Rondeau Brillante"), "Danse Nègre," "Danse Irlandaise," and "The Gondolier's Song."

A series of pieces published by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co. will interest some wind-instrument players as well as pianists. They are entitled "The Oboe Player's Journal" and the "Clarinet Player's Journal." They comprise original pieces and arrangements, including some short movements by Rose Pye, others by A. C. Haden, and a sonatina by T. A. Walmisley—all being pleasing in style and mostly easy of execution.

"Tarantella," by I. A. de Orellana, is a very spirited pianoforte piece, in which the lively Italian rhythm is well sustained. Mr. Charles Woolhouse is the publisher, as also of twenty-four "Melodic Studies" for the pianoforte, by the composer of the "Tarantella" just referred to. The studies, although containing much elaborate and brilliant passage-writing, are yet more pleasing and interesting than studies usually are. The practice of these exercises is calculated not only to improve the mechanical powers of the student but also to cultivate refined taste and expression.

Messrs. Ricordi's "Cheap Edition of Dance Music" (Vol. II.) is another contribution to the requirements of the ball-room. Here is an assortment of waltzes and polkas, a mazurka, and a galop that will administer satisfactorily to the needs of enthusiastic dancers.

"Ayesha Valse," by V. C. Pulford (published by F. Pitman), is a bright and tuneful piece of dance music that will be welcome to many. It is published for the pianoforte—solo and duet—also as a septet and for full orchestra. One or two points in the harmony of the pianoforte solo arrangement might be advantageously revised.

M. Emile Sauret, the well-known violinist, has been appointed to succeed the late M. Prosper Sainton at the Royal Academy of Music.

The London Street Tramway Company have commenced running early cars to and from Hampstead and Highgate and Holborn. They start from Highgate at 3.20 a.m., and from Hampstead at 3.50 a.m., returning from Holborn at 4 and 4.30. They run about every half-hour after those times.

In the action brought by Mr. Robert Buchanan against Mrs. Langtry to recover the amount agreed to be paid for a new play specially written for her, to be produced at the opening of the season in New York, the jury found for the plaintiff, awarding him £150, with costs.

The November Session of the Central Criminal Court was opened on Nov. 24, and the newly elected Lord Mayor (Alderman Savory) took his seat for the first time as the Chief Commissioner. There are about eighty cases for trial. The calendar contains three charges of wilful murder, two being allegations of wife murders, and the third the charge against Mrs. Piercy of having murdered Mrs. Hogg and her child at Kentish-town.

Funds are required for the restoration of the chapel of the little "Sons of the Brave" of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea; and a matinée entertainment for the purpose will be given at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Dec. 13, at which the Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside. The entertainment, entitled "Our Men in Africa," produced under the direction of Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur T. Pask, will be of a most unique and varied character. Mr. Herbert Ward, of Stanley's rear-guard, will give an account of some of his personal experiences on the Congo; Mr. Melton Prior, the war correspondent of this Journal, will speak of what befell him at the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; while Mr. Harry Pearce, the *Daily News* special war correspondent, will describe what he saw during the ever-memorable night march on the Nile. Tickets may be obtained of Colonel Fitzgerald, Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.



THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



THE QUEEN-REGENT OF HOLLAND.



RECEIVING APPLICANTS AT THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

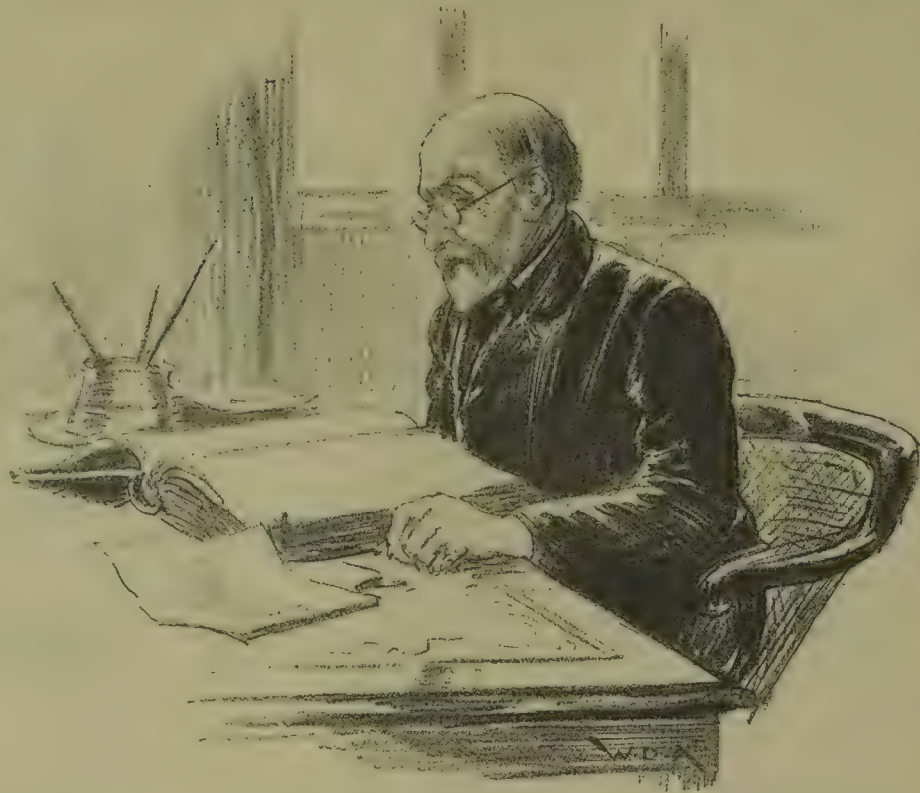


SOME INMATES OF THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS.

Some additional Sketches, by our own Artist, illustrative of that philanthropic institution the "Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders," in West India Dock-road, Limehouse, are presented this week. An account of its objects, management, and operations was given in our last. The history of the "Strangers' Home" extends over thirty-four years, as it was founded in 1856; and its successful working, for the greater part of that long period, is due, in a high degree, to the energy, zeal, and ability of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. Marsh Hughes, the Honorary Secretary, assisted by the Home Missionary, Mr. Joseph Salter, author of an interesting book, "The Asiatic in England," published by Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday in 1873. We now present the portrait of the present Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. H. Fergusson, of Culroy, Surbiton, who has during upwards of ten years, in succession to the late Colonel Hughes, been most ably conducting the management of the Strangers' Home. His previous thirty years' experience in India, and his quick perception of character and genial manners, have been conducive to the work of the institution. He has been enabled to send off to their homes in India many non-seafaring men, such as the disappointed and bewildered claimants of redress from the Indian Government; while Mr. Johnson, the experienced officer of the institution, who is practically conversant with Indian shipping business, has been very successful in procuring re-employment for Lascar sailors, through

MR. J. H. FERGUSSON, HONORARY SECRETARY, STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.



MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

With the fast-approaching end of the season—announced for Nov. 29—repetition performances have naturally prevailed. An exception, however, was the recent production of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (which had not been heard here for several years), and included the appearance of Madame Albani as Elisabeth, in which character the excellent prima donna displayed the same grace and charm, with fully as much dramatic earnestness, as in previous seasons. Mlle. S. Ravogli was a very efficient representative of Venus, and Mlle. C. Brani made a favourable impression in the song of the shepherd. M. Maurel's Wolfram was a repetition of a very fine performance that had, in former seasons, been a prominent feature in the cast of the opera; and Signor Perotti was a gallant and heroic Tannhäuser—other characters having been efficiently filled by Signor Orlandini (Biterolf), Signor Guetary (Walther), and Signor Merolos (the Landgrave).

Of the promised production of Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord," of the principal events of the season, and of the close thereof, we must speak hereafter.

The first of Mr. Henschel's new series of the London Symphony Concerts took place on Nov. 20, at St. James's Hall, as heretofore. The selection was especially interesting in its illustration of different schools and periods. The overture (or "suite") in F, by C. P. E. Bach (one of the sons of the great John Sebastian), was an early form of the orchestral symphony which was soon afterwards so grandly developed by Haydn and Mozart. The work now referred to belongs to the period of 1776, and was strongly contrasted on the recent occasion by the performance of Mozart's fine symphony in D, composed only some ten years later. In the symphony by Bach, the harpsichord part was played by Dr. Hubert Parry; the instrument (made by Schudi in 1771) having been lent by Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, who were the successors of Schudi. The remainder of the symphony concert comprised Brahms's second symphony (in D), entracte and larghetto from Beethoven's "Egmont" music, and Wagner's overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer."

Señor Albeniz's second orchestral concert (also at St.

James's Hall), on Nov. 21, again evidenced his high merits both as a pianist and as a composer. This double capacity was especially proved in his "Concerto Fantastique," a composition which is much more regular in style and form than might be inferred from its title. In some charming solo pieces of his own and others Señor Albeniz's refined pianoforte-playing was admirably manifested. His powers as a composer were also evidenced in some "Scènes Symphoniques Catalanes," for orchestra. As at the previous concert, Señor Breton conducted, and the programme comprised some very meritorious compositions by him—the Prelude to his opera "Gli Amanti di Teruel," a "Scherzo," and a very characteristic Spanish dance, "Zapateado."

One half of the thirty-fifth series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace is nearly completed. At the seventh concert, on Nov. 22, M. Paderewski was the pianist, and gave a brilliant performance of his own concerto in A minor, which was spoken of in reference to his production of it at his concert at St. James's Hall in June last. Mr. P. Greene was the vocalist at the concert of Nov. 22. A performance of "Il Trovatore," by the Royal Italian Opera Company, at the Crystal Palace, was announced for Nov. 25.

Dr. J. F. Bridge's inaugural Gresham Lectures appear quite to have justified his appointment as successor to the late Dr. Wyld. The subject of the second lecture was "Mozart as a teacher," and the illustrations exemplified in a very interesting way the course pursued by the great composer in his musical instruction of Thomas Attwood (formerly organist of St. Paul's Cathedral). The exercises of the pupil, and their corrections and alterations by the master, were remarkable instances of the power of genius to manifest itself on slight suggestions. The other lectures treated of the past and future of the Gresham professorship, the "Development of Fugue," and English instrumental music of some two centuries or more ago.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 22, included Miss Fanny Davies's fine performance of Schumann's very elaborate fantasia in C major, Op. 17, and her association with Madame Neruda, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti in Brahms's pianoforte quartet in G minor. The three last-named executants and Mr. L. Rics completed the string quartet party. Madame Swiatlowsky was the vocalist. For the evening concert of the following Monday the programme included M. Paderewski as solo pianist and Miss L. Lehmann as vocalist.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society (conducted by Mr. G. Mount) gave the first concert of its nineteenth season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 22, with a good programme.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel announced the first of two of their interesting vocal recitals (at Princes' Hall) for Nov. 24. The programme was very interesting in the contrasts of different schools and periods, and in the performances of the lady and her husband, separate and in association.

The second concert of the fourth series of the Musical Guild (at the Kensington Townhall, on Nov. 25) put forth an excellent programme of chamber music.

The second concert of the new season of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall was devoted to a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, which has been so often given in this country that no comment is now required beyond saying that, on the occasion referred to, Madame Albani was announced for the important soprano music.

M. Paderewski's second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 27, was well calculated to display his special powers by a programme in which the classical and brilliant schools were well represented.

Mrs. Hunt's benefit concert took place on Nov. 26, at the Waterloo Panorama, Ashley-place, Victoria-street. She was assisted by numerous artists of note.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

A testimonial of thanks for the services rendered to the late Royal Military Exhibition, at Chelsea Hospital, by the Honorary Director, Major G. E. W. Malet, has been presented to that officer by the exhibitors, including many regiments of the Army which furnished specimens of soldiers' work done in their leisure hours. The task of receiving and arranging such a multiplicity of contributions must have been one of considerable difficulty; and every visitor to the Exhibition must have admired the skill and taste with which it was arranged. We give an illustration of the testimonial gift, consisting of a silver kettle, tripod, and tray, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford-street. The tray and kettle bear suitable inscriptions.

The Skinners' Company have given Twenty Guineas to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

A cordial acknowledgment on behalf of the Post-Office and other Government departments of the practical value of electrical science in the public service was made, on Nov. 20, by Mr. Raikes at the annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Mr. F. O. Crump, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, and Mr. H. D. Greene, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, have been elected Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Mr. J. J. Johnson, Q.C., and the late Mr. C. Milward, Q.C.

To the Cardinal Newman Memorial Fund the Duke of Norfolk has given £1000; and among the non-Roman Catholic contributors to the fund are Lord Coleridge, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Dean of Durham, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, and Mr. R. H. Hutton.

It is not always that a diner, appreciating the mute but effective eloquence of a well-ordered menu, punctuated by a convivial popping of corks, remembers how closely the worlds of pleasure and of labour are linked; and when the familiar names of Hedges and Butler and Melnotte et Fils face him upon the table, he is apt to forget the fact that great businesses like that of the well-known wine firm in Regent-street are the means of providing the necessities of life to the many, while supplying its luxuries to the more favoured few. The illustrations in this week's issue of Messrs. Hedges and Butler's spacious cellars in Regent-street, and the Melnotte champagne cellars in Epernay, will afford the public some little insight into the magnitude of the interests involved in a commercial undertaking of this kind. Nor is it without its picturesque aspect, vintage scenes worthy of the pen of Onida preceding even in these prosaic days the pleasant consumption of the wine in unpicturesque but luxury-loving London. Messrs. Hedges and Butler have won so excellent a name for their wines that it is interesting to get a glimpse of the method by which such reputations are made, and that method may virtually be summed up in a phrase: enterprise, judgment, and reliability, three characteristics which the public soon learn to recognise, and, once recognised, never forget.

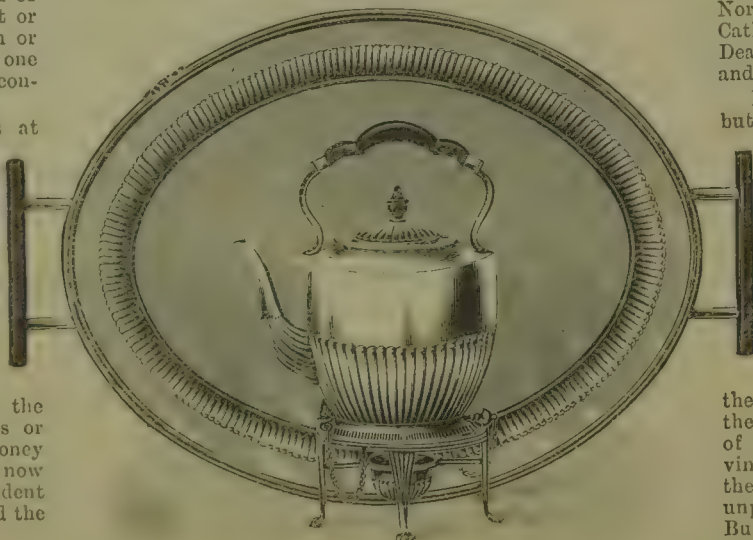


A GAME OF DRAUGHTS AT THE STRANGERS' HOME.

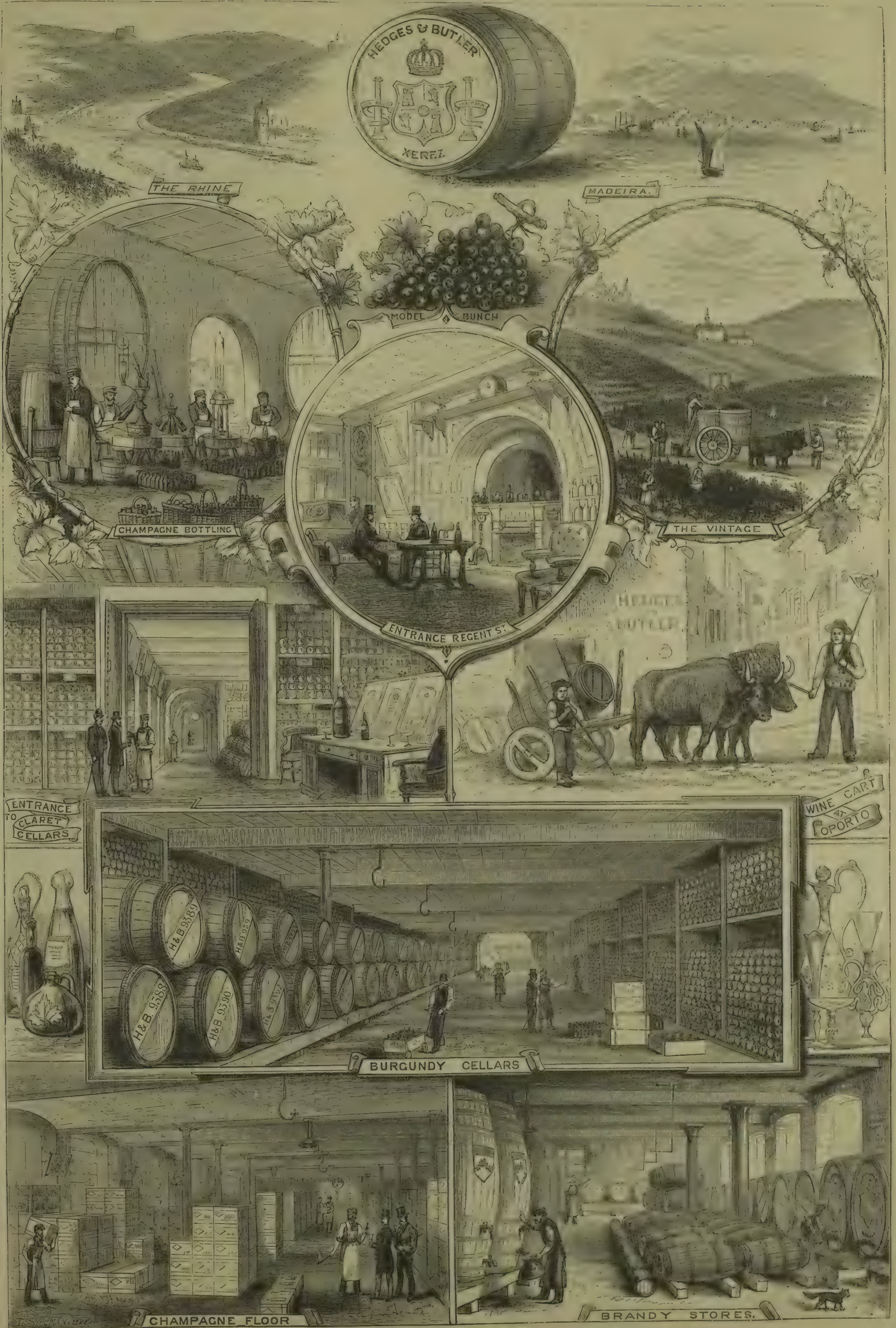
the good relations which he has established with shipowners and agents, and the commanders of vessels. General Hutchinson, C.B., C.S.I., of Lucknow renown, said, in addressing the last annual meeting of subscribers, that he wished them to understand that the most grateful thanks are due to Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Johnson for all that they are doing in this matter, but it is in fact often a work of great difficulty. The mixed crews of vessels coming from Asiatic and Australian sea-ports to England through the Suez Canal are composed in large proportion of Indians of different races from Bombay and Calcutta, Cinghalese, Arabs, Chinese, Javanese, Malays, Zanzibaris, Somalis, Johanna men, Malagasy, and Polynesians, to the number of at least two thousand yearly. The name "Lascar," commonly applied to native Indian seamen, is compounded of a Persian word, "Khalasi," which means "sailor," and "Kara," the word in the Tamil language of Western India for any kind of worker. Most of these poor fellows, having been afloat or adrift nearly all their lives, cease to belong to any nation or country, but it is a chance whether those gathered in one crew will be able to understand each other, much less to consort agreeably with European seamen.

The suppression of the "crimp" boarding-houses at the East-End, in which hundreds of these ignorant foreign sailors, who got their wages paid on arriving in London, were speedily defrauded and robbed of money and clothes, has been much furthered by providing good and cheap accommodation for them at the Strangers' Home. We would especially point out that during the thirty-three years of its operations the sum of £50,507 7s. 1d., being cash deposited by inmates with the superintendent, has been returned to them on their departure, subject to deduction for board and other expenses. This was pointed out by Mr. O. S. R. Krishnamma, a gentleman from India, in his speech at the annual meeting, as a good feature of the work. The natives of India formerly were so jealous or timid, in London, that they generally carried their money and jewellery in purses fastened round their waists; but now the placing of their cash in the hands of the superintendent shows their confidence in the integrity, the regularity, and the kindness with which everything of that kind is managed.

Mr. John Rose, of the Oxford Circuit, has been elected by the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn a member of the Bar Library Committee, Royal Courts of Justice, in place of the late Mr. Edwyn Jones.



KETTLE AND TRAY PRESENTED TO MAJOR MALET, ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.



VIEW OF HEDGES & BUTLER'S WINE CELLARS, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME ANOMALIES IN PLANT DIET.

The discussion of the difficulties which stand in the way of separating animals completely and absolutely from plants led us, last week, to note that in the matter of the feeding of the two great living worlds we might perchance light upon some adequate grounds for making up the one kingdom from the other. What the consideration of form, movement, chemical composition, and microscopic structure could not effect for us in this way, it might be supposed the investigation of the diet of animals and plants would render clear. Our hopes of distinguishing the one group from the other by reference to the food on which animals and plants subsist are, however, dashed to the ground; and the diet question leaves us, therefore, when it has been discussed, in the same quandary as before.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting story, this of the nutrition of animals and plants. A large amount of scientific information is to be gleaned from such a study, which may very well be commenced by our having regard to the matters on which a green plant feeds. I emphasise the word "green," because it so happens that when a plant has no chlorophyll (as green colour is named in the plant-world) its feeding is of diverse kind to that which a green plant exhibits. The mushroom or other fungus may be taken as an illustration of a plant which represents the non-green race; while every common plant, from a bit of grass to an oak-tree, exemplifies the green-bearing order of the vegetable tribes. Suppose we were to invite a green plant to dinner; the *menu* would have to be very differently arranged from that which would satisfy a human or other animal guest. The soup would be represented for the plant's delectation by water, the fish by minerals, the joint by carbonic acid gas, and the dessert by ammonia. On these four items a green plant feeds; out of them it builds up its living frame. Note that its diet is of inorganic or non-living matter. It derives its sustenance from soil and air, yet out of these lifeless matters the green plant elaborates and manufactures its living matter, or protoplasm. It is a more wonderful organism than the animal, for while the latter can only make new protoplasm when living matter is included in its food-supply, the green plant, by the exercise of its vital chemistry, can transform that which is not living into that which is life-possessing.

The green plant, in other words, raises non-living into

living matter; while the animal can only transform living matters into its like. This is why the plant is called a constructive organism; while the animal is, contrariwise, named a destructive one. The result of the plant's existence is to build up; that of the animal's life is to break down its substance, as the result of its work, into non-living matter. The animal's body is, in fact, breaking down into the very things on which the green plant feeds. We ourselves are perpetually dissipating our substance, in our acts of life and work, into the carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and minerals on which plants feed. We "die daily" in as true a sense as that in which the Apostle used the term; and out of the debris of the animal-frame the green plant builds up leaf and flower, stem and branch, and all the other tokens of its beauty and its life.

If, then, an animal can only live upon living matter—that is to say, on the bodies of other animals or of plants—with water, minerals, and oxygen gas from the air thrown in to boot, we might be tempted to hold that in such distinctive ways and works we had at last found a means of separating animals from plants. Unfortunately, this view may be legitimately disputed and rendered null and void, on two grounds. First of all, the mushrooms and their friends and neighbours, all true plants, do not feed as do the green tribes; and secondly, many of the green plants themselves can be shown to have taken very kindly to an animal mode of diet. A mushroom, thus, because it has no green colour, lives upon water, oxygen, minerals, and organic matter. You can only grow mushrooms where there is plenty of animal matter in a state of decay; and as for the oxygen, they habitually inhale that gas as if they were animals. Non-green plants thus want a most characteristic action of their green neighbours. For the latter in daylight take in the carbonic acid gas, which is composed of carbon and oxygen. Under the combined influence of the green colour and the light, they split up the gas into its two elements, retaining the carbon for food, and allowing the oxygen to escape to the atmosphere. Alas! however, in the dark our green plant becomes essentially like an animal as regards its gas-food; for then it is an absorber of oxygen, while it gives off carbonic acid. If to take in carbonic acid and to give out oxygen be held to be a feature characteristic of a plant, it is one, as has been well said, which disappears with the daylight in green plants, and which is not witnessed at all in plants that have no green colour.

So far, we have seen that not even the food of plants and animals can separate the one kingdom of life from the other.

The mushroom bars the way, and the green plant's curious behaviour by night and by day respectively, in the matter of its gas-food, once more assimilates animal life and plant life in a remarkable manner. Still more interesting is the fact already noticed, that even among the green tribes there are to be found many and various lapses from the stated rules of their feeding. Thus, what are we to say of the parasitic mistletoe, which, while it has green leaves of its own, and can, therefore, obtain so much carbon-food from the air on its own account, nevertheless drinks up the sap of the oak or apple which forms its host, and thus illustrates the spectacle of a green plant feeding, like an animal, on the living matter? Or what may we think of such plants as the sun-dew, the Venus' fly-trap, the pitcher plants, the side-saddle plants, the butterworts and bladderworts, and others of their kind, which not only capture insects, often by ingenious and complex lures, but also digest the animal food thus captured? A sun-dew thus spreads out its lure in the shape of its leaf studded with sensitive tentacles, each capped by a glistening drop of gummy secretion. Entangled in this secretion the fly is further fixed to the leaf by the tentacles which bend over it and enclose it in their fold. Then is poured out upon the insect's body a digestive acid fluid, and the substance of the dissolved and digested animal is duly absorbed by the plant. So also the Venus' fly-trap captures insects by means of its leaf, which closes upon the prey when certain sensitive hairs have given the signal that the animal has been trapped. Within the leaf the insect is duly digested as before, and its substance applied to the nutrition of the plant. Such plants, moreover, cannot flourish perfectly unless duly supplied with their animal food. Such illustrations of exceptions to the rule of green plant feeding simply have the effect of abolishing the distinctions which the diet question might be supposed to raise between animals and plants. We may return to the sun-dews and other insect-catchers; meanwhile, I have said enough to show that to the question "Can we separate animals from plants?" a very decided negative reply must be given. Life everywhere exhibits too many points of contact to admit of any boundary line being drawn between the two great groups which make up the sum total of organic existence.

ANDREW WILSON.

Messrs. Joseph Farquharson, Moffat P. Lindner, Alfred Parsons, R.L., and J. L. Pickering have been elected members of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists.

HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

For
SPRAINS and CURBS,
SPRINTS when FORMING,
SPRUNG SINEWS,
CAPPED HOCKS,
OVER-REACHES,
BRUISES and CUTS,
BROKEN KNEES,
SORE SHOULDERS,
SORE THROATS,
SORE BACKS, &c.
SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES in DOGS.

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

REMARKS.

"I think it very useful."
"RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds."

"I consider it indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."
"HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds."

"Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it first-class, whether for horses or hounds."
"ED. E. BARCLAY, Master of Mr. Edward Barclay's Beagles."

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

PICTORIAL SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

By JOHN STURGESS.
Suitable for framing.
Seventeen Prints.
Post free for Two Shillings in Stamps.
Sent abroad for P.O. for Three Shillings.
Or foreign stamps for Three Shillings and Sixpence.
Apply to ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.
These are Artistic Sketches in
Black and White, and look well when neatly framed.
Specimen Print Free.

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

"Tandem Stables, Evanston, U.S.A.,
"April 6th, 1890.

"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."
"R. J. STEPHENSON."

"Schwedt a/O., Germany,
"June 14th, 1890.

"I beg to inform you that the Royal Embrocation has been very efficacious by using it for the horses of my regiment, and I beg you to send again twenty-five bottles."
"LIEUT.-COLONEL V. BLUMENTHAL,
"2nd Dragoon Regiment."

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.
Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

Introduced to the public forty years ago, Elliman's Royal Embrocation has obtained a world-wide reputation, not only by its possessing remarkable healing properties; quickly restoring an injured limb or part to a healthy state, but also on account of the ease with which it is applied, its use being unattended by the slightest risk of blemish. A large proportion of the Masters of the Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Trainers of Race Horses throughout the United Kingdom use it constantly in their stables. The testimony of these men as to its efficacy all must recognise as unimpeachable. The Embrocation is very generally used by Contractors, Builders, Farmers, Brewers, Colliery Owners, Livery Stable Keepers, and Owners of Carriage and Draught Horses; in fact, by all those who see that it is the strictest economy to keep their horses' legs sound and fit for hard work.

Gold Medals awarded New Zealand Exhibition, 1882; Cologne International Sports Exhibition, 1889.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION, Price 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. per Bottle, may be had from all Chemists and Saddlers in the United Kingdom and Abroad.



CUTS AND BRUISES! MORE ORDERS FOR ELLIMAN'S.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

THE MEXICAN
HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SPECIAL PRICE LIST, 300 ILLUSTRATIONS,
POST FREE.



Registered Design. Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case, £2 10s. Princes Plate, £1 11s. 6d.



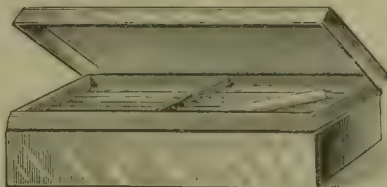
Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, £2 10s. Solid Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



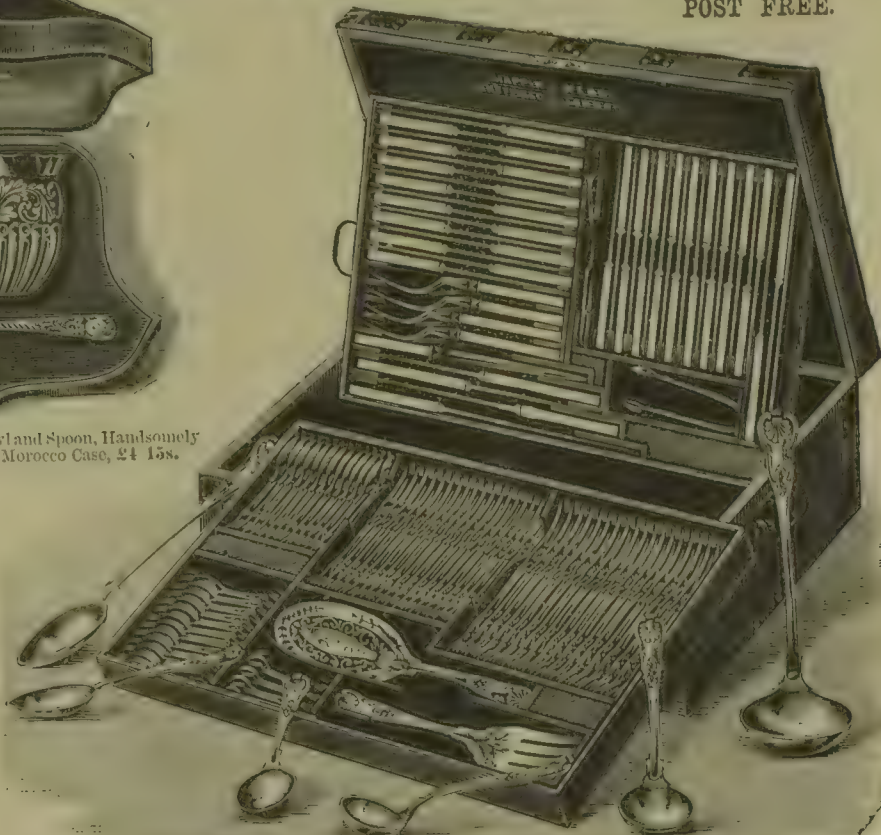
Sterling Silver Child's Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 15s.



Oblong Breakfast Dish. Full size Dish and Cover, £3 5s. Warmer to match, £3 5s.



Sterling Silver Cigarette Boxes, lined Cedarwood.
To hold 50 £4 10 0
" 75 5 0 0
" 100 6 6 0



MAPPIN & WEBB'S celebrated Services of Plate and Cutlery in Stock, in all sizes, fitted in strong Oak Chests.



Patent Club Bottle Holder. The simplest ever invented. £1 4s. Sterling Silver, £10 10s.



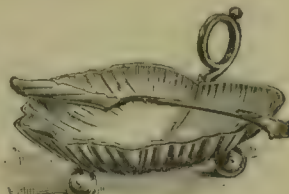
Sterling Silver Fern Pot, richly Chased (various patterns), gilt inside, £1 16s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case, £2.



Pepper Grinder, with Cut Glass Body, 15s. Ditto, in Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with glass lining, 12s. 6d.

18, POULTRY, E.C., & 158, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON.

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS

FIRST HAND DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER, SAVING ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS! DELIVERED ANYWHERE, CARRIAGE PAID.

- 1s. Od. a lb. HOYUNE and ASSAM. Of Excellent Quality.
- 1s. 3d. a lb. CONGOU and ASSAM. Thoroughly Good Tea.
- 1s. 6d. a lb. OOPACK and CACHAR ASSAM. Of Great Strength and Fine Quality.
- 1s. 9d. a lb. KAISOW and DARJEELING. The May Pickings, Covered with Bloom.
- 2s. Od. a lb. CEYLON and DARJEELING. Of Superb Quality, a most Delicious Tea.

Teas at 1s. 6d. and upwards, packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge.

Also in Half-Chests of about 56 lb.; and Chests of about 90 lb.

THESE TEAS ENJOY A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR THOROUGH EXCELLENCE AND PURITY. NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!!!

Read what the LADY'S PICTORIAL says:

"It is not surprising to learn that day by day the public are appreciating more and more widely the excellent combination of good quality and moderation of price in HIGH-CLASS TEAS which has been achieved by the well-known UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited), of 21, Mincing Lane, London. To ladies in particular it is a matter for congratulation that, by the continued growth of the business, this enterprising Company is able to offer their Customers better value than ever for their money, as no one but a woman knows quite all the comfort contained in that simple luxury 'a good cup of tea.' The United Kingdom Tea Company's name is now a HOUSEHOLD WORD in ENGLISH HOMES, and this pleasant condition is likely to become even more marked with the lapse of time while the Company continues to give such quality and value in all classes of their excellent Teas."

Proprietors of Hotels and Managers of large Institutions will find it most advantageous using these Teas in their Establishments.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED,

TEA MERCHANTS BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Head Offices: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Branch Offices: 47, 49, and 51, Worship Street; and 1, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.



All packages containing the United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas, whether Chests, Canisters, Bags, or Packets, invariably bear, as a Guarantee of Quality, the Company's Registered Trade Mark, as above—viz., Three Ladies, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland—the United Kingdom.

The Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited) sample all Teas imported; their professional Tea Tasters and Buyer's select and purchase, FIRST HAND, the choicest growths, these being sent out (Delivered anywhere, Carriage Paid) at the narrowest possible margin of Commission on FIRST COST and at prices largely below those charged by Retailers for inferior qualities. Indeed, no Civil Service or Co-operative Store can compete with them. A reference to the prices for Tea quoted on any, even of the very largest, of the Store lists, will instantly bear out the accuracy of this statement.

The Company's Duty-paid Stores are fitted throughout, with the most perfect TEA BLENDING and TEA PACKING MACHINERY worked by STEAM POWER. The Teas are not touched by hand from the time of leaving the Tea Gardens in China, India, or Ceylon, until they are actually being used by the Consumer.

Read what HEALTH says:

"PURE TEAS.—We have tested Samples of the Tea supplied by the 'UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited)', a Company which 'enjoys the distinction of being Tea Merchants by Royal Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.' The Teas sold by this Company come direct from the Importers to the Public, they are mixed entirely by Machinery, not being touched by hand. All the Teas are free from any excess of 'astringency.' The Imports of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY are what they claim to be—pure articles, which may enjoy drinking these 'Teas' without the least fear of the injurious effects which so frequently result from using the inferior Teas sold by many Retailers. The Ceylon and Darjeeling Tea at 2s. a pound supplied by the Company will, without a doubt, please the most fastidious."

CHEAP REMITTANCES by Postal Orders issued at any Post Office at 1d. for various sums up to 10s. 6d., and 14d. for 15s. and 20s. Beyond this trifling charge no further outlay whatever is incurred; the Teas are promptly Delivered, Carriage Paid, at Customers' own Doors anywhere in the United Kingdom.

An interesting BOOK ON TEA, containing numerous Illustrations, published by the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, forwarded along with Samples of Tea (all Free of Charge) to anyone on application. The Directors respectfully ask the public to READ the BOOK, to TASTE the SAMPLES, and to JUDGE for THEMSELVES.

The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, have received from Customers thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials, speaking in the highest praise of the Delicious Quality and Moderate Prices of the Company's Teas.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED,

TEA MERCHANTS BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Head Offices: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Branch Offices: 47, 49, and 51, Worship Street; and 1, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

In the intricate combination of events which makes up human existence, the pathos of the irrevocable end is apt to come very near to the joy of hope looking far on into the future. It is so in the affairs of the world, as well as in our own small circle. The marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia and the sad death of Lady Rosebery were events of one and the same day.

Many of the articles of that illustrious bride's trousseau were made in London. English women who wish that they could have Paris dresses, or who go to great trouble to get their frocks over from there, may observe that the Royal ladies of Europe, who can shop where they choose, are to a very considerable extent dressed from London. Messrs. Russell and Allen have always supplied Princess Victoria with her evening dresses, and Messrs. Redfern with tailor gowns, while a very select little underclothing house in London has sent fine linen, hosiery, and tea-gowns over to all the Empress Frederick's daughters. Each of these firms has had orders for the trousseau, which is a very extensive one. There are no fewer than two dozen tea-gowns in it, and so many other dresses that it is impossible that her Royal Highness can even take the bloom off them all before they get old-fashioned.

It is, I suppose, a tradition that Royal brides must have a great trousseau. Princess Beatrice had in hers no fewer than seventy-five pairs of boots, shoes, and slippers. One of the richest of the Princesses who have married into England brought with her dozens of large trunks full of the finest and most costly underlinen, a portion of which, apparently perfectly new, was sold by auction in London a few years after her marriage without even the marks—the coronet and monogram—being picked out. I do not mean to say that the Duchess herself sold it; she probably gave it to some maid as a reward for faithful service; but that it was so sold I know for an absolute fact—and no wonder, when such unmanageable stores are provided that the Royal personage cannot possibly use all.

Lady Rosebery's loss to the community is one which is incalculable. She had already constantly shown deep and active interest and untiring energy in everything that came within her range and that was for the benefit of others, and with the added prestige and wisdom of advancing years and increasing opportunities she would undoubtedly have become more and more of a power for good. She was not beautiful, but she dressed exquisitely; and she wore so kind and gracious an expression, so full of good-will and *bonhomie*, that she pleased all who met her. The London County Councillors were charmed by her; she with her husband entertained them

to delightful luncheon and garden-parties, and she frequently attended their meetings, taking her seat, not amid the public in the gallery, but in a chair placed for her on the dais where Lord Rosebery sat as Chairman of the Council. She gave an impression of constant activity of mind, and indeed of being ambitious—if such an expression may be properly used about a woman who was a Peeress of great wealth. One felt about her, therefore, that it was certain that, in whatever high position in the State her husband's abilities might lead him, she would be found ever ready and proud to take her share of the consequent duties and responsibilities.

As it was, Lady Rosebery was no mere votary of dress and society, but used her social position so as to set a much-needed example to many other women of her rank. She was the President for Scotland of her Majesty's Jubilee Fund Nursing Institution; she was the President of the highly successful "Women's Industrial Section" of the Exhibitions in Edinburgh and in Glasgow; and was the originator and main-spring of an association that has been of great service to the peasantry, under the title of the "Scottish Home Industries Association." A great variety of other useful efforts for the popular good, such as the British Silk Association, and as the fund for sending comforts to the sick and wounded in Egypt, received her active personal support, as well as the help of her name and her purse. On the whole, then, this untimely

HONEST SOAP.

FROM

Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., &c.

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"Being authorised by Messrs. Pears to purchase at any and all times, and of any dealers, samples of their Transparent Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public), and to submit same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee the invariable purity of this soap.

"The proportion of alkalies to fats is absolutely chemically correct. In a perfect toilet soap neither preponderates—a characteristic the immense importance of which the public have not yet been 'educated up' to realizing. An excess of alkali or an excess of fat being alike very injurious, and even dangerous to a sensitive skin.

"It is also free from any admixture of artificial colouring substances, its well-known dark amber tint being entirely due to the natural colour of the materials used in its manufacture.

"The perfumes introduced are pure, agreeable, and perfectly harmless.

"No water has been added. Water is quite commonly added in the manufacture of soaps to increase their weight (some containing as much as 30 to 40 per cent.), but PEARS' SOAP is entirely free from any such admixture, and thus being *all soap instead of soap and water*, it is remarkably lasting, that is to say, that whilst producing an abundant lather it is not quickly worn away in use, and wears down to the smallest possible piece; there being consequently no waste *it is really a remarkably cheap article.*

"My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a very lengthened period—nearly fifty years—during which time I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely comes up to my ideal of perfection; its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a *new born babe.*"

J. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that

ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS ARE FREQUENTLY POISONOUS,

particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

PEARS' SOAP

is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (Soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is specially recommended for Infants and Children, because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin, nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that *it is certainly the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST Toilet Soap.* It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexions are improved and preserved.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.

In Silver Cases.



The Hunting Editor of the *Field* ("Arundel") says: "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—*Field*, March 22, 1884.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear.

KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF CHRONOMETER.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases.



To officers proceeding on foreign service, residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate, and durable timekeeper. Hundreds of Testimonials from wearers in all parts of the World.

In Silver Cases.



Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted to prevent variation when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled, and true chronometer balance. Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15.



In 18-ct. Gold Cases.



For further particulars see BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing nearly 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most complete Book of its kind published. Post Free on Application to

J. W. BENSON

(Watchmaker to H. M. THE QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.;
And 25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.



CAUTION !

WATCHES WERE MADE
TO GO!

Why expose a valuable Watch or Chronometer to rough usage and risk of loss? Remember that as a timekeeper THE WATERBURY is perfect, and holds its own against the most costly watches. You can rely implicitly upon its correctness; it will rarely fail you; and its durability is proverbial. "Correct as a 'Waterbury'!" is a household simile.

Every Watch guaranteed for two years.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

New Series, "J."

THE QUICK WINDING

New Series, "J."

17/6

GENTLEMEN'S

17/6

WATERBURY WATCH.

Winds as rapidly as any other First-Class Keyless

Nickel Silver Cases, Keyless, Stem Set, Seconds Hand, Jewelled, Dust Proof, Non-Magnetic, Plain or Fancy Backs, Roman or Arabic Dials.

Series "J" and "L" can also be had in Handsome English Hall-Marked Silver Cases, price from 30s. to 35s., according to design.

OVER 1,000,000 SOLD IN THREE YEARS.

Series "L." The "Ladies' Waterbury" small size, short wind ... 17s. 6d.
Series "E." The "Old Favourite," long wind ... 10s. 6d.

Some dealers refuse to keep the WATERBURY WATCHES, because they say that they pay such a small profit. When a dealer offers "something better" than a Waterbury, remember he is looking out for a larger profit than the Waterbury pays. The WATERBURY WATCH COMPANY guarantee EVERY watch for two years.

Sold by all Retail Watchmakers, and at all the Waterbury Watch Depots.

London Depots: 2, HOLBORN VIADUCT; 131, REGENT STREET; 435, STRAND.

HEAD OFFICE: 7, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.



EVERY REQUISITE FOR
FAMILY & COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

256 to 262, REGENT ST.

PETER ROBINSON.

MOURNING ORDERS.

PETER ROBINSON'S experienced Assistants and Dress-Itters travel to any part of the country with goods for selection immediately on receipt of letter or telegram. They take with them Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and everything that may be required, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased at the warehouse in London. Travelling expenses are not charged, however distant the residence may be.

Telegraphic Address—"PETER ROBINSON, LONDON."
Telephone Number 3557.

PETER ROBINSON

MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT ST., LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

Established 1814.

Sole Appointment to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
Great Billiard Invention—ADAMANT BLOCK, fitted to the "PERFECT" LOW CUSHIONS.
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.



DELIGHT TO MAID AND MASTER.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED
FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

NUBIAN BLACKING

softens and preserves the leather, giving a Brilliant Waterproof Polish equal to patent leather to Boots, Shoes, and all Leather Articles.

Applied with a Sponge attached to the Cork.

It beats the world as a HARNESS DRESSING.

Lasts a week on Gentlemen's and a month on Ladies' and Children's Boots.

MUD CAN BE WASHED OFF & POLISH REMAINS.

Sold everywhere at 1s. and 2s. per Bottle. Reject Substitutes.

LUSTRE MUSCOVITE for Brown Leather Boots, Bags, Harness, &c.

Best Article made. Self Polishing. 6d. per Bottle.

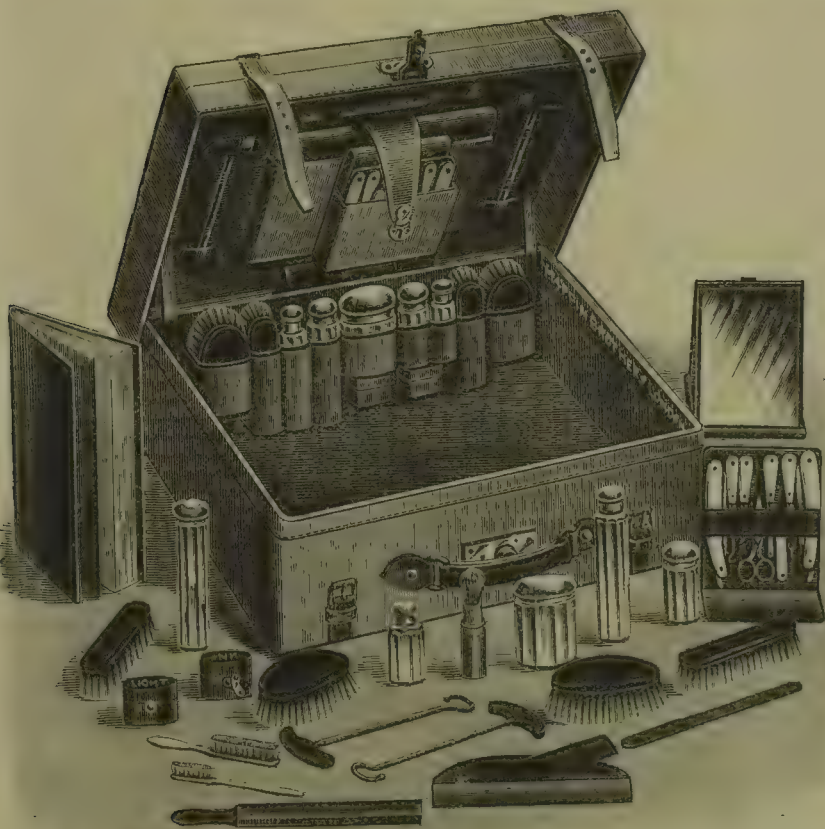
Manufactory—95 to 98, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.

MAPPIN BROTHERS.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM. ESTABLISHED 1810.)

Show Rooms: 220, REGENT ST., W.; & 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)

THE LEADING SILVERSMITHS AND ELECTRO-PLATERS OF THE WORLD.



LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DRESS CASES.

22-inch Solid Leather Suit Case, fitted with strongly mounted Cut-Glass Toilet Bottles, Ebony Brushes, fine Cutlery, &c.,

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

£12 12s.

SELECTIONS OF BAGS
FORWARDED to the
COUNTRY for APPROVAL

SPECIAL ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR
OTHER DESIGNS.

DRESSING BAGS.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Dressing Bags are made from the finest selected skins only, and particular attention is given to fitting them in the most complete and useful manner. Ladies and Gentlemen will do well to inspect them before deciding elsewhere.

"A reputation of Eighty years for fine quality and sterling value."

CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at

220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; and QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

conclusion of an earnest, unselfish woman's career must be counted a public loss.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and Christmas presents are already being purchased. In every department of a great house, such as Maple's famous one in the Tottenham-court-road, pretty little things are just now brought to the front for this object. It is not every day that anybody wants a beautiful suite of bed-room furniture of rosewood inlaid with ivory, worth three hundred guineas, such as Maple's have on show; or a bedstead that also serves as an oratory, with a cup for holy water under one knob and holders for candles under others, and a niche for a crucifix at the head. Nor is it every day that one requires a massive side-board of polished oak decorated on the panels to the cupboard with beaten copper and brass; and so on. But amid the large store in Maple's show-rooms of such costly and grand goods are numerous others, ranging in price between ten shillings and as many pounds, and all in their way artistic and charming as well as useful and suitable for Christmas gifts.

It is surprising how artistic and pretty quite inexpensive things are made. There are some really charming occasional chairs, with arms and backs handsomely inlaid with ivory and seats covered with figured velvet or silk, costing only about four guineas. A lady's writing-table, in the elegant "Louis XV." style, which is the *mot* of the moment, made resting on four slender legs, with a sloped bureau front that lets down to form the desk, and with handsome inlaying all over it, cost less than five pounds. Only about the same price each are a little drawing-room table of walnut with an inlaid top, a nest of drawers with a closed inlaid front, and a sweet thing in settees, large enough for two people to sit upon, inlaid as regards the frame, and as regards the upholstery covered with a charming silk like the antique "tabouret"—a stripe of pink moire alternating with a stripe of pale blue that is apparently embroidered with flowers. More costly, but exquisitely beautiful, is much of the series of "Louis XIV." and "Louis XV." high-class furniture. This includes such things as china cabinets of rosewood, in shape like sedan-chairs, and decorated on the doors with "Vernis Martin" painting that is itself worthy of being in a cabinet; and small cabinets, such as were called "commodes" at that period, made in mahogany or rosewood, with marble tops and Vernis Martin front

decorations; and tiny tables of the golden-coloured and exquisitely marked satinwood, with painting on darker ground relieving the top. Unpolished walnut is much used, too, in this high-class furniture, and has a very refined appearance. Then there are "Rococo Chippendale" chairs in finely carved rosewood, and many other good specimens of that charming if rather florid style which is, as I explained a few weeks ago, the most fashionable now, as it is always the most elegant.

But to return to the less costly class of gifts. There are prettily draped and comfortable wicker chairs of all descriptions at Maple's, including a new lounge chair, very restful in shape, and called "The Egyptian." There are screens of all descriptions, from the very cheap but really pretty ones of Japanese paper (some of which cost less than half a sovereign), up to some of the finest brocades; a new kind, just high enough to protect you, with its fluted silk and embroideries, from a draught as you sit in a chair, is called a "tea-screen," because it has a shelf on which to place the cups and saucers. The tall floor-lamps which are so decorative in a room, and so popular just now, are to be seen in all varieties of style, from stands of beaten iron or bamboo up to those of solid brass or fine porcelain and metal. In the glass show-rooms there are some new kinds of ware that are very attractive, some vases being just like fine Worcester china, but far cheaper than it; and cut glass in every variety, certain toilet sets being particularly pretty and low-priced. Those useful inventions, "triplet mirrors," that look like pictures as they hang closed on the walls, and that give an excellent and easy view of the side of your head when opened, are made in very various styles, some at low prices, and one would certainly be acceptable to any lady who has not got such a convenient thing already. Cushions, too, are always wanted—a room seldom has enough, and they range over all shapes and sizes, from those oval like a football, or long and melon-shaped, to the fine big ones that display most artistic embroideries. But the pretty things to be seen are really endless in variety and number.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Henry Blackburn (123, Victoria-street, S.W.), to whose initiative we owe not only "Academy Notes" but many other useful and pleasant "notions" by which art has been popularised among us, has now taken in hand a very useful work. Recognising the waste of very much real talent on the part of

young artists who do not understand the difficulties of making up their drawings for printing purposes, he proposes to open a class of "Instruction in Drawing for the Press," under his own personal direction. He aims at taking up those pupils who have elsewhere acquired sufficient knowledge of drawing to give them a claim upon an editor's notice, and to show them how their knowledge can be turned to practical account by reproduction in "black and white."

The Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D., has been elected Moderator of the English Presbyterian Church for 1891.

By means of local subscriptions a sum of between £6000 and £7000 has been obtained towards the £10,000 needed to provide for the due equipment of the Staffordshire Volunteers, and this patriotic fund has been augmented by a Government grant of nearly £3000. Lord Wrottesley presided at the final meeting on Saturday.

George Rice, the signalman who was on duty at Norton Fitzwarren on Nov. 11, when the disaster happened to the Cape Express, was tried at the Somerset Assizes on Nov. 22 for manslaughter. The jury found him "Not guilty" of negligence, indorsed the view that trains should not be shunted on main lines, and expressed the opinion that no man should be in the signal-box all night alone, especially one of Rice's age.

High prices were realised for rare editions of Shakespeare at the sale of the library of the late Mr. F. W. Cosens. For the first edition, quarto, of "The Merchant of Venice" the bidding reached £270; a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare went to £62; of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," quarto, £83; and of Shakespeare's Poems, 1640, £61. Original sketches by Cruikshank and Marcus Stone of some of Dickens's works also reached high figures.

At Oxford University Mr. John Henry Kidson, of King Edward's School, Stourbridge, has been elected to the vacant Mathematical Scholarship at Queen's College; Mr. William Cuthbert Childs, of Portsmouth Grammar School, has been elected to a Mathematical Scholarship at Corpus Christi College; and Mr. Charles Bernard Underhill, of Kelly College, Tavistock, has been elected to the Mathematical Scholarship at Balliol College.—At Cambridge the Carus Greek Testament prizes have been awarded, the Bachelors' prize to Mr. Harold Smith, St. John's College; Undergraduates' prize to Mr. J. C. Todd, Christ's College.



PHILLIPS'S

NEW

"TOILET AQUARIUS."

Registered Title.

ROYLE'S PATENT.

MANUFACTORY: MANCHESTER.

A novel arrangement of water container for toilet purposes, entirely superseding the toilet jugs. No muscular effort required. The water flows into the basin by simply pulling forward the handle. No lifting of a heavy jug. A boon to ladies and invalids. A trouble-saver to strong men. Made of the finest Doulton Earthenware.

This is a great improvement on the one we lately advertised. Its form is graceful, and, having dispensed with the metal work which was objected to, we are now able to produce them at a much lower price.

Complete Toilet Set, with sprays of Chrysanthemums, in slate colour,
45/-

Other Patterns in Stock up to £20 a set.

HER MAJESTY'S POTTERS AND GLASS MANUFACTURERS.

FOUNDED 130 YEARS AGO AT

175, 177, 179, OXFORD STREET, W.

*This is the most useful
invention of the age —
Phillips & Poulton*

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 90,
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR
 DECEMBER.—Containing EIGHT DAYS, by the Author
 of "The Touchstone of Truth," "Claps," "XVI.," "XVII.,"
 NOTES AT DIEPPE (Fin de Saison).—THE "PETREL,"
 AND THE SLAYER.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—THE
 DUELLO IN FRANCE.—OMAR KHAYYAM'S RUBAIYAT.
 YAT.—BIG BIRDS.—MY TUTORSHIP.
 London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA DRESS
 SHIRTS.
 A Large Stock.
 Sixteen different Sizes.
 In the Finest Linen.
 3s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.

SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist
 and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s. 6d. superior,
 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Sent three (not less) with cash.
 Returned ready for use, carriage paid.
 R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS
 that never shrink in washing. Made in neutral colours,
 and can be worn without an under-shirt. Three for 2s. 6d.,
 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., or Single Shirts, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d. each,
 carriage free. Write for Patterns to the only Makers,
 R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.—GENTLEMEN'S UNDER-
 VESTS. 32 to 48 inches chest; Pants to match, 32 to 52
 waist. Vests, 2s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. each; Pants, 2s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. 1
 Half-Hose, 6s. 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d. the half-dozen. Self-Measure
 and Patterns free from the Sole Makers,
 R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND
ORGANS. Absolute Sale. 50 per cent. discount. Ten
 years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas,
 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
 Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 22 guineas. Class 6, 33 guineas.
 Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
 Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 34 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.
 American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 15 guineas
 upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument
 within three years if one of a higher class is taken, and will
 be exchanged free if not at all. 10s. 10s. 10s. one month.
 Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and
 CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

"SAMPLES GRATIS."—CEPHALIC SNUFF
 cures Deafness, Defect of Sight, Fits, Polypus, Diseases
 of the Head, &c. Send stamped directed envelope. Professor
 NAPIER, Richmond Villa, St. Margarets, Twickenham, London.

THE SONG OF SOZODONT.

I was born in the woods, where the checkered
 Lends a charm to every bower; [shade
 Where the song of birds blends perfectly
 With the fragrance of the flower.

I live in the homes of rich and poor—
 I live to do them good,
 I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with
 The odours of the wood.

And clean and sweet is the path I leave
 Wherever my feet may tread;
 And thousands of those I bless, rain down
 Benedictions on my head!

A FINE THING FOR THE TEETH.

Fragrant **SOZODONT** is a fluid compo-
 sition of the purest and choicest ingredients
 of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every
 ingredient is well known to have a beneficial
 effect on the teeth or gums. Its embalming
 or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance
 make it a toilet luxury. **SOZODONT**
 removes all disagreeable odours from the breath
 caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely
 free from the injurious and acrid properties of
 tooth pastes and powders, which destroy the
 enamel. One bottle will last six months. Of
 all Chemists, price 2s. 6d.

OZONE PAPER



ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."
 Dr. Thoregood—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma
 due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis
 alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone
 Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my
 Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me
 permanent relief."
 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the
 Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country
 within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 199, Strand, LONDON.

HOLLANDSCHE TANDMIDDELEN

for Cleansing the Teeth and Perfuming the Breath.

Tooth Elixir, 2s. 6d. per bottle.
 Tooth Powder, 6d. and 1s. per box.
 Tooth Paste, Clove Flavour, 2s. 6d.; Peppermint Flavour, 3s. per pot.
 Prepared by **A. FRIEDERICH**,
 Purveyor to H.M. the King of Holland.
 SOLE AGENTS:
R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

1/- WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PACKET. 1/-

We will send Forty-eight Popular Songs, one on a sheet,
 tinted paper, finely printed. Twenty Portraits of the world's
 celebrities. Twenty Pictorial Views of the most beautiful
 scenes of the world, each on a separate sheet, superbly
 engraved and elegantly printed. Twenty-four new and curious
 samples. Twelve wonderful Puzzles. The Magic Cards. The
 Young Conjuror, consisting of twelve amusing tricks. How
 to Reveal a Person's Thoughts. The Shadow Pantomime, for
 Winter Evenings. A Splendid Compendium of Games, com-
 prising Draught Board, Draughts, and Chess Men, Race game,
 with horses complete, and Ho Bang and several other amusing
 games. Sixteen splendid Photographs of celebrated pictures
 after Landseer and other well-known artists. A packet of this
 season's Christmas Cards (alone worth One Shilling), together
 with one of our grand illustrated Christmas Catalogues (forty
 pages), all sent, carriage paid, on receipt of postal note for
 One shilling. Address,
THE UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY,
 128, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

EDELWEISS,

The New Registered Perfume. The favourite of the
 Nobility. Silver Medal, Paris, 1889. Price from 2s. per
 Bottle.

THE ROYAL PERFUMERY COMPANY,

Dépôt: 27, Old Bond Street, W. Samples open free.

VAISSIER'S CONGO SOAP.



The pure and luminous diamond,
 which sparkles on your brow, Mar-
 chioness, is not more splendid and
 lustrous than your BEAUTY or your
 YOUTHFULNESS, to which the

CONGO SOAP

adds still more charms.

THE BEST OF TOILET SOAPS.

Invented and Prepared by VICTOR
 VAISSIER in Paris.

Branch Office for Great Britain and
 the Colonies,

C. SIMEONS & CO.,

70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT,
 LONDON, E.C.

To be had of all Chemists, Perfumers, &c., at
 8d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. per Cake.

JOYNSON

DRAWING-PAPER

SUITABLE FOR WATER-COLOURS.

To be obtained of all Stationers.

Write to ST. MARY CRAY for Samples.

SPEARMAN'S SERGES.

The Coming Fashion, Navy Blues, Brown, Black, and Fancy Colours, &c., from 1s. the Yard.

STRONG, USEFUL, DURABLE.

Ladies Patterns Free. Gentlemen's Patterns Free. Any length cut and only to be bought of
SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, THE ROYAL FACTORS, PLYMOUTH.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS

WHITE & MODERN CUT

MOUNTED from £5. to £5,000.

18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

THE GENUINE
EAU de BOTOT
 is the Only Dentifrice approved
 by the ACADEMY OF MEDECINE OF PARIS.
 May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and
 preservative qualities of the liquid preparation. N.B. See each article has the signature
EAU DE BOTOT, 1/6, 2/6, 5/15, 30/.
PASTE 1/6, 2/6, POWDER 1/6, 2/6.
 FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.
 Established 1806.
 Assurance Fund, Four Millions.
 Mutual Assurance at least cost.
 No. 81, King William-street, E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE
 produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
 Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all
 principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.
 Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

Universally acknowledged the Best Remedy for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS.

Recommended by the greatest Medical Authorities, especially by SIR MORELL
 MACKENZIE, whose Testimonial is affixed to each box.

They are irresistible in the cure of all Chronic Catarrhal Affections, as

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, IRRITATION,
 DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, INFLUENZA, &c.**

They are NATURE'S OWN MEDICINE, and contain neither drugs nor anodynes;
 may therefore be safely given even to children of tender age. Nobody, old or young,
 should ever be without them, their effect being equally wonderful as a

PREVENTIVE AND A CURATIVE.

Sold in Boxes, 1s. 11d., by all Chemists, or for 15 Stamps, of

THE SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
52, BREAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St.

EVERYTHING FOR LADIES' WEAR.

300 Pieces Faille Française, in all new
 shades, from 3s. per yard.

200 Pieces Pure Silk Surah, from 2s.
 per yard.

160 Pieces rich Bengaline Silk, latest
 colourings, 5s. 6d. per yard.

Black and coloured Fancy Velvets, new
 designs.

Scotch Tweeds and other Fancy
 Materials, from 1s. 6d. per yard.

Plain Dress Cloths, in every shade, from
 1s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. per yard.

Velveteens in fifty new colourings, 2s.,
 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d. per yard.

West of England Serges, exceptional
 value.

160 Silk Dinner Dresses, rich combina-
 tions, from Six Guineas.

200 Cloth Costumes, handsomely braided,
 with ample material and trimming for
 bodice, 39s. 6d.

125 Children's Plaid Costumes, various
 shades, from 9s. 6d.

1000 Autumn Jackets, black and all
 fashionable colours, plain, braided, and
 trimmed Furs, 31s. 6d. to Ten Guineas.

650 Plush, Silk, and Cloth Mantles, Three
 to Fifteen Guineas.

500 Travelling Mantles and Ulsters, in
 Tweeds and Plain and Brocaded Cloths,
 Two to Ten Guineas.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats and
 Bonnets, latest fashions, 4s. 11d. to Five
 Guineas.

275 Tea-Gowns and Toilet Gowns, hand-
 somely embroidered and trimmed silk, 21s
 to 65s.

1500 Ladies' Silk Blouses, newest shapes,
 twenty different styles, 19s. 6d. to 42s.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St.

Patterns post free.

Telegraphic Address:

"Peter Robinson, London."

Telephone, No. 3557.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

(BREAKFAST.)

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which
 govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by
 a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected
 Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with
 a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many
 heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such
 articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually
 built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to
 disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around
 us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We
 may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves
 well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished
 frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an
 account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps
 and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their
 establishment in Holland-street, Blackfriars, London."—
 See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS and CO.,

Homœopathic Chemists, London.

IMPORTANT CAUTION!

Ladies are particularly cautioned to ask for

"BEETHAM'S" GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

as the wonderful reputation this article has
 obtained for softening and beautifying the
 skin and complexion has induced many
 unprincipled persons to put up numerous
 preparations which they call "Glycerine and
 Cucumber," but which in reality contain no
 Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous
 preparations of lead and other minerals.

The only genuine is "BEETHAM'S."

Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., free for 3d. extra by
M. BEETHAM and SON,
 CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

NICHOLSON'S
 Improved Patented Artificial EAR DRUMS. The only
 sure, easy and unseen device used to permanently restore
 hearing. Recommended by scientific men of Europe and
 America. Write for free illustrated descriptive book to
 J. H. NICHOLSON, No. 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

INVALIDS
 May be speedily restored to health by wearing
 one of
HARNES'S
ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.
 Though they are guaranteed to generate continu-
 ous electric currents, strong enough to cure almost all dis-
 orders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver,
 Kidneys, &c., they do not cause the least dis-comfort
 to the wearer; but, on the contrary, they give support
 to the various organs of the body, and
INVIGORATE
 the entire frame. They also effectually prevent Rheu-
 matism, and kindred ailments. Thousands of Testi-
 monials from all classes of society may be seen at the
Electro-Pathic and Zander Institute of the
Medical Battery Co., Limited,
52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.
 (Corner of Rathbone Place.)
 Pamphlet, consultation, and advice,
 Free on application.

TEST YOUR SOAP!

We will supply, free on application, easy tests for Soaps, with bona-fide Reports from Medical and other Scientific Journals, together with facts and figures showing

Vinolia Soap

to be the PUREST, SAFEST, and BEST for Skin Irritation, Toilet, Nursery, and Bath.

"'Vinolia' Soap is of unquestionable excellence, and is much in favour with the profession."—*British Medical Journal*.

"Odour delicate, and the article of excellent quality"—*Lancet*.

"An ideal Soap, delightfully perfumed, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."—*Chemist and Druggist*.

"Excellent from its purity, lathers freely, and is very lasting."—*Queen*.

Of all Chemists, 6d., 8d., and 10d. Shaving Sticks, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY.

SETS FOR THE WRITING-TABLE AND BOUDOIR, in SILVER, ORMOLU, CHINA, OXIDIZED SILVER, POLISHED BRASS, and LEATHER with SILVER MOUNTS. JEWEL BOXES. DESPATCH BOXES. CASES OF IVORY BRUSHES. ENVELOPE CASES. CARRIAGE CLOCKS. STATIONERY CABINETS. OPERA GLASSES. WRITING CASES. SCENT BOTTLES. INKSTANDS. CASES OF CUTLERY. CANDLESTICKS. BOXES OF GAMES. POSTAGE SCALES. LIQUEUR CASES. CIGAR CABINETS. USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS IN SILVER, And a large and choice Assortment of ENGLISH, VIENNESE, and PARISIAN NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £5.

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS. With Hall-marked Sterling Silver Fittings, in Morocco, Russia, Crocodile, and Pigskin Leathers. £5 5s., £10 10s., £15, £20, £30, to £100.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS at RODRIGUES', for Cartes-de-Visite and Cabinet Portraits, 10s. 6d. to £5. REGIMENTAL AND PRESENTATION ALBUMS. PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES and SCREENS. Russian and Morocco, all sizes, to hold 2 to 12 Portraits.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS. ARMS, CORONET, CREST, and ADDRESS DIES. Engraved as Gems from Original and Artistic Designs. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colour. BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note-Papers. BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, and GUEST CARDS. WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS and BOOK PLATES. A VISITING NAME PLATE, elegantly Engraved, and 100 superfine CARDS Printed, for 4s. 6d.

RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.

What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH? NUDA VERITAS—NAKED TRUTH. For 22 years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair, either in youth or age. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent, and perfectly harmless. In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hair-dressers and Chemists. Circulars on application.

Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 & 32, Berners-street, W.; and 91-95, City-road, E.C., London.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE and Represents the largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World, and is the original and sole responsible medium for the Nobility, Gentry, and Commercial classes. Price 3d.; secure in plain envelope, 4d.—Kington, 40, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.; or order of all Newsagents.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION. Now ready, at all Book-sellers' and Book-stalls. COMMUNICATIONS ON

A REMEDY FOR TUBERCULOSIS. By PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH. Authorised Translation. 8vo, wrapper, 1s.; or, limp cloth, 1s. 6d. London: W.M. HEISEMANN, 21, Bedford-street, W.C.

PARKINS & GOTTO 10,000 XMAS. PRESENTS



OXFORD STREET, LONDON. New Catalogue Post Free.

PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

PAIN KILLER.



KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

HAIR REMOVED. Permanently, root and branch. Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope.—D. G. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-st., London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Scolding Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate all to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not cover, but builds up and tones the system." Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure obesity (average reduction in first week 14 3 lbs.), post free eight stamps. F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

NIGHT LIGHTS. NIGHT LIGHTS. NIGHT LIGHTS.



CAUTION.—There is no PARAFFIN or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS OR CLARKE'S DOUBLE-WICK "FAIRY" LIGHTS.

Order Clarke's Lights, and see that you get them.

SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

"PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHT WORKS, LONDON, N.W.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

SHOW ROOMS: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN CIRCUS; and 484, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.





FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

makes a delicious beverage for Breakfast or Supper, and, owing to its nutritious and sustaining properties, will be found eminently suited for those who require a light yet strengthening beverage.

Half a Teaspoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of the most delicious Cocoa.

TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Forty-Three Prize Medals awarded to the Makers,
J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, AND SYDNEY, N.S.W.

ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS



CHRISTMAS 1890

Oh! the Vain Pride of Mere Intellectual Ability! How Worthless, How Contemptible, when contrasted with the RICHES OF HEART!—SMILES.

The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the Coin
Of Character, and makes the being who would be feeble
But for her prudent cares a vigorous man!
Then crown her Queen of the World.

SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD.

This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.—Moore.

Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Washington Irving.



And such is human life, so gliding on,

THE MORNING AND EVENING OF A MOTHER'S LIFE.

It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

EVERYTHING BUT THE PLAINEST FOOD DISAGREED WITH ME.—"Onslow Gardens, London, S.W., Sept. 10, 1882.—Sir,—Allow me to express my gratitude for the wonderful Preventive of Sick Headache you have given to the world in ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' For two years and a half I suffered from sick headache. Five months ago I commenced taking your 'FRUIT SALT' daily, and have not had one headache during that time; whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me. I am now almost indifferent as to diet. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such a benefit.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, 'TRUTH.'"

EGYPT.—CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 18th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

EGYPT.—"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' in my severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believed it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"We, the undersigned, have for the last four years used 'FRUIT SALT' during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, the undersigned have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day in the following manner and proportions: At daybreak two teaspoonfuls mixed with the juice of a raw lime and a little sugar, in a tumbler of water; shortly afterwards a light meal of tea or coffee, bread and fruit; about midday one small spoonful with raw lime-juice and water; and before retiring for the night, another teaspoonful in water. The 'FRUIT SALT,' used as aforesaid, acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. The undersigned have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.—Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.—J. C. ENO, Esq., London."

A CHEERFUL OLD SOUL.



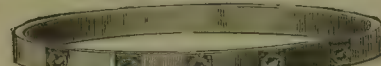
IT is possible for a woman with increasing years to continue to do laundry work. Thousands who would have been laid aside under the old system of washing have proved what Sunlight Soap can do in reducing labour. The cleansing properties of Sunlight Soap save years of arduous toil. Reader, prove Sunlight Soap for yourself: by giving the best article a trial you will do yourself a real service.

BEWARE!! DO NOT ALLOW other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.

XMAS NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.

The New Watch Bracelet.
Gold, £13 13s. Silver, £6 10s."Half West-End Prices."
Vide Court Circular.

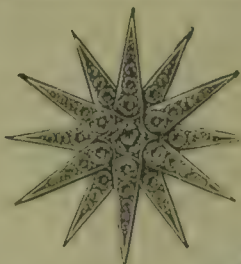
Finest Oriental Pearl Necklace, £14 10s.



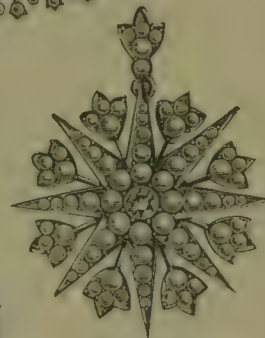
Fine Brilliant Diamond Bracelet, £10 10s.



Best Gold and Platinum Golf Club, Brooch, with whole Pearl Balls, 48s.



Fine Brilliant Diamond Brooch, £10 10s.



Finest Oriental Pearl Pendant, also forms Brooch or Hair-Pin, with Diamond centre, £10 10s.



Best Gold and Platinum Golf Club, Brooch, with whole Pearl Balls, 48s.

THE NEW MARIE STUART BRACELET.



Best Gold Bracelet, with Pearls, 30s.; Rosé Diamonds, £4 15s.; Brilliant Diamonds, £10 10s.



Gold Curb Bracelet, £2 10s.

Illustrated Catalogue, containing all the latest novelties for Xmas, sent post free to any part of the World.

The New Engagement Ring, Diamond & Pearl, Ruby, or Sapphire, £5-5s. Pearl and Corn for Turquoise, £3. All Diamonds, £10 10s.



18 ct. Gold Knot Ring, 32s.



Fine Brilliant Half-Hoop Ring, £5 5s. £7 7s. £10 10s. £15 15s. £21 £30 £33 and £50.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

GODWIN & SON, 304, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. ESTABLISHED 1801.
(IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE FIRST AVENUE HOTEL.)

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.

GUARANTEED PURE, SOLUBLE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COCOA.

MEDICAL PRESS.—"Remarkable for its quality and flavour, and can be absolutely relied on for purity and digestibility."
LANCET.—"A genuine Cocoa—contains no sugar, starch, or other adulteration—a genuine article."THOMSON'S
GLOVE FITTING CORSET.PERFECTION!!! Sold by all Drapers.
One Million Pairs Annually.

Price.	
D ...	10/6.
E ...	8/6.
F ...	6/6.
G ...	5/-.

APPROVED BY THE WHOLE POLITE WORLD.
NINE FIRST MEDALS.If your Draper cannot supply you, write direct to
49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON,
Giving size, and enclosing P.O.O., and the Corset will
at once be sent you.W. S. THOMSON & CO., Ltd.,
MANUFACTURERS.
Made in Lengths, 13, 14, and 15.UMBRELLAS
PRESENTS.REASONABLE and SEASONABLE.
DURABLE and PROCURABLE.SANGSTER & CO., LTD.,
140, Regent Street; 75, Cheapside;
94, Fleet Street; 10, Royal Exchange.
N.B.—CHILDREN'S UMBRELLAS FOR PRESENTS.GUARANTEE.—Any person dissatisfied after
using half the contents of a box can return
the balance, and receive the amount paid for
the full box.HEADACHE
CAN BE CURED.

"Gessler's Magic Headache Wafers."

Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, pleasant to take,
and sold on a guarantee. Simple in composition, but
wonderful in results. They are endorsed by physicians,
used by hundreds of families, and pronounced by all to
be a speedy and infallible cure.Price 2s. 9d., of all Chemists, or sent post free on
receipt of P.O.O. Prepared only by Max Gessler, Chemist.
British Dépôt: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.LE ROY ET FILS,
57, NEW BOND ST., LONDON.

PATENT WATCH

Plain,
from £15 15s.

INVENTORS, PATENTEES,

PERFECT

TIMEKEEPERS.

NEVER WANT WINDING.

New LEVER Bracelet.

LARGEST
STOCK
in the
WORLD.THE ONLY COMPENSATED
Guaranteed to one minuteBRACELET MADE.
per week. £15 10s.

BRACELETS.

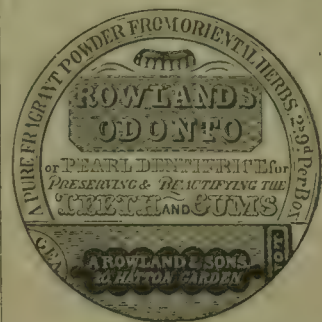
With Diamonds,
from £30 to £100.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

100 Years Success

PROVES THAT

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is the best Preserver, Strengtheners, and Beautifier of the Hair, and is
unsurpassed as a Brilantine for the Beard, Whiskers, and Moustache.
Sold also in a Golden Colour for Fair-haired Children. Bottles 3s. 6d., 7s.,
10s. 6d., equal to four small.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

A Soothing, Healing, and Emollient Preparation for preserving and beauti-
fying the Skin, and producing a lovely Complexion. Removes Freckles,
Redness and Roughness of Skin, soothes and heals Irritation, Eczema, and
all Cutaneous Eruptions, and produces Soft, Fair, and Delicate Skin, &c.
It is warranted curative and harmless. Bottles, 4s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

A Non-gritty Tooth Powder. Whitens the Teeth, prevents Decay,
strengthens the Gums, and gives a pleasing Fragrance to the Breath.

Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' Articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S LIST.

TWO NOVELS BY E. S. PHELPS AND H. D. WARD.
COME FORTH! A Story of the Time of Christ.
Cloth, 7s. 6d.THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. A Story of
Babylon. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

A MARKED MAN. By Ada Cambridge. 3 vols.

THE MOMENT AFTER. By R. Buchanan. Cl., 10s. 6d.

IN THE VALLEY. By H. Frederic. 3 vols.

THE BONDMAN. By HALL CAINE. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

IN GOD'S WAY. By B. BJORNSEN. Cl., 3s. 6d.; s.l., 2s. 6d.

PIERRE AND JEAN. By G. DE MAUPASSANT.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.; sewed, 2s. 6d.THE CHIEF JUSTICE. By E. FRANZOS. Cloth, 3s. 6d.;
sewed, 2s. 6d.

FANTASY. By M. J. SERAO. Cloth, 3s. 6d.; sewed, 2s. 6d.

WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT. By Count
L. TOLSTOI. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE DOMINANT SEVENTH. By K. E. CLARK. Cl., 5s.

LIFE OF HENRIK IBSEN. By H. JAEGER. Cl., 6s.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING
ENEMIES. By J. M. WHISTLER. 4to, 10s. 6d.THE ART INTERCHANGE. Indispensable
to Art Lovers, Amateurs, and Teachers. Superb Coloured
Study (fit for framing) in every Number. Published Fort-
nightly. Subscription, £1 4s. Sample, with Coloured Plate,
for 1s.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford-street, W.C.

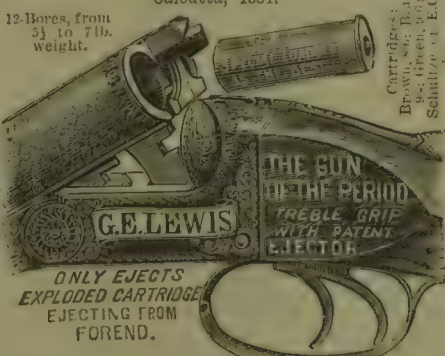
ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

"TWIST PLATE AND LIP," or, The Common-Sense of Eating.
An Illustrated Health Hand-book for Every Day, with which
is incorporated the 12th Edition of "Advice to Dyspeptics."
Post free, one stamp, from

THE PUBLISHER, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

G. E. LEWIS'S
GUNS AND RIFLES.

HONOURS:

Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1890; Melbourne, 1891;
Calcutta, 1884.12 Bore, from
3 1/2 to 7 1/2
weight.ONLY EJECTS
EXPLODED CARTRIDGE
EJECTING FROM
FOREND.The above is the latest improvement in "the Gun of the
Period," and is supplied at from 25 to 40 Guineas; other ejectors
from 10 Guineas. We now supply the Anson and Decey
Farmers' and Keepers' quality, from 10 Guineas, cylinder bore,
or choked. New 144-page Illustrated Catalogue for season
1890, now ready, larger choice and better value than ever. Our
stock of sporting guns, rifles, and revolvers is the largest and
most varied of any one maker. Choice of 200 Guns and Rifles.G. E. LEWIS,
GUNMAKER, BIRMINGHAM.
ESTAB. 1850. (Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham.")

MELLIN'S FOOD.



MISS BARBER.
AGED 15 MONTHS.

96, Brixton Hill, March 4, 1889.

Mrs. E. BARBER writes: "I beg to forward photo of my little girl brought up entirely on your Food."

"E. BARBER."

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus Post Free on application to

G. MELLIN,
MARLBOROUGH WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.



MISS BARBER.
AGED 15 MONTHS.

WM JOYNSON & SON'S

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK
IN HIGHLY-GLAZED PAPERS.

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK
IN DULL-FINISHED PAPERS.

JOYNSON
SUPERFINE

HIGH CLASS Writing Papers

St Mary Cray
Kent

SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
THE SMOOTHEST POSSIBLE SURFACE

SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER
A SEMI-ROUGH SURFACE

Have been Used for over half a Century by the
Aristocracy and all First Class Firms

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, PERFECT FINISH

Ask your Stationer for a Set of Ovr. Samples - Gratis.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY,
Manufacturers and Mounters,
248, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

(THREE DOORS FROM
PETER ROBINSON'S.)

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 1890.

The Latest and most Perfect Imitation
of Old Indian and Brazilian Diamonds.

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



EXTRACT FROM "THE QUEEN."

"And with the enormous rise in Diamonds has sprung up a wide-felt demand for really fine Imitation Gem Work, to which, be it said, many excellent houses have promptly responded; but it must be admitted that few can vie with The Parisian Diamond Company in the matter of their antique designs and unique stock of beautiful Sprays, Tiaras, Bandeaux, and other ornaments, in selecting from which, taste as pure and refined as that which guides the choice of the most becoming ornament in precious stones may here be equally displayed."

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

Spécialité:
FINE IMITATION PEARLS.

SPRAY, FOR THE CORSAGE,
forming also Hair Ornaments,
Brooches, and Pendants.

**CRAB APPLE
BLOSSOM
PERFUME
AND
SOAP**



From the
**CROWN
PERFUMERY
CO.**
LONDON.

SOLD EVERYWHERE



NEW ENGLISH PERFUME!
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

MALUS CORONARIA.

REGD.

WHAT LONDON AND NEW YORK SAY OF IT.

"Chief among the fashionable scents is 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' a delicate perfume of highest quality: one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*.

"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*New York Observer*.

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*.

Put up in 1, 2, 3, and 4 ounce Bottles.

**INVIGORATING
LAVENDER
SALTS**

"Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, 'Crab-Apple Blossoms,' of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their 'Invigorating Lavender Salts.' By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably."—*Le Follet*.

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown herewith. Reject Spurious Imitations.

MADE ONLY BY

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.



SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHY IS VINOLIA SOAP**FREE FROM THE EVILS****OF OTHER TOILET SOAPS?**

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY OF SOAPS, DR. ALDER WRIGHT, F.R.S., after careful investigation; reports as follows:—

FIRST.
Ingredients Purest.—"The ingredients are of excellent quality for the manufacture of a first-class soap."

SECOND.
Patent Processes.—"The process is carried out in such a way as to render the products wholly free from all surplus uncombined alkaline matter, and therefore incapable of acting on tender skins, in the injurious and objectionable fashion exhibited by most kinds of ordinary soap."

THIRD.
Extra Cream.—"A further amelioration is also effected by the incorporation with the soap of extra fatty matter, well calculated to soften the skin, and diminish the tendency to irritation sometimes caused in very tender subjects by even the purest of ordinary soaps."

FOURTH.
Delicate Scent.—"Vinolia' Soap is delicately scented, and wholly free from poisonous metallic colouring matters."

IT IS THE SOAP OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Vinolia Soap. FLORAL, 6d.; Medical (Balsamic), 8d.; and Toilet (Otto of Rose), 10d. per Tablet. Sold everywhere.

Vinolia Shaving Soap. 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per Stick, and Flat Cakes in porcelain-lined metal boxes, 2s.

Vinolia Cream (A Plastic Emollient Cream for the Skin in Health and Disease; for Itching, Eczema, Sunburn, Roughness, &c.) 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., and 6s. per box.

Vinolia Powder (A Soothing, Soluble, Rose Dusting Powder, for the Toilet, Nursery, Skin Irritation, &c.) in Pink, White, and Cream, 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per box.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

GUARANTEED FOR STRENGTH, ACCURACY, DURABILITY, AND VALUE.

Purchasers in all parts of the World using these Watches testify to their strictly accurate timekeeping qualities.

In Silver Cases.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear.

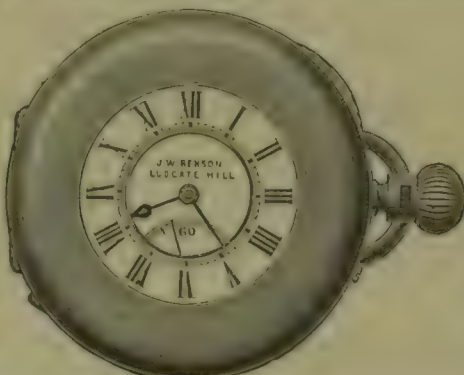
KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases.



Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted for variations when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled, and true chronometer balance.



To officers proceeding on foreign service, residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate, and durable timekeeper.

**A SPLENDID XMAS PRESENT.**

Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15.

The Hunting Editor of the *Field* ("Arundel"): "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—*Field*, March 22, 1891.

In Silver Cases.

In Gold Cases.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

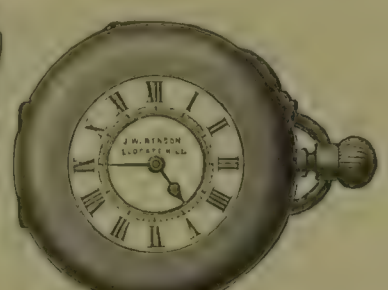
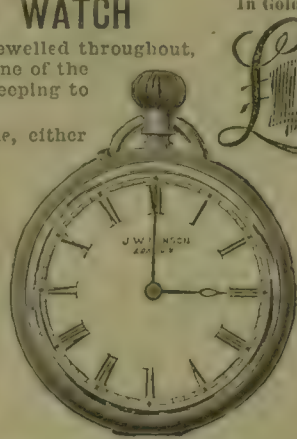
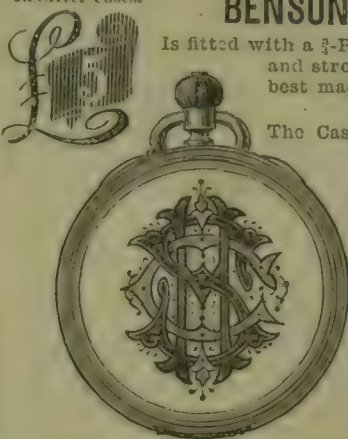
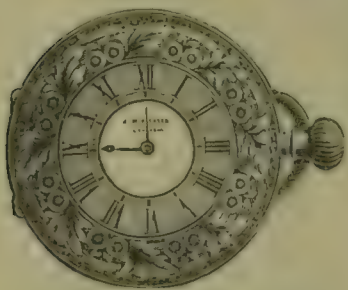
Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to ordinary watches.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10.

Or in Silver Cases, £5.

SUITABLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS.



All the Watches shown in this Advertisement are sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

For further Particulars see Benson's ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing nearly 2000 designs of Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most complete Book of its kind published. Post Free on application.

Gold Albert Chains, in a great variety of patterns to match, from £1 10s. See Illustrated Pamphlet.

SPECIALLY NOTE that all the Watches on this page are made on J. W. BENSON'S interchangeable system, ensuring perfect accuracy in each part, and in case of breakage cheap and efficient repair.

J.W. Benson

(Watchmaker
TO
H.M. The Queen)

THE STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., & 25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

DRAWN BY MARCELLA WALKER.

ONLY A SHADOW.

BY CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY HERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"JACK!"

"What is it?"

There was a tone of fatigue and remonstrance in the words which made them sound rather like an appeal than an inquiry.

"Get up: I want you!"

"I haven't closed my eyes for three nights, Ted. I'm wet through, and dead tired. I do wish you would let me sleep."

The speaker, who had barely raised his head from the tin canteen and leather revolver-case which served for his pillow, pulled his cap again over his eyes, drew tight his grey ammunition blanket, and settled himself down to sleep.

"Jack! Jack! Don't go to sleep again! I want you!"

The disturber gave his comrade a gentle little shake, and the latter sat bolt upright in a weary, mechanical manner, which bespoke disgust and unwillingness.

"What a nuisance you are, Ted! If anybody else had woke me I should have given him a crack on the head. And now what's up?"

"There is a poor devil moaning and groaning in the underbrush over there as if he were on the rack. The ambulance fellows must have overlooked him in the dark. He worries me so that I can't sleep. Let's go and have a look at him."

"And you woke me for that? Why don't you call Dr. Wharton?"

"Dr. Wharton has gone to Richmond with the wounded, and won't be back before morning. Come, get up, there's a good chap!"

The speaker was a young man of about five or six and twenty, tall, straight-limbed, with clear-cut features of that quasi-voluptuous type which so often marks the descendant of the Cavaliers who settled in Virginia in the days of Cromwell. His crisp, fair beard formed a curious frame for a face deeply bronzed by exposure to the sun, wind, and weather. He was dressed in the grey fatigue-uniform of a Confederate Infantry subaltern, wore high riding-boots, and bore, besides the two gold stripes on his collar, the abbreviated designation "14 L." on his gold-laced cap. His companion, his junior by two or three years, wore the same uniform, but there the resemblance ceased. He was of medium height, stoutly built, and so dark that, had not his Creole descent been clear and indisputable, he might have been taken for a mulatto. The Baragias, however, were very princes among Creole merchants, and had been ever since the State of Louisiana had owned a Constitution, and John Baragia was the only son and heir of a thrice-millionaire father. He and Edward Grant Porter, the son of a Louisiana planter nearly as wealthy as the great Creole banker and merchant himself, had been schoolfellows, and when the War of Secession broke out they had volunteered for the same regiment. They were both good fellows, and well known among the men with whom they intended to try the fortune of war. The weight of their names, and their own agreeable reputations, had made their election easy, and had secured them their commissions. And now on this night, from Saturday, May 31, to Sunday, June 1, 1862, after the whirl and storm of the first of the battles around Richmond, the sons of the merchant prince and of the lord of thousands of acres had been sleeping on the wet ground by Fair Oaks, with nothing to cover them but a moonless sky and nothing beneath them but their thin grey blankets.

The young Creole drew himself up to a sitting posture, shrugging his shoulders and rubbing his hands with a half-grunt of fatigue and reluctance. He had slept often enough on the damp ground to have grown accustomed to the cold shudder of awakening—a shudder in which the very bones take part. He pulled his uniform jacket away from his body here and there with a series of little tugs, as if it stuck to him. Next he shook himself with a vigorous downward motion of the arms and an audible "Who!" and, jumping up, gave half a dozen kicks in the air to loosen the clammy hold of his boots upon his legs. Then he faced his companion.

"Well, since you won't let me sleep, we may as well see what we can do for the fellow. By Jingo! how he's groaning! I wonder how the stretcher men could have missed him?"

"Most likely hadn't a cry in him when they were about," replied Porter. "He has been going on like that for the last three quarters of an hour or more. Have you got any matches?"

"Matches!" replied Baragia, with a tone of humorous disgust. "Matches! Do you take me for a sutler or a Commissary-General? I had three yesterday, but when I tried to light my pipe in the evening not one of them would strike. They were all wet. Besides, what do you want them for?"

"We shan't be able to see what's the matter with the man in this pitchy darkness if we haven't a light."

"And if we show one," grumbled the young Creole, "some Yankee sharpshooter will probably let daylight into one of us, or both. And then you or I will have the job of carrying one another in as well as the Yank out there."

"I'll risk it," replied Porter. "We must have some matches somehow. Here, let's try this chap." He indicated a shadowy figure in a dark uniform lying prone almost at his feet with its face to the ground. "Those Yanks are a deuced sight better provided than we are."

He knelt down beside the form and turned it round with an effort. The body swayed for a moment with a grotesque rocking motion, and then lay still on its back. Even in the darkness which prevailed the two young men could see a pair of glassy, staring eyes fixed upon them with a look of unearthly inquiry. The arms were slightly drawn up, the hands clenched, the teeth hard-set, and the lips partly open. The young Southern officer lifted the body slightly on one side and put his hand into the trouser pocket.

"Nothing here," he said, "only a knife and a plug of

tobacco. And nothing here either," he continued, having tried the other side. "There's something bulky in his jacket pocket, though, but I can't get at it this way. Here, help me a moment!"

They turned the body round on its face again. "Not a trace of a match here, either," said Porter. "Only a wallet, with rotten greenbacks. He won't want these any more. They'll do to send to some of the poor fellows at Port Delaware. We shall have to give it up, and do without them." He searched the pocket once more, shaking his head ruefully, when his hand touched a small smooth flat object quite at the bottom. He lifted it for a closer scrutiny.

"By Jove, what luck! It's a match-box. And such a stunner! Ivory, I should say, and full of matches. Now, let's get it!"

The young men picked their way carefully among the quick and the dead. The tired soldiers were resting soundly and carelessly in the position they had taken from the enemy on the previous evening, totally unmindful of the scores of those who were sleeping the last sleep of all in their very midst. When Porter and Baragia had proceeded about forty yards they came upon a group of men lying and sitting on the ground fully armed and equipped, with their faces turned in the direction in which the two young officers were proceeding. One man was standing up, and his figure loomed a dull dark-grey against the sullen starless sky.

"Where are you going, boys?" He spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh! it's you, Harry!" replied Porter. "We thought of seeing what's the matter with that chap groaning out there."

"Oh! that man!" quietly ejaculated the officer of the picket. "I've had an idea myself of taking a look at him. I'll tell you what, boys: I'll go out with you. It's only about twenty yards, and I've been listening very carefully for the last hour. There ain't no Yanks within a hundred yards of us, I'll swear. Here, Myers! Johnson! come with me!"

This with bated breath.

Two men rose from the group cautiously and silently. They cocked their muskets, examined the caps, and half cocked their arms again. Then the whole party set out in the direction of the wounded man, crawling on hands and knees.

The moon, hitherto hidden by the clouds, broke at that moment in tranquil silvery splendour upon the scene. The straggling pines and cedars in the near distance threw deep black shadows over the underbrush from which the groans proceeded; but between that spot and the place whence the little party approached every blade of grass was edged with a delicate pearly grey, and every leaf of foliage was traced as with a fairy pencil. Here and there the ghostly green ground was dotted with dark blotches. Friend and foe lay there at peace in the bizarre postures of sudden death. Away on the right a wall of opal mist marked the course of the storm-swollen Chickahominy.

"We shan't want your matches, Ted, in this light," whispered the Creole.

"I don't know so much about that," replied the other. "It's bright enough here, but it's dark as the very ditch just there."

The party had come to a plantation of young willows, and thence the ground sloped for some six or seven yards. The wounded man had evidently been watching their approach, and watching it with evident feelings of dread.

"Don't touch me, gentlemen! Don't hurt me, please!" he whispered. And as the Southerners came close he whined, "Leave me alone! Don't touch me! Let me die in peace!"

"Now, don't make that row, my man," whispered Porter. "We've come to help you, and not to hurt you. Let's see what we can do for you. What's the matter with you? Cheer up! While there's life there's hope!"

The wounded man was small of stature and slim. His features were indiscernible in the shade, but the Confederate officers could see that he had propped himself on one arm against a little bank, upon which his head hung back. His voice, although acrid with pain, betrayed a natural mellowness. Porter touched the hand which was lying helplessly on the ground, and tried to lift it in friendly encouragement. The man shrieked faintly, but the cry failed from sheer want of strength.

"You hurt me, you brute!" he moaned in agony. "Leave me alone! Go away!"

The Southerners looked at one another, hardly knowing what to do. Help was evidently needed, and as evidently undesired. To leave the poor wretch there to die without an effort to save him would have been unmanly and cruel. That the effort would be resisted with such strength as the agonised wretch still possessed, and that such probable resistance would result in further pain, and perhaps in death, was equally perceptible.

"Come, now," whispered Baragia, "we're not going to hurt you. Tell us, where are you wounded?"

"What does it matter to you?" replied the man. "Go away, I tell you! Go away! Go away!" And he groaned and writhed in pain.

But the young Southerner did not accept the rebuff. He stretched out a hand slowly and gently, and tried to place it underneath the arm upon which the Union soldier rested. He failed, however, in this attempt, and had to be satisfied to be able to raise the sufferer's head. In the course of his efforts his hand had come in contact with a warm moisture, and the Louisianan, understanding the desperate case of the wounded man, addressed him softly and sympathetically. No sister of mercy could better have fulfilled the god-speed errand.

"There, now," he whispered coaxingly. "I won't trouble

you more if you wish to remain here. I've no doubt a doctor will come to you in the morning. But no one knows what may happen before then. You are right between the two lines. I should like to be of service to you if you will let me. Have you—have you nothing to ask for—no message to send to anybody?"

The man suddenly paused in his moans, and seemed to make a desperate effort to raise himself, but failed. Baragia noticed that his eyes, which had been stubbornly closed until then, opened, and he could see them glitter even in the dark shade of the place. The wounded man's hand gripped the Louisianan's with nervous feebleness. Whether it was a sign of gratitude or of pain the Southerner could not tell, but it seemed to imply approval.

"Yes—yes—yes!" whispered the Northerner, with a piteous excitement. "You are right. She ought to know—she must! Quick! quick!—before I die! A bit of paper! Write!"

Porter tore a leaf from his orderly book and made ready to obey the sufferer's instructions, while Baragia lifted the poor fellow into a struggling sitting posture. There the shaking hand, resting on Baragia's knee, betrayed at once his agony and excitement. Every third word was broken by a moan.

"The address first!—the address first! I mightn't be able to finish it. 'Mrs. Mackenzie, The Towers, Highgate Vale, London, England.' You've got that?"

Porter nodded assent.

"I have failed. Don't blame me! Success seemed certain yesterday, but to-night I die, and thereby!"

A rattle of a dozen or twenty musket shots, as many flashes at a distance of not more than a hundred and fifty yards, and the high soprano "peeng" of a small hail of Minié bullets.

"Those Yanks have seen us," said the Lieutenant. "We must be up and off. My orders are not to reply to any fire unless to repel an attack."

Porter leaned over the wounded man.

"The rest of the letter," he said—"the rest of the letter—and your name?"

Another half-dozen flashes ploughing through the night air.

"It's getting warm!" said Baragia to his companion. Then, turning to the patient, "Have you nothing more to say?"

The poor fellow's head had fallen back on his grassy pillow. "I can't!—I can't!" he whispered in an agony. "I've tried, but I can't!"

Another small volley.

"There's no help for it," said Porter—"we'll have to leave him here. We can't take him back in the midst of this row. Let's be off! We can try and find him again in the morning."

Cautiously and warily the small party crawled back to its former post, where the whole brigade lay asleep under the protection afforded by the rising ground.

The next day, Sunday, June 1, was majestic in its summer glory, and terrible in the slaughter of the second day's battle of Fair Oaks. In the forenoon of that day Pryor's Brigade, to which the 14th Louisiana belonged, in the midst of a charge against Heintzelmann's men, passed the spot where Baragia and Porter had tried to succour the wounded man of the night before.

He lay there, stark and cold

CHAPTER II.

An English lane in summer-time, and, of all summer-time, on a glorious cloudless summer morn. An English lane, with its high dewy banks, and the verdant fernery and foliage of a Thames-side country. An English lane, with its arch of beech and elm overhead, through which the sunlight peeps half-shyly, and leaves its streaks of golden colour on foliage and soil. And in the boughs, and high up in the blue, just here and there visible between the trees, a feathered songster chirping his morning melody.

In the midst of the delightful harmony of greens and browns, a figure in pink, as delightfully natural as nature itself, and as fragrant of its poetry. A girl of about two-and-twenty, walking along the dewy lane, carolling as musically as the birds overhead, swinging in one hand a straw hat trimmed with half a dozen cornflowers, and with the other throwing into the air and catching again a small morocco-bound volume. She was one of those glorious brunettes, who, to a wealth of dark hair, add the translucency of complexion which makes them appear fair. She was fresh of colour, and graceful of limb and motion, and she owned a figure which might have driven a Parisienne mad with envy. Her hands and feet were singularly dainty in form, and were daintily gloved and booted.

She walked along singing to herself, and seemed so glad and happy that even the grimmest of pessimists, beholding her, had been forced to admit the possibility of earthly bliss. Just where a field of ripening corn burst in its wide expanse of green and gold on the right of the lane, this charming young lady, walking briskly in all the vigour of her wholesome youth, overtook an old man—a peasant—clad in smock-frock and gaiters. He was bent with age, and was toiling feebly up the slight incline of the lane by the aid of his stick. He was prepared for the young lady's approach, for as she drew near he turned round with the broadest imaginable grin of satisfaction, and took off his broad-brimmed battered straw hat. His face was bronzed with a healthy glow, and barely wrinkled. His deep-grey eyes were still bright, and a curious semi-satirical smile of contempt and good-humour twitched the corners of his mouth. One would have given him barely sixty years. But all the village of Burney Bridge and the people for many miles round knew that Grandfather Bell was approaching his

hundredth year. He had been a soldier, and a good one. He had fought in America when quite a lad, had shared the dangers of Corunna and of Waterloo, and had been pensioned off by a grateful country with the magnificent sum of 1s. 11d. per diem. That one and elevenpence was liberally supplemented by the love-gifts of his neighbours, for Grandfather Bell was not only a hero and a wonder, but the jolliest old fellow that ever lived, and could tell a funny story or spin a ghostly yarn with most men who dwelt in those parts. The women, old and young, spoiled him—petted him and caressed him in such a way that most of the young men became unreasonably jealous, and many a time wished themselves in his place.

"Miss Nellie," he said, as the young woman came dancing up to him, "rare and glad I am to see you. It's a year or more since we met."

She took the old man's hands in her own, and, shaking them up and down, held him at arm's length, as if she were enjoying the vision of a new toy.

"I've been up to London, dear old grandfather. I've only just come back. Now I've got you I mean to keep you for a while. You shall be my escort as far as the Bridge."

A stranger might have thought her bearing curiously familiar. But Grandfather Bell was a being quite by himself.

By common consent he belonged to no social class whatsoever, and my Lady allowed him the liberty both of house and grounds; while at the Golden Grapes he was hail fellow well met with my Lord's gamekeeper, and the squire's own gentleman.

Miss Nellie placed the old man's arm within her own, and, nestling close up to him with beaming eyes and smiling lips, dragged him along by a series of little jerks, the veteran trying hard to keep up with her moderated youthful speed, but at last hanging back heavily.

"It ain't to be done, Miss Nellie," he said—"it ain't to be done. These here old legs won't do it, and the stick don't help 'em much. You go on. It will take me half an hour to get to the Bridge, and you'll be there in five minutes."

"Ah! grandfather! grandfather!" retorted Nellie, holding up a playfully threatening finger, "it's not that the Bridge is so far, it's that the Golden Grapes is so near! Fie, for shame! So early in the morning, too!"

"Sure you not, Miss Nellie," replied the old man, with sudden assumed seriousness. "Not a bit of it, Miss. And if I did? A glass of ale don't do nobody no harm no time, and morning's as good a time as hevening for that, Miss—some say better." He had to put a good face upon it, and he did it so

successfully that Miss Nellie, dancing her straw hat all over him, smiled, and said—

"I suppose you know more about that than I do, grandfather."

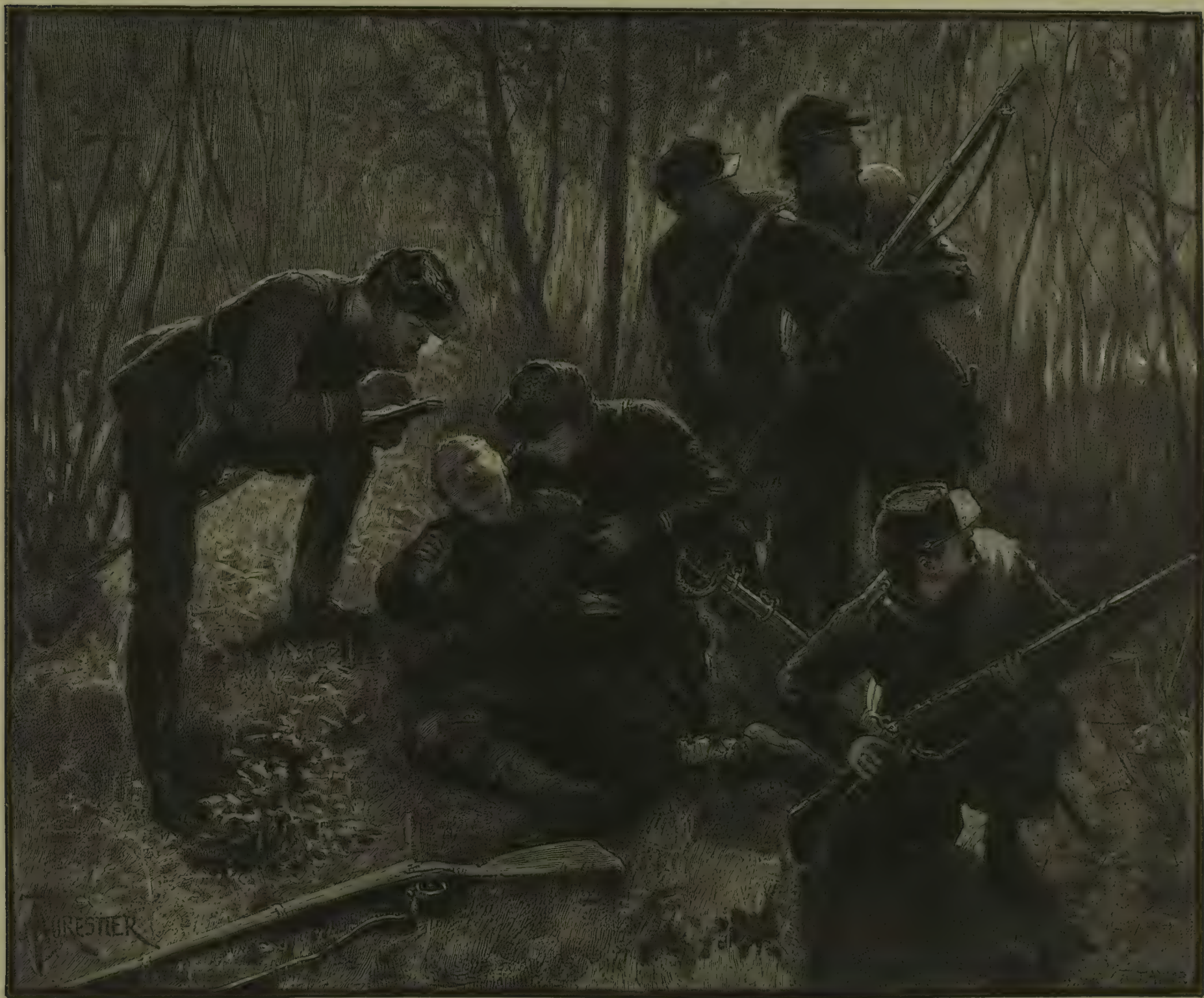
"I do—I do, Miss Nellie. I've been taking a glass of beer of a morning when I could get it for these last eighty-five year, and it never done me no harm yet, and I don't reckon as it will if I live to be a hundred and twenty."

A hundred and twenty was the limit which Grandfather Bell had set to his own life. He said he did not care to die a useless old man who was not able to take care of himself.

The young lady shook hands with the old soldier, and ran away, singing as merrily as the lark overhead. The old man had come to the brow of a little eminence, whence the lane descended gently towards the river, and, leaning heavily on his stick, he looked after the disappearing figure. His face became sad, and he heaved a great sigh.

"One wouldn't ha' thought," he said to himself, "to look at her, what she's gone through. No, nobody would. They'd take her for a baby. But I know, if they don't. Poor little wench! poor little wench!"

In the meanwhile, Miss Nellie was walking along, with a light-hearted dance in her gait, in the direction of the river.



"You are right. She ought to know—she must! Quick! quick!—before I die! A bit of paper! Write!"

She soon came to a little congeries of farm buildings, which marked the commencement of the village of Burney Bridge. A little farther on, on a bench outside the hostelry of the Three Golden Grapes, mine host, Mr. Barlow, who was enjoying his early morning pipe, rose with a smile as he saw the girlish figure, and, taking off his skull-cap, made his best bow. Two farmers, sturdy, hale, and brown, evident disciples of Grandfather Bell's school, followed suit, and saluted Miss Nellie, who was apparently at least as great a favourite as Grandfather Bell himself. She had a smile, or a nod, or a shake of the hand, or a kind word for everybody whom she passed, if it were only a poor old woman busy with her laundry at her own door, or an urchin playing at the roadside.

Burney Bridge is a straggling sort of a place, which, in the year of grace 1865, had not attracted the attention of the Caddus Londiniensis, a species known to be as destructive to the peace of river resorts as the locust to Eastern fields of corn. It was mostly composed of small cottages, each with its own little half-trimmed garden; but as the village street approached the river the wayfarer came across three or four residences of the better sort, with well-kept lawns and spacious grounds. The largest and most important of these, Thames View, was the property of Lady Farranfore, the widow of the late Sir Henry James Farranfore, Bart., furrier, Alderman, and former Lord Mayor of the City of London. Sir Henry had been a good man and true, and, what is sometimes more in the estimation of the world, a very wealthy one. But even the best of men have unkindly critics, and some of the good man's detractors

were known to hint that the high-sounding name of Farranfore was not the patronymic under the ægis of which Sir Henry had been born. Opinions were divided between Higgins and Figgins, but neither of these could be securely fastened to the befurred robe and golden chain of the portly Alderman. Sir Henry, a most determined Progressist in the City Council, had been an unobtrusive and nearly a shy man at home and in society, where Lady Farranfore reigned supreme under the lustre both of her own talents and of her husband's glory. Poor Sir Henry, who, although he must have had a father, had never been proven to possess a grandfather, was gathered to the fold of both about two years before the commencement of this history. Lady Farranfore and her two daughters, the Misses Jane and Halsintrude, wept a good deal; but, finding that black suited them very well, got comfortably over the period of mourning, and then launched themselves into the stream of London society and entertainments.

Lady Farranfore was very fond of Miss Nellie, and encouraged her daughters to be fond of her. She was a woman of discernment, and always followed the current of public opinion, and in making much of Ellen Somers she knew she was only following the public example. Her daughters asked little encouragement from their mother to fall naturally in love with the warm-hearted girl, who seemed to bring sunshine wherever she went.

Nellie was met at the gate of Thames View by her two friends.

"I'm so glad you've come so early," said Jane, the elder

of the two. "You're a real darling! We're going to have a crowd of people to-day. There are two or three lions among the commoner herd, and we sha'n't have a moment to ourselves."

"Yes," said Halsintrude, "two at least, and perhaps three. One of them is a lion with real claws. A hero. He has fought in ever so many battles."

"We will try to tame your savage Lord of the Forest," said Ellen. "I generally find them very submissive, your ferocious ones. I've often thought that I should like to see them, just for once, for curiosity's sake, when they are really in the mood in which the poet paints them. Let me see them sword in hand, eyes on fire, facing the cannon's mouth, etcetera, etcetera. And your other lions, are they as untamed as the first?"

"One of them is an author," cried Jane.

"A dramatic author," added Halsintrude.

"A successful dramatic author," completed the elder one.

"And his name?" asked Ellen. "Do I know him?"

"It's Mr. Henry Robinson," answered Jane.

"Mr. Henry Robinson of 'Will-o'-the-Wisp' fame?" asked Ellen.

"The same," answered Miss Farranfore.

"A poet and a hero both on the same day! Your mother is lucky, darling," said Nellie, hugging the two girls one on each side. "I've no doubt you will have lots to do before you're ready, and I've come to help you."

Lady Farranfore came from the house to meet them at that moment. Her forty-eight years sat lightly on Lady



Miss Nellie placed the old man's arm within her own, and, nestling close up to him with beaming eyes and smiling lips, dragged him along by a series of little jerks.

Farranfore's brow. There was scarcely a sign of a wrinkle on her face; no crows'-feet had set their mark beneath her eyes, no silver thread mingled with the glossy brown of her hair. She was inclined to be portly, and there was a little fussiness about her which did not ill-become her. It seemed to go well with the kindly face, the soft, smooth, plump hands, that were constantly rubbing one another, and with the hesitation of nervous inquiry which prefaced her speech, but which was rather the outcome of her want of acquaintance with syntax than of a shyness begotten of her earlier life.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed her Ladyship. "There you are

wasting your time, and not a single flower arranged yet, and the drawing-room table smothered with them! Johnson has brought a cartload from Covent-garden, and they are spread all over the room, and I don't know where to begin with them."

Lady Farranfore's garden parties were of a nondescript character peculiarly her Ladyship's own. She had inherited from the late Alderman and Lord Mayor a rooted idea that to make people happy you must give them plenty to eat. Good things, and lots of them, had been the Alderman's motto, and her Ladyship adopted it without hesitation. In addition to that, nothing could persuade my Lady that people living in

town were not abnormally hungry when they reached Burney Bridge. There was a shadow of reason in her argument with her eldest daughter: "My dear, when people have come thirty miles they must want something to eat." Therefore, Lady Farranfore's garden party was preceded by a Lucullan luncheon, with which even the late Alderman would have been satisfied. The fame of the Corporation of the City of London was safe in Lady Farranfore's hands.

The lovely summer morning developed into a brilliant summer day, with just enough breeze stirring to temper the noonday heat. An immense tent had been erected on one of the lawns, the inside of it being transformed into the semblance of a green-house by thousands of plants of all sizes. In the centre of all this foliage and blaze of bloom two long tables were spread with the good things of this earth, and there about a hundred guests sat down to luncheon. Lady Farranfore, at the head of the gathering, had on her right a member of Parliament, who was also a distinguished dignitary of the Civic Corporation; on her left sat a gentleman who wore a languid, weary expression, which was a cause of laughter to Miss Nellie. She had been placed next to a Metropolitan journalist, a Bohemian, who carried everywhere the ways and manners of Prague. Tom Burton knew everything and everybody. He was a fine-looking fellow, with his coal-black eyes, his mane of silvery hair, and his grey moustache and beard.

"Do you know Mr. Robinson?" asked Ellen, pointing out with a glance the new favourite of Fame, who was seated next to Lady Farranfore.

"Like a book," said Burton.

"And what do you think of him? He doesn't look a bit like a poet—at least, not like my idea of one," continued Ellen.

"Hush! hush!" interrupted her neighbour. "Don't let him hear that. He has become my enemy for telling him that he is not a poet, and he would hate you all his life if he heard you say that he didn't look like one."

At that moment there was quite a stir in the place, and all eyes were turned towards a tall, bearded, handsome-looking man, who entered the tent and took a vacant seat next to Miss Halsintrade Farranfore, who sat at the far end of the table.

"I see you have the hero of Spottsylvania Court-House here," said Mr. Burton in a whisper to Ellen, who, like all the rest of those present, was looking fixedly in the direction of the new arrival.

"So that is General Grant Porter? How handsome and like a soldier he looks!"

"General Grant Porter is more than handsome and a soldier," said the journalist. "He has that which makes him more attractive than either. The collapse of the Secession has left him comparatively poor, but he is still worth something over a million sterling."

"How thoroughly unpoetic you are!" said Ellen—"or, rather, how thoroughly unpoetic you would like to appear! It is well that you're known, and not trusted upon your own words."

"You are wrong, Miss Somers," protested the Bohemian, "and when you are as old as I am you will know I am right. The most poetic ring to modern ears is the clink of coin."

The meal passed, as such functions generally do, amid the small talk and banalities of the hour; but Ellen's neighbour noticed—and noticed with a smile—that his neighbour looked oftener in the direction of the Confederate General than even female curiosity would warrant. He noticed, with a further smile, that Ellen, the meal barely over, ran to her friend Halsintrade, and that that young lady lost not a moment in introducing Ellen to the Southern officer.

"Ah!" he said to himself with a sigh, "I swear she's better than most of them. Has more heart and more brain. And I'm not often deceived. Yet I'm not sure what attracts her more—the fame of the hero or the dollars of the millionaire."

With that, having lit a cigarette, he gave a contemptuous whiff, and sauntered away.

General Porter strolled from the tent into the garden, accompanied by a whole bevy of ladies, among whom Ellen, with some little difficulty, found a place. Each had a question to ask, a compliment to pay, a sentiment to express. Ellen stood quietly by with folded hands until the General had been deserted by most of the admiring ladies, and then, plucking up courage, ventured to address him.

"You were in the Confederate Army, General?" she asked.

Porter turned his handsome sunburnt face towards her, and saw that the quivering lips and half-blanching countenance betokened an unusual excitement.

"I had that honour," he replied.

"You fought in many battles, I hear?" she continued.

"I have been through most," he answered—"from Young's Mills to Appomattox."

"You—you were"—the speaker's lips trembled still, and her fingers twitched nervously—"at Fair Oaks?"

"I was a Lieutenant in the 14th Louisiana then," replied the soldier, "and went through both days at Fair Oaks."

"Really?" she asked. "You were at Fair Oaks?"

She did not know why she put the question twice, but they were the only words she could find at the moment.

"Yes," answered Porter. "But why do you ask so particularly? Is there anything I can tell you?"

Ellen paused for a moment, as if in doubt, and then essayed a laugh.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I asked for mere curiosity. I have read a good deal about Fair Oaks. It is the one of the battles I know more about than others. Somehow I had about a dozen different reports of it, cut from a dozen different papers. But then, you see, all the cuttings I have were taken from Northern publications, and I should like to hear, if I might be so privileged, the statement of the other side."

"And so you shall, if you desire it," said the General, in his jolliest tones. "I will give you a quarter of an hour, or half a one, whenever you wish to be wearied with the description of a fight which has no particular interest for anybody. Fair Oaks—Fair Oaks," he continued, as if addressing himself. "It cost a lot of lives, and led to nothing. Now, if you were to care to know about Gettysburg or The Wilderness, I might cherish some hope of interesting you. But Fair Oaks—two days of useless butchery!"

"I don't know why," said Ellen, "but when you have the time, General—before you leave Burney Bridge—and Halsintrade tells me you will be her mother's guest for three days—I should like to learn a little more about Southern warfare. But I am monopolising the great attraction of this festive gathering, and"—

"That you are, my dear; that you are," interrupted Lady Farranfore, who had been standing behind them for the last half-minute. "Now, General, if you please, I am going to carry you off. There's quite a little crowd waiting for you on the terrace, and the Bishop and Lady Masters particularly wish to meet you. They are great Confederate sympathisers, you know, and you ought not to disappoint them."

"We will not disappoint the Confederate sympathisers at any cost," answered the General. He came very near adding, "Even at a cost of the loss of Miss Somers's society." But something in the girl's manner, and, still more, something in



"HERE THEY COME!"

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

his own mind, made him feel the commonplace of the half-purposed compliment, and it passed as a thought.

Ellen looked after the pair as they ascended the steps to the terrace in front of the house, where my Lord the Bishop and his attendant courtiers were waiting to be introduced to the



Leaning heavily on his stick, he looked after the disappearing figure.

solider of the lost cause. Then she seated herself on the bench which had just been vacated.

"If I dared ask him!" she whispered to herself. "If I only dared!"

A moment afterwards she was among her friends again, and no peal of laughter that afternoon had a merrier ring than hers. She fluttered gaily hither and thither, carrying mirth everywhere, and, in more cases than one, carrying it away with her when she left. Many male impressionables dangled near her, or watched her from afar. The handsome Southerner's eyes followed her with a thoughtful scrutiny. The beauty of face and form were plain for all to see, but he looked at her as if he sought to know the hidden qualities of mind and heart.

"The lion is entangled!" said one of the Farranfore girls to Burton, laughingly. "It is love at first sight."

"Love at first sight is a commoner thing than love at last sight," said the professed cynic. He watched Porter for the rest of the afternoon with an amused interest. Wherever Miss Somers might wander, the stalwart form of the Secessionist was near her, and his eyes were bent upon her.

CHAPTER III.

Ellen was driven home that evening in Lady Farranfore's carriage. Jane and Halsinrude had pleaded hard that their friend might stay over night at Thames View; but they knew, quite as well as Ellen herself, that that was impossible. Ellen was living with her only relative, a widowed aunt, at The Thatch, an old-fashioned country house about a mile from the Bridge—a quaint old building of the ante-Georgian period, in the construction of which many hands and minds had had their wilful way, each adding what seemed best to him or to her without regard for architectural unity. Nature, with its softening touch, and Age, the great leveller of the gaudy, had done much to harmonise red brick and paint and rubble—the first, by spreading over the whole a veil of creeping foliage; the second, by toning down the various discords of colour. Well-timbered and almost park-like grounds surrounded the house, and the whole was enclosed by high walls. The paths and walks were overgrown with moss and weeds; the vegetation was luxuriant in its wild glory, where foxglove, jasmine, dog-rose, honeysuckle, and sweet-pea mingled their fragrance and wealth of colour with forget-me-not and marigold in haphazard, delightful confusion. The house itself was as quaintly and as unhomogeneously furnished as the appearance of the exterior would have warranted. Furniture belonging to all periods, from the days of William and Mary downwards, was scattered all over the place. Few articles seemed to be located anywhere with any particular intention; they all had the appearance of being there naturally of their own accord, "ab initio mundi." Old oak bedsteads, grand, solid, and comfortable, had for companions the daintier works of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Adams; and these again found themselves in the immediate vicinity of the handiworks of the present century. And yet some fairy hand, some eye of pure artistic instinct, had so guided their arrangement that every room presented an harmonious whole.

Mrs. Somers, the widow of Ellen's father's only brother, was a lady of very considerable means, whose existence was embittered by constant ill-health. She had been pretty once, with a delicate Irish beauty, but unhappiness and her maladies had left her faded. Her late husband, an Indian civil servant, had given his wife much cause for jealousy—a feeling in which the good lady had revelled to her heart's content. Her delicate health had kept her from joining her husband in India, and when at last the news came that the Resident had died from a fall from his horse while out hunting, Mrs. Somers hardly knew whether to be mournful or thankful for the event. She had, however, become so habituated to the indulgence of writing one or two jealous letters per diem, and then tearing them up and burning them, that she positively missed her favourite mental exercise, and the loss of her husband seemed not to weigh so heavily upon her as the concomitant loss of her daily occupation. And yet Mrs. Somers was as dear and kindly a lady at heart as you could have found within a day's march. She would not have hurt a fly, and the exercise of spite would have been absurdly impossible to her. But she liked to be miserable; it seemed pleasant to her to feel herself an injured woman. She had times of extreme fretfulness and impatience, and on these—happily rare—occasions was impulsively quarrelsome, taking offence at chance words, which she interpreted according to her fancy at the moment. Ellen, who had become an orphan in her earlier girlhood, and had been the old lady's almost constant companion since that time, had twice left The Thatch to live in London, Mrs. Somers peevishly commanding her to quit the house, and heartily regretting her words the next day. On one of these occasions, between five and six years ago, Ellen had remained two years in the Metropolis. On the second, which occurred about a year previous to the story here related, she had stayed away nearly the whole of a year. In each instance the old lady had begged her to return,

and the kindly hearted girl had come, with all thought of the affront banished from her mind. Mrs. Somers had been very much an invalid through the whole of the spring and the commencement of the summer, but she allowed Ellen her full fling of riverside pleasures.

"It is no reason," she would say, "that because I am an ailing old woman you should lock yourself up here, my dear. I can get on very well with my books and my embroidery. It is comfort enough for me to know that you're about, and that I can send for you when I need you."

As a matter of fact, Ellen's kindly services were very seldom required. The place teemed with servants, male and female, most of whom seemed to be there solely to do such work as was made for them by their fellows.

When Ellen entered the house she was told that her aunt had already retired to her room, but that she had left a message asking her ward to be kind enough to see her before going to bed. The girl found the old lady seated in her big Cromwellian arm-chair, still fully dressed, and reading by the light of two large lamps. The old lady's hours were very regular, and early, both as to rising and retiring. Her rule had been to go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening and to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and her ways were seemingly as stable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, which man altereth not. But now it was high on ten, and Mrs. Somers was still habited in her customary brown moiré antique, and about the room there were few signs of preparations for the night's rest. Ellen, who had entered the chamber unobserved, stole on tiptoe to the back of her relative's chair, and, putting both her arms round her aunt's neck, drew her face slightly upwards and backwards, and kissed her on the forehead.

"What is the matter, auntie? You are up very late!"

"Very late," replied Mrs. Somers, with a meaning smile. "Very late. Most unusually late. I have been thinking of that for the last half-hour."

"And why, auntie dear?" asked Ellen, coming round in front of the arm-chair, and kneeling down so that her eyes were on a level with the old lady's.

Her aunt closed the book she had been reading, took off her spectacles, placed them in the velvet case which lay beside her, and then, taking both her niece's hands in her own, looked in her face with a self-contented smile.

"My darling," she said, "I have been thinking all day—and thinking about you."

"About me, auntie dear?" asked Ellen. "And what about me?"

"I have been thinking," continued Mrs. Somers, looking into vacancy, "that I am getting old, and not only old, but grumble-some, impatient, and very annoying at times."

"Not to me, auntie—not to me, surely!" The soft little hands slid along the still plump fingers of the elder woman and pressed them caressingly. "Never to me, auntie! Never to me!"

Mrs. Somers looked into her eyes with another smile.

"I know better, my dear! It is very good of you to say so, but I know better! I know my faults as well as anybody. But that is neither here nor there. Since poor Will has disappeared, to leave no trace, I am your only relative and protector—if a half-bedridden woman past fifty may be called one. I am no companion to you, no comfort, although—God knows!—you are a boon and a comfort to me!"

"And so I hope to be for many a long day," said Ellen. "I am very happy here."

"Ah! so you may be. I've no doubt you are. But we're here to-day and gone to-morrow. I may die at any minute, and then you would be alone in the world, and therefore I've been thinking to-day"—and the old lady's hands grasped the young one's with affectionate energy, and her eyes sparkled with a happiness equal to that of some man of science who has discovered a great law of nature—"I've been thinking to-day that I ought to try and get you married, and find you a good husband."

The girl's face blanched visibly, her fingers began to tremble, and she rose slowly, with half-frightened eyes.

"A husband, auntie?" she said quietly, almost mechanically. And then, with a little more emphasis of inquiry, "A husband?"

"Yes, dearie," the old lady answered, with some surprise; "a husband. Does that alarm you? They are not so very terrible, although they do make us poor women cry now and then!"

Ellen had recovered from her apparent fright during that short speech. Her face kindled into a merry little smile, and her laugh rang musically through the room.

"Frightened!" she said. "Oh, dear, no! Only a little surprised. Why should I want to marry? Why should you want me to be married? I am very happy as I am. We are very happy together. I do not want to change. And, besides that"—this with a turn of the trim figure and a pretty pout—"who would have me?"

"Ah!" replied the old lady, with a laugh. "Who would have you? My dear, you are pretty, you are bright; you talk well, you sing well; you are excellent society. You not only have some money of your own, but you will have all I can leave you when I'm gone. Don't you think the catalogue sufficiently attractive to entice a weak member of the opposite sex?"

"A weak and very foolish one, perhaps, auntie," retorted Ellen—"perhaps. But, then, I do not like weak and foolish men. There, now; don't let us talk any more about it. I am very contented where I am, and, until you hear me complain, you need not return to the subject. It's time for you to go to bed, and I am keeping you awake—I and my affairs." She nestled close up to the old lady's side, and, stroking her face, said, "There, now, auntie dear, don't think any more about it. I want to stay here with you a long, long, long time yet." And then, kissing her thrice, "God bless you, dear! God bless you!—and good-night!"

The old lady, however, retained her for a moment.

"I want you to think about it, my dear," she insisted. "There is no hurry, but I want you to think about it. I want you to think about finding a husband."

Ellen closed her aunt's speech by a kiss.

"There," she said, "that's my reply, and I'll not hear another word to-night!" And, with smiling eyes and dancing steps, she left the room.

She entered her own chamber with a changed manner. She sat down on a chair listlessly, throwing on to the table the hat which she had held in her hand. Thus she remained for some minutes, and then mechanically began to divest herself of her walking garments.

"A husband!" she whispered to herself. "A husband!"

Sitting down again, with eyes staring into vacancy, "A husband!" she repeated, with a heavy sigh, and then burst into a flood of tears, sobbing under her breath as if her heart would break. After a while she dried her eyes, and, taking a key from her purse, unlocked a drawer of her writing-desk and took out a small bundle of finger-worn letters and telegrams. She untied the ribbon which held them together, and placed them one after the other before her on the table. For a time they seemed actually to fascinate her gaze. She looked at them with ghastly, staring eyes, now and then

stretching out a hand towards them, and withdrawing it again as if she feared to touch them. Then she took up one, unfolded it, and read it. It ran as follows:—

"Albemarle Chambers, Piccadilly, September 23rd, 1861.

"My Sweetest,—I cannot retire to bed without again telling you how happy the little word you breathed into my ear this afternoon has made me. It was only 'Yes'; but it meant so much to me. More than ever you can guess; more than ever you will know. Sleep happily, dearest one!—Your truest

"HERBERT."

She dropped the letter suddenly, as if it had burned her, and sat for a few moments in motionless silence. Then she took up the next, which was dated Sept. 24 of the same year, and written at the Parthenon Club, St. James's-street.

"I have been to Doctors'-commons," it ran, "and have obtained the special license. I will meet you at the church of St. John's, Hampstead, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, and half an hour after that we will be man and wife, never to part again."

It bore the same signature. She laid it aside quietly, with a little more nonchalance than had been visible in her previous movements.

The next document was a telegram. It had been sent from St. Albans on Sept. 25, 1861, and the service instructions showed that it had been handed in at half past eleven o'clock in the morning. It had been addressed by William Somers to Miss Ellen Somers, care of Mrs. Mackenzie, The Towers, Highgate-vale, London.

"For God's sake, stop!" it said. "The man you intend to marry is a well-known forger and a returned convict! I will be with you at half past one o'clock! Do nothing until then!"

She dropped the paper listlessly and slowly, sat still for a moment, and then took up the next, a letter dated Liverpool, Oct. 15, 1861. It was in the same writing as the first two, but the hand that traced it had evidently been shaken by excitement.

"My wife," it ran, "since you are my wife, and nothing can take that proud title from you excepting my own free-will and deed—I am about to take a little excursion across the briny. I have been thinking over your brother's kind proposal that I should commit some act which would enable you to claim and obtain a divorce; but really, during the short time I have known you I found you so charming, so pretty, so altogether delightful, that I feel very proud to know you to bear the name which her Majesty's Judges have already made famous in the annals of our country. Even the thousand pounds which you and your brother have paid me will, I'm afraid, be unable to convince me that your reasoning is right."

"Joking apart, I am a villain. I know it. But when I made love to you, and when I married you, I saw in you the one possible hope of an honest life, and, if you had let me, I might have tried hard to redeem a worthless past by a more deserving future. You will say that this is high-faluting nonsense; that I am a rogue, and always, under any circumstances, would have been a rogue. But I am not only a rogue but a merry one, and I am going to have my little joke. You will never see me again! Never, never, never, in this life!—and while you live, my dear wife, you will remain my wife! You will never be able to marry anyone else if you live to be as old as Methuselah. I intend to have your movements carefully reported to me, and the moment I hear of any marital intentions of yours I should turn up, like the ghost in the story, at the wrong moment, to baffle simple little Hymen. Therefore, my dear wife, take my advice. Love nobody but me! Other amours might lead you into danger.—Your fond husband,

"HERBERT WALSH."

Another letter was in a different handwriting. There are those who profess to read a man's character by the style of his penmanship, and, if a firm bold stroke could denote manliness of character, it was depicted there in every letter. It



She untied the ribbon which held them together

was dated Washington, D.C., May 4, 1862. Ellen kissed the missive thrice, and the tears brimmed in her eyes as she looked at it.

"Poor Will! Poor Will!" she sobbed. "The victim of my folly. Gone! Gone! He and Sarah Mackenzie, the two witnesses of my misfortune, gone!" Her hands trembled as she unfolded the paper, and laid it on the table before her:

"My dearest Nellie," it said, "I believe I have tracked the scoundrel at last. I am nearly sure that he enlisted in a New York infantry regiment which has gone to the front, and as there is no other way of getting there to follow him I am going to enlist as well. I am determined to rid you of your Man of the Mountain. You shall soon hear from me again.—Your fond brother, "WILL."

She kissed the letter again before laying it aside.

The next epistle contained an enclosure, and both were written in pencil on rough camp paper. Ellen took the outer sheet and held it in her hand for some minutes before looking at it. She took it up twice and attempted to read it, and twice laid it down again.

"How foolish!" she said to herself suddenly. "How can his writing influence me, when I feel strong enough to meet him personally every day? Let us go through the whole history."

"Madam," she read on that paper, "the words on the enclosed scrap were dictated to me and to a friend last night by a wounded—a dying man. The dictation was interrupted

by an attack of the enemy, but on the following morning I saw the poor fellow lying dead upon the spot on which we had been compelled to leave him. An exchange of prisoners takes place to-day, and I have the honour to send you both this note and the enclosed by the favour of Captain Corcoran, of the 22nd Ohio, who has promised to post them to you on his arrival at Williamsburg.—I have the honour to be, Madam, your obedient servant, EDWARD GRANT PORTER, Lieutenant, 14th Louisiana Inf. Vols."

She held the paper between her fingertips stonily, vacantly, resting her head on her hand, and looking through the window at the moon-bathed sward outside. The black shadows of the surrounding trees seemed to her to shrink and to become figures to her fancy, live actors in scenes through which she had passed, or through which she pictured those she loved to have passed. Two glow-worms became a pair of burning eyes fixed upon her, searching her very thoughts; while the surrounding bushes assumed fantastic shapes, and every bough was peopled by fancied goblins. A phantasmagoria of things that had been and things that might have been, confused, continually assuming different shapes like a kaleidoscope in motion, passed before her dreaming eyes. She closed them from sheer fatigue, and gradually fell asleep.

Broad daylight streamed in through the diamond panes when Ellen woke, to find herself still dressed and sitting in her chair. The objects that first met her eyes were the letters and telegrams on the table.

"What an awful dream!" she said to herself; then, suddenly rising, she took up the papers, folded them, and tied them up in a neat parcel as before. "I wish these were no more than a dream," she said. "Would to God that these were no more than a dream!"

CHAPTER IV

Ellen was not the only person in Burney Bridge who sleeplessly passed the earlier portion of that night. There was at least one other whose mind was so preoccupied that Morpheus could exercise no soothing power over him. General Grant Porter and Tom Burton had been sitting up after the ladies had retired, smoking their cigars on the lawn. The Bohemian and the soldier had no sooner met than they liked each other. The General, since his arrival in Europe about ten days earlier, had moved among a set of people who had flattered him, lionised him, treated him very much like a person on exhibition, and the veteran, accustomed to the rough life of the camp and to the homely, manly, straightforward morality of his Southern home, breathed freely again when he found himself able to escape from the atmosphere of incense and adulation to the careless bonhomie, the kindly cynicism, and the genial good-fellowship of the old journalist, who seemed to care for nothing but the truth and to fear no person whomsoever.

"Then you mean to make a long stay in England, General?" asked Burton, lighting a new cigar while they were strolling towards the bank, beyond which the river rippled like a streak of green and silver.

"I intend to make England my home for a while," said the General. "I caught the ague in Virginia, and have been suffering from it off and on for the last four

years. The doctors have tried all sorts of medicines, from arsenic to quinine, and have failed to relieve me to any considerable extent. Now they have ordered me to Europe for at least three years, as the one possible chance of a cure."

"I'm afraid your impressions of England and Englishmen cannot be very favourable. I know what every new lion has to undergo, and your course through the menagerie of society has been so well recorded in print that I pity you."

"I don't quite see that," replied Porter. "I admit I have been surprised at many things, and even slightly pained once or twice, but, as a rule, I've had reason to appreciate the hospitality of your countrymen. I admire them."

They were standing on the bank at that moment, and Porter, with his foot, was pushing little stones into the river; their splashing into the water sounded like a sort of guttural laughter.

"I admire them," repeated Porter, in his barely perceptible musical Southern drawl. Then he pushed a few more stones into the river, tipping the ashes from his cigar at the same time.

The Bohemian looked at him with a dry smile.

"I say, General," he asked, "whom do you admire more, Englishmen or Englishwomen?"

If the light of the moon had been brighter, and if the General's complexion had not been so deeply bronzed, Burton might have seen a vivid blush rising to the soldier's temples. A man who had passed the major part of five years without so much as seeing a woman for months at a time, and who immediately after that had retired for nearly a year to the

refused lots of offers—I don't know why—good men among them too, and wealthy ones. Ah! General, you mustn't take her away. She's about the only girl in this sickly nambypainy set who combines a woman's tact and tenderness with a man's common-sense and courage."

The old Bohemian ended his phrase with the vigour he would have employed at a public speech, shaking his silvery mane for emphasis.

"You mean what you say, I know," said Porter. "I have been looking at Miss Somers, to tell you the truth. We soldiers are not so hardened by the sight of whole galaxies of beauties as you Londoners are. We are more impressionable. But I think it's about time we went to bed—at least, that I should go to bed. Suppose we walk back."

They strolled across the plantations and lawns to the house, where the servants were waiting to light them to their rooms. Porter had been assigned a habitat on the ground floor, where the French windows opened on to the upper terrace; a spacious but very comfortable apartment into which Lady Farranfore had crammed in luxurious disorder all her late husband's private knick-knacks and special articles of furniture, which, by the way, she designated as man-like and ugly. The room thereby acquired quite an air of bachelor-like disorderly order, and, if my Lady had tried her utmost to locate the old soldier in a place most suitable to his tastes, she could not have found a room in the house which he would have preferred to this.

After he had shaken hands with and said good-night to

Burton at the door of his chamber, Porter made vigorous preparations to retire to rest. He began to undress himself with soldier-like alacrity, but he had removed no more than his coat and waistcoat when he sat himself down in the leather arm-chair which had been the late Alderman's private and particular haven of repose from the storms of matrimony, and dreamily stared in front of him.

"She is a charming girl," he said, "he whispered to himself, "and I think she would make an excellent wife." And I am sure that man would say only what he really means, and he knows her well. If she is as good as she is lovely, she must be an angel. Let me see. What did she ask me about? Fair Oaks? Did anything particular happen at Fair Oaks? Not that I remember. She may have had a relative in the fight. I'll find out about it."

He arose and began to walk up and down the room, steadily looking towards the ground the while.

"It's no use," he said at last: "I can't sleep. I may as well

have a whiff." He opened the window, and, placing a chair on the terrace, sat down and lit a cigar. "Ellen Somers—Fair Oaks—Fair Oaks—Ellen Somers—I can't connect the two names at all, and yet they seem to belong to one another."

As he sat quietly in the broad moonlight, a picture of that night at Fair Oaks five years ago dawned upon his mind. He could see himself awaking his friend Baragia. The scene of the attempted succour and its failure, the hasty dictation of the note—all flashed upon his memory.

"By Jove!" he said, rising to his feet; "the address was somewhere in London; but Ellen Somers! I am sure that was not the name! What was it? Let me see. Some Scotch name, I think! Mac—Mac—Mac something. Most likely had nothing to do with her at all! If it had, she would not have waited a moment to ask me about it, I am sure. A thousand incidents of

lifelong importance to different people must have occurred that same night. But what was the name?" he said, half angry with himself at his own want of recollection. "Mac what?" He sat down again, trying hard to rouse his memory. The soft light, the thin, barely perceptible haze that rose from the river, and swathed the trees as in veils of some transparent Eastern fabric, the calm stillness of the night, created a fairy scene around him, with one pretty figure in pink as its attendant goddess. Look wherever he might, the bright soft eyes shone upon him and seemed to look at him tenderly, almost mournfully.

"I am an ass," he said to himself. "I meet a girl for the first time, and I fall in love with her. The thing is absurd. I'll think no more about it. To bed, Edward, and go to sleep. That's your best cure."

He went indoors and closed the window, and in less than two minutes he was snugly ensconced between the sheets of the gigantic four-poster. He closed his eyes stubbornly, and doggedly tried to sleep, but his thoughts were his relentless masters. That little figure in pink would dance up and down, approach coaxingly and withdraw playfully, teasing him, plugging him, laughing at him. He turned and tossed, and tossed and turned; he outorgated the softness of the bed, and the warmth of the covering, and finished by flinging both on the ground and lying on the mattress. But all his efforts were useless. Even the luxury of the hard bed could not coax slumber towards him. Wearied with his repeated endeavours, he rose again, dressed himself in his trousers and dressing-gown, and, seating himself in Sir Henry's armchair, he placed his elbows on his knees and rested his chin upon his hands. There was a big old-fashioned clock in the room, the metal face of which, lighted up by the rays of the moon, had a curious, weird, ugly, ghost-like, half-human aspect. But even that unearthly distorted countenance began to twinkle



He finished by flinging both on the ground.



PALMISTRY.

DRAWN BY C. T. GARLAND.



DAY DREAMS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

at him, and by-and-by a pretty smiling face grew around two bright eyes, and the long case of the clock became pink and shapely, and the monotonous tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick became musical, and said laughingly, "You shall, my dear; you shall, my dear," until at last, if he could have found his boots ready to his hand, he would have flung them at that charmingly infernal clock for very despair.

"Well!" he said resignedly, "if it has to be, I'll look at it till I wear it out or it wears me out."

The clock was the victor. When the servant, finding there was no response to his knock, entered the room in the morning, the General was sleeping soundly in his arm-chair. The noise of the man's movements, however, reached the trained ear of the old campaigner, and Porter, broad awake in a second, sat bolt upright, wondering where he was and how he got there. A moment later he recalled himself, and ordered his morning tub. But even while enjoying the luxury of the cold sponge and vigorous towelling his thoughts must still revert, as if by some magnetic attraction, to that little sympathetic pole in pink which had kept his nerves tingling through half the night.

"Bother it!" he said to himself. "She is very nice. She is even more than nice; but why should I go mad about her? There are plenty of other women in the world. I'll have a better look at the Misses Farranfore to-day. That younger one is not at all bad-looking, and has a good figure and a pleasant way."

He knew this to be vain and useless banter. He could not cheat himself into the belief that he could wrest Ellen's image from his mind by so slight an effort. For there she was again: if he had been a painter he could have drawn her portrait from memory, and never missed a point.

He was not aware of Mrs. Somers's condition, which necessitated Ellen's nightly presence at The Thatch, and therefore he was surprised and, he confessed to himself, just a little pained not to meet her at breakfast. Lady Farranfore and her daughters, together with Tom Burton, formed the breakfast-party. They were already seated, when Porter entered and took his place by the side of Miss Halsintrade. The searching sweep of his glance around the table and the trifling expression of vexation which his face showed when he found that Ellen was not there betrayed his secret to those by whom the publicity of his attentions to Miss Somers had been remarked the day before.

"No, she is not here, General," said Halsintrade, with a smile, while she handed him his tea. "We could not induce her to stay," and she finished her speech with a merry little laugh which had just the smallest tinge of satire in it.

"Who is not here?" queried Lady Farranfore from the other end of the table. "We are all here, my dear."

"The General was looking for Ellen, mother," replied the younger Miss Farranfore, and she tinkled her spoon against her cup, beating a sort of half-martial rataplan upon it.

Miss Halsintrade's spoon-music and short speech had a peculiar effect upon both Lady Farranfore and the soldier. Lady Farranfore opened her blue eyes wide. Although her original schooling had not been amid the most refined of society, she had cultivated a kind of good breeding not too late in life which, combined with her natural common-sense and tact, enabled her to pass muster among some of the best people. She therefore contented herself by saying nothing, but, like the parrot of the story, thought a good deal. For, if the truth must be told, Lady Farranfore was rather vexed that the General's possible matrimonial inclinations should have been thus early directed towards her daughters' friend. She was perfectly aware that her daughters were not likely to be left on her hands. To her mind they possessed all necessary qualities of station, beauty, wealth, education, temper, and she looked to see these charming wiles draw the male birds in flocks towards the matrimonial trap. But although the birds were plentiful, and by no means shy, the Misses Farranfore were disinclined as yet to entrap them. But here was a man who was super extra desirable as a son-in-law. Millionaires were rare, and heroes were scarcer still, and a man who was both the one and the other, and a social lion into the bargain, possessed to the motherly instinct of Lady Farranfore an attraction the power of which it would be difficult to overestimate. It is not to be suggested that Lady Farranfore, when she invited the General to pass three days at Thames View, harboured any designs upon his dollars for the benefit of either of her daughters; but the thought had entered the good lady's mind that the wealthy soldier, by being thrown into contact with Halsintrade and Jane, might perhaps take it into his head to admire one of them, she did not care which; but she was faintly disappointed to think that he had taken to neither.

Porter was also nettled by Miss Halsintrade's jocular remark. His characteristic courage extended naturally to his opinion and his choice, but he was annoyed to think that he wore his heart upon his sleeve, and he was a stranger to the pleasant pastime of society banter and repartee. He, therefore, simply looked at Miss Halsintrade with a half-wry smile, and said—

"Yes, Miss Farranfore, I was looking for Miss Somers."

Halsintrade was too true and too disinterested a friend to Ellen to be otherwise than pleased that the girl had made so splendid a conquest, and her sparkling eyes showed a playful sincerity which went straight to the soldier's heart, and proved to him that he had a sympathiser at his side.

"No, we will not plague you, General," said Halsintrade, "but life in the country would be dull indeed without a little joke now and then. You have forgiven me already, have you not?" And she looked at him smilingly, barely touched his hand with a dainty little finger, the result being that the soldier found the blood mantling to his cheeks, and took refuge from his confusion in a great gulp at his cup of tea. When he entered the room he had indulged in the hope that an occasion might present itself to obtain information about Ellen, either from herself or from her friends. But now this was out of question. To have inquired about anything concerning Miss Somers would certainly have provoked a smile, and he did not care to make himself the target of small wit, however good-natured. There was one matter in his mind, however, which he felt he would be able to settle without attracting attention. For the life of him he could not remember the name of the lady to whom the dying man at Fair Oaks had addressed his missive. One acquainted with the name he might, perhaps, discover, if she was a friend or a relation of Ellen's, or a person in whom she was interested, or a perfect stranger. And he could ask the question without any prevarication.

"Mr. Burton," he said, "I have been trying all night to remember a name which has utterly escaped my mind. You can help me."

"And how?" asked the journalist.

"The name is Scotch," said Porter. "It begins with Mac. Beyond the Mac my mind is a blank. Can you fill up the vacancy?"

"Their name is legion," exclaimed Burton.

"Give me a few," said Porter. And while listening to the reply he searched the faces round him with his eyes, hoping

that, as one name after another fell from the Bohemian's lips, he might find some mark of recognition.

"I can't remember them alphabetically," said Burton, "but here goes pell-mell. Macalpine, Macdonald, Macdonnell, Macrae, Macraith, Macbeth, Macintosh, Mactavish, Macleod, Macneil, Macadam, Macblaine, Macgregor—and how many more do you want?"

"It is none of these. I am certain it is none of these," replied Porter, rather disappointedly.

"I am sorry that I am not a walking Scotch directory, but I think I can help you to a way of assuaging your thirst for Scottish nomenclature. At the Golden Grapes they possess a 'London Post Office Directory.' The fact that it is rather aged will not prevent you from finding in it a host of Scottish names. By going through them you will most likely discover the one you are looking for."

"A very good suggestion," answered Porter. "I will follow it."

Breakfast over, and finding that nothing was arranged for before eleven o'clock, when they were to start for a trip on the river, he lit a cigar and strolled towards the Golden Grapes. Tom Burton pleaded that time and printers waited for no man, and Porter was rather glad than otherwise to undertake the expedition alone. He told himself over and over again that the simplest way to settle the question would be to ask Miss Somers herself. But then he told himself also that that was easier said than done. He was one of the handful who came back alive after Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he had passed four awful hours at the Bloody Corner, but he was sadly afraid that his courage would fail him when in the presence of that trim little Englishwoman in pink.

"The Directory is the best, after all," he decided. "I will consult that."

There was a small crowd about the Golden Grapes. The inn was famous for its home-brewed ale, and magnetically attracted thirsty souls for miles around. Porter was met by the landlord, and soon found himself seated on one of the benches, with a tankard of home-brewed and the dilapidated Directory in front of him.

"It ought to be good, Sir," insinuated Barlow, pointing to the big volume. "I've only been here eighteen months; but the book's been here ten years afore me, and they don't print no such books nowadays as they used to print in the olden times. Leastways I've heard the parson say so."

Porter smiled, but he had found a page in the "Court" portion of the directory where Macs were plentiful, and was following them with his finger. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Mackenzie?" he said to himself. "Yes; that was the name, I think. Now I come to reflect, I am sure of it."

He looked again at the book. There were at least twenty members of the clan Mackenzie whose names were there recorded, but none seemed to tally with that left upon his mind. The landlord, smiling and rubicund, was still standing in front of him, as if waiting for further orders. Porter hardly knew how to begin his task. He did not care to seem to be making inquiries about Miss Somers, yet inquiries he had to make. Least of all did he care to make such inquiries as would be likely to reach Miss Somers's ears. He knew that she lived at The Thatch, and, although he thought the subterfuge a little mean, he was glad to avail himself of its protection. The quaint old building, standing on a slight eminence with its park-like surroundings, was partly visible from where he sat.

"Fine old place that, out there," he said to the landlord.

"Yes, that's The Thatch, Sir," replied Barlow. "Mrs. Somers lives there, and Miss Nellie."

"Ah!" said Porter, acting his little part with anything but a good heart, and with some trepidation. "Miss Nellie? That is Miss Somers, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss Somers. That's Miss Nellie. And as nice a girl she be," added the innkeeper, with a grin that spread all over his huge face, "as you could find in this 'ere world to cure sore eyes."

"And Mrs. Somers is a relative?" asked Porter. "Not her mother, I presume?" He felt himself blushing again, for he knew all about Mrs. Somers's relationship to Ellen already.

"Mrs. Somers's her aunt, Sir, and a dear old lady she be, and a customer o' mine, Sir, into the bargain." The fact of Mrs. Somers being his customer evidently had great weight with Mr. Barlow.

"I suppose," continued Porter, "Mrs. Somers is Miss Somers's only relative?"

"I don't purtend to know much about that, Sir. I've only been here eighteen months. But there's an old man in the parlour as can tell you all about them. Here, grandfather!" he called. "Grandfather!" He ran up a little flight of steps into the house, and emerged again with Grandfather Bell at his heels.

Grandfather Bell was the walking genealogical and topographical encyclopædia of the neighbourhood. For the last fifty years he had been accustomed to be appealed to and to answer inquiries concerning the inhabitants of Burney Bridge and the surrounding country. It was always as good as a glass of ale to him, and the old man's doctrine that "a glass of ale don't do no man no harm no time" has been already cited.

"This is Grandfather Bell," said Mr. Barlow. "He's lived in these parts for nigh on a hundred year, and he knows everybody, and everybody knows him. He's been a soldier in his time at Waterloo and the Peninsula. This gentleman, grandfather," he continued, turning to Bell, "has been asking questions about Miss Nellie, and may be as you can answer him better'n I can."

The old man was leaning on his stick, and fastened a searching glance on Porter, which the latter did not at all seem to relish. The grandfather examined the stranger from head to foot, and after a moment's pause, the result of the investigation having presumably been satisfactory, he said, quietly—

"Maybe that may be true, Friend Barlow. And if I may make so bold for to express an opinion," he continued, addressing Porter, "I'm sure that you've seen a smoking musket in your time, Sir, and I'm not fur out in that, Sir, I'll be bound?"

"Perhaps you are right," replied Porter, with a smile.

The old man sat down on the opposite bench.

"And what might you wish to know about Miss Nellie, Sir?" he asked.

Porter was tired of subterfuges and flirting with the truth. Perhaps the fact that he had an old soldier before him roused his soldierly instinct, and he decided to cut the Gordian knot by asking his question plump and plain.

"I should like to know," he said, "if Miss Somers has a female relative somewhere in London of the name of Mackenzie?"

The old man's grey eyes fixed him for a moment, and for a moment only.

"Mackenzie?" he said, stroking his chin with one hand. "Mackenzie? No, not that I know of."

In spite of the momentary hesitation, Grandfather Bell's answer had been straightforward enough. It settled the question in Porter's mind.

"She has nothing whatever to do with it," he said to

himself. "And why should she?" He paid for the ale he had consumed, and for another tankard for the old man, and walked briskly back to Thames View.

It was Grandfather Bell's turn to be puzzled.

"Why should that gentleman ask about Mrs. Mackenzie?" he said to himself. "It's a good thing that you've still got a head on your shoulders, Simon Bell, or you might have blurted it all out. I wonder whether it wouldn't be just as well to let Miss Nellie know."

CHAPTER V.

Love at first sight is a quantum in natural history as well as in ethics. There is a philosophy of nature grand and rugged in that sixth sense which makes the male of a species love the female. Civilised man in this instance at one and the same time most nearly resembles the brute creation, and the highest ideals of poetic visionaries. And the more manly the civilised man, the more uncorrupted by contact with the conventionalities of society, the more easily will the first apparition of a being combining to his eyes all the best qualities of the opposite sex, upset the reasonings by which he may seek to protect himself.

General Grant Porter was in love. He quite honestly thought himself a fool, but he could no more have struggled out of love's dominion than he could have climbed to the moon. The fact was that he had met a young woman as natural and as lovable as he himself was as a man, and, as if by instinct, he was drawn towards her as his proper mate for life. Natural history was at least as much responsible for that as philosophy or poetic inclination. Porter dreaded lest Miss Somers should know the true state of his feelings, and yet he would have given the world had she known it without his having to confess it. But he had met her only yesterday. How could he even suggest to her the state of his mind without fear of being considered preposterous and of giving offence? He had already been not too politely laughed at. And yet he thought he had the right to love her. She was unmarried. He had heard of no aspirant to her hand. He was wealthy, occupied a good position, and bore an honoured name. And then he loved her and felt sure he could make her happy. He was not a vain man, but he had vanity enough for that.

He felt severely the want of a friend in whom he could confide. Colonel Baragia, his fellow at school and in the camp, was expected to arrive in London in a few days, but days looked like eternities to his eager mind. The habit of impetuosity acquired through years of command in the field was strong in him. He was accustomed to decide quickly, and to act upon his decision more quickly still. It would have seemed not out of reason to him to have been able to declare his love that noon and to marry Ellen before nightfall.

But he was bound to go the slow way of modern civilisation, and he had even to acknowledge its wisdom and its necessity. For the time being, he had to look at love very much as a connoisseur would regard a dainty cinquecento Venetian goblet. Ellen might be admired and idolised to his heart's content, but the greatest care had to be taken. A touch a trifle too rough, and the frail fabric of his hopes would be crushed beyond repair.

The arrangements for the day included a small party and a picnic on the river. The little launch was already moored at the bank by Thames View when Porter returned. Lady Farranfore had invited a few of her more intimate friends to meet the General on that day. It was to be quite a family party, she said, the family consisting of about a dozen ladies and as many gentlemen.

Porter hoped for a moment that Ellen might not be there, and, at the same time, was in a dreadful state of mind lest he should not see her. Both his hopes and his fears were, however, dispelled when she appeared on the terrace in company with Jane and Halsintrade. She was more radiant than ever. He had no doubt whatever about that. She was dressed with a simplicity which was a grace in itself. A plain gown of some soft white material, a pink sash—she evidently liked pink, and it suited her so well—and that saucy, bewitching straw hat, what prettier combination could poet or painter dream of? And he was to be near her the greatest part of the day. His finger-tips tingled with excitement. He had half a mind to go up to her before all these people and to say to her, "Miss Somers, will you be my wife?" But he had some saving grace of humorous imagination left. He could feel madly, and think absurdly, but he dared not act ridiculously, and therefore he must needs wait and bide his time.

The Thames Queen was a pleasant and convenient little craft, and the owner had taken great pains to make it specially comfortable for Lady Farranfore and her guests. The launch was spacious enough to accommodate the party without crowding; but Porter somehow or other signally failed in his endeavours by open change of position, by strategy or wile, to find a seat near Miss Somers. It was true that he had shaken hands with her, and the touch of the soft little fingers had sent a spark coursing through his veins. But to touch her hand once in the day was a poorish consolation for his wasted night and his daylight fever.

Ellen, for her part, was far too shrewd in her womanly instinct not to have noticed the marked attention Porter had paid to her the day before. She was modest enough in her appreciation of her own charms to put that to the account of the uncouth soldierly gallantry of the stalwart Confederate. It was a matter of course, also, that her friends Jane and Halsintrade in their private interview with her should not be reticent in good-natured jokes on the subject. Young ladies, even the best-hearted among them, look upon love affairs in embryo (saving their own) as huge jokes. The real matured article is serious enough, but the initial stages of Cupid's progress are full of the most delightfully laughable nonsense.

Ellen did not see fit to fancy that General Porter had any serious thoughts of love or matrimony; but at the same time she deemed it best, if possible, to prevent a tête-à-tête. She had to confess to herself that he was as noble-looking a specimen of adult manhood as she had seen, and, had she felt herself at liberty to love any man, such a man she would have dearly liked to love. While the launch was rippling its way between cyots and along glassy reaches she stole, twice or thrice, a glance towards the General, and on each occasion met his eye. He had evidently been looking at her all the while.

When the spot where the party were to picnic for luncheon was reached, Porter, by an heroic strategy worthy of his best days, managed to be at Ellen's side as she was about to step ashore, and assisted her in doing so. There was no help for it now: she had to be near him, and, after all, she was not displeased. She had hoped to obtain from the General a detailed description of those, to her, so memorable events at Fair Oaks, of which so brief an account had reached her. She had hungered for years to listen to a graphic account of the scene in which her earthly hopes were left for dead. For years she had acted the part of the bright by-care-unburdened girl. She had stifled her heart's anguish and had turned a laughing face to the world which looked so dark and hopeless to her. Now that one of the actors of that fateful night was so near to her, it looked easy to receive from his lips, without

showing emotion, a detailed description of the event. But strong woman proposes, and weak man disposes. Porter had chosen to pay her such marked attentions as left no doubt that they would be repeated. She was woman enough to feel that for such a man to love her was a glory. To have been allowed to love him in return would have been bliss to her. She was woman enough, in the loneliness of her heart, to yearn for both, and yet both had to be crushed ruthlessly, remorselessly. She had never hitherto known the moment when she could not have trusted herself, but with that man by her side she felt her courage of resolution, her belief in herself, fading. She was but a woman, after all. Would there never be a time when it would not be criminal in her to feel like the rest of her sex?

The spot for the picnic had been admirably chosen. It was an eyot cushioned with luxurious grass, fringed by a border of willows, reeds, and rushes, which shut off the view from the river, and shaded by the foliage of half a score huge elms and beeches, while quite a little forest of smaller trees extended over half of it. The noonday sun peeped but shyly through the foliage, and the verdure all round shone with refreshing coolness. On the river itself came half-dozen swans, two females and their young, craned their necks and splashed about in expectation of some choice morsels from the table. The bright light colours of the ladies' dresses, the

pleasant hum of gay voices, the merry laughter ringing now and then clear above all other sounds, the clink of the glasses, the clatter of knives and forks, the popping of champagne, the sunshine, the shadow, the warm and wandering wind—each and every of these sights and sounds helped the harmless jollity of the hour.

Ellen had forgotten all the thoughts which had weighed so heavily upon her during the trip on the river, and upon landing no observer could have dreamed that she had already tasted so deeply of the bitterness of life.

Porter was happy, and took no pains to disguise it. He was by her side, that was heaven enough for the time! He would have given the world, or as much of it as he possessed, for her to have asked him some favour. He heaped all the dainties he could gather in great piles before her, and, in his campaigner-like indifference to table-delicacy, he formed quite a pagoda of plates and dishes, in which lobster salad, whipped cream, chicken mayonnaise, and sponge-cake were in unconscious vicinity. If Ellen had possessed the joint appetite of three troopers after a hard day's ride, she would have been able to appease it. The means of quenching her thirst which he placed before her were characterised by a similar profusion. A double magnum of champagne was flanked by two or three bottles of other wine, and quite an assortment of

mineral waters; the old soldier being unconscious of the fact that Ellen drank nothing but milk during the whole of that meal.

Luncheon being over, somebody suggested—somebody always does that sort of thing—that the island was a delightful spot, and that it ought to be explored. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was put to a merry mockery of vote, adopted with enthusiasm, and acted upon. Lady Farranfore felt very much like the often-quoted duck who sees her adopted brood take to the water. Here were quite a party of unmarried and marriageable young ladies, and they all proposed to stray off into the wilderness of that eyot fastness in the dangerous company of as many mostly unmarried gentlemen. Her ladyship's guests, and her daughters with them, went off like a swarm of bees, leaving her in the company of Tom Burton—an arrangement not altogether unsatisfactory to the old lady, but not quite so pleasing to Burton. The latter had proposed to himself to enjoy an after-luncheon siesta, but was now condemned to entertain a lady whose appetite for general information and small talk was simply insatiable. There were certain uncharitably disposed persons, who hinted (in the most carefully disguised terms, to be sure) that the matronly bosom was not altogether impenetrable. These same malicious people



He bent over Ellen and took her hand, which she endeavoured to withdraw.

went even so far as to suggest that the laughing god had played mischievous pranks with the heart now two years widowed, and had set the idol of the silvery-maned journalist upon the shrine where the image of the late Alderman had been enthroned supreme. But, be that as it may, the fact was certain that such seed of love as my lady was disposed to sow fell upon most barren and stony soil in the desert waste of Burton's bachelor heart. He was unaware of the pretty scandal; and, had he been aware of it, he would have laughed at it with the rest.

Porter took an infinity of pains to prevent the possibility of being separated from Ellen. The skipping, romping, laughing, merry little crowd invaded the more solitary parts of the eyot, and soon was spread all over it in parties of twos and threes and fours. Ellen clung to the society of Halsintrade as to a sheet-anchor; but the little footpaths were barely passable for one person at a time, and they branched out into a perfect network in all directions. Often boughs of trees had to be held aside to permit a passage; still oftener, young willows and other small growth had to be held apart. The result of all this was that, while a perfect chorus of merry voices rang all over the eyot, generally but two persons at a time were within view of one another, and when Porter and Ellen reached the farther bank, and sat down on the soft grassy slope, there was not a soul within sight, although the neighbourhood was resonant with the music of innocent enjoyment.

Ellen felt that what she desired to avoid had actually happened. Porter's conduct all that morning had more than

confirmed the impression conveyed by him on the previous day. But now that curious phenomenon which makes the cynic laugh and the stoic smile repeated itself for her protection. If Love is often blind, it is still more often dumb. There is no worse conversationalist in this world than the average man who has suddenly fallen in love, and who finds himself alone with the woman of his choice.

Porter would have cursed Fate had it separated him from Ellen, but now that he had her by his side, now that he could revel in the undisturbed enjoyment of her society, he was wrath at his own stupidity, and would have wished himself miles away. Not a word could he find to say for himself. Even the banalities of ordinary compliment were denied to him. Ellen, after sitting in silence a moment or two, began to feel the discomfort of the position, and her woman's wit helped her out of it in an instant. She had in her purse the cuttings of the reports of the battles of Fair Oaks, which after unheard-of trouble and unwearied research she had been able to obtain. Anything relating to that fight had an easily explicable interest for her, and she now resorted to that sorrowfully interesting topic, to end the embarrassment in which she found that her companion was placed.

"You promised me yesterday, General," she said, "to give me some details of the battle of Fair Oaks."

"Fair Oaks! Oh! yes, Fair Oaks. I remember," he said. As if he had not been thinking about it through half the night and the morning! "Do you refer to any particular incident," he asked, "or to the fight itself?"

"Oh! I know all about the attack on Casey's Camp by

General Hill and General Longstreet, and the stubborn fight of Duryen's Zouaves, and all that part. You see these gave me some information on that subject." She produced from her purse a dozen well-thumbed slips of newspaper. "Here is the report of the *New York Times*," she said, "and this is from the *Tribune*, and this is from the *London Daily Telegraph*."

He took the cuttings from her mechanically, and as mechanically glanced over them. His mind was not on the lines at all. His eyes followed none of those vivid descriptions of the battle. He was trying hard to find some word, some excuse—anything which would enable him to convey to Ellen a hint, however feeble, of his passion. The moments were precious. In his immediate vicinity he could hear shouts of spontaneous laughter. He might not have such an opportunity again for days, for weeks, for months. It was now or never. He returned to her the strips of paper, and, looking at Ellen with eyes in which his very soul seemed to speak, said:—

"Miss Somers!"

She felt what was coming, and was determined that it should not be.

"But you have hardly looked at these," she said. "And I take a special interest in the battle of Fair Oaks, as I have told you." She beamed out in her brightest smile. "You were there, you know," she added, "and now you must imagine that I am the Muse of History ready to listen."

Her little gloved hand was placed on the grass by her side as she was half leaning on her elbow. He laid his upon it



CAUGHT.

DRAWN BY F. COX.



CASUAL RELIEF.

DRAWN BY C. T. GARLAND.

with the smallest perceptible pressure, and looked her straight in the face.

"Do you really wish to hear about Fair Oaks?" he asked, with a seriousness which was quite out of keeping with his usual demeanour.

"Of course I do," she said, laughingly. "Curiosity is woman's privilege, and now I appeal to you to satisfy mine."

Her tone was jocular, but never had she felt it so hard to act her part. It was hard to look into his eyes, to see their mute appeal for her sympathy and her love, and to answer their appeal with banter. She was not a flirt, though she could have trifled with most men, but to pretend not to understand the meaning of this one man seemed for a moment almost like a sacrilege. She felt her resolution to be failing, and could only call anger to her aid. Why should this man have such an influence over her? Her heart made answer: "He is better—he is nobler than the rest."

She was in Love's toils as deep as he, but he welcomed the net, and she was horribly afraid of it.

"I remember nothing specially interesting about Fair Oaks," said Porter, suddenly determining to fall back upon the one incident which had formed the subject of his inquiry that morning, "except one pathetic incident I had a part in."

Ellen's heart beat faster. Was he about to speak about it without being asked? Was he about to describe to her the last moments of the brother who sacrificed his life in the vain endeavour to render hers less mournful?

"It was during the night between the two battles," continued Porter, keeping his gaze fixed upon her, "and I was nearly worn out by fatigue. But I was not so tired as not to be kept awake by the awful groans of a wounded man who was lying at some distance from us."

He stopped suddenly.

"Are you ill, Miss Somers?" he asked.

Her face had gone white.

"Oh, no!" she replied with difficulty; "only the recital of wounds and death naturally affects me. And you said the man was groaning so much that he kept you awake." A shudder seemed to run through her frame. "Go on! Go on!" she said. "Tell me more!"

"I won't," replied Porter. "I really will not."

Ellen's frightened eyes were fastened upon him, and her blanched cheeks showed that she was seriously moved. He could scarcely fail to guess that there was some tie between her and the man who had sent that final message. What the tie might have been he would not ask. To inflict pain upon her was to cause himself to suffer.

"This talk hurts you," he said. "Let us speak of something else."

"No," she answered, with an enforced calmness. "Tell me this incident of Fair Oaks."

He thought it best to yield, but, fearful of exciting her anew, he spoke drily.

"Your desire shall be law to me, Miss Somers, although I would rather not have proceeded further with the subject. A friend of mine, then Lieutenant, now Colonel, Baragia, and myself endeavoured to succour the poor fellow, but he was so badly wounded that he would not let us touch him or help him. The only assistance he consented to accept from us"—he looked at her with a steadfast inquiry—"was to dictate to us a short note, which he desired us to forward to a Mrs. Mackenzie in London. A Mrs. Mackenzie!" he repeated.

The arrow had flown wide of the mark. She gave no sign, and meant to give no sign. He quickly noticed and acknowledged to himself his failure.

"And what became of the poor fellow?" she asked.

"That was very near the end," replied Porter, with a cold gravity of voice and face. "We had to leave him there—in the morning, it was all over." She was quite tranquil, sitting with downcast eyes. "You do not happen to know a Mrs. Mackenzie?" he asked tentatively.

"Oh, there are dozens," she replied, looking up at him with a pale smile. It cost a dreadful effort, but it served her turn. In face of it Porter could not continue to think that she was in any special way interested in the man he spoke of. He went back to his own purposes.

"Miss Somers, I may have no further opportunity. I have something of the most urgent importance to myself to say, and if you will permit me—"

She interrupted him with a definite sharpness of tone and manner.

"Now, now, General, we really must not wander from our subject."

He felt that his case was becoming desperate. He could hear Halsintrade's voice calling in the immediate neighbourhood, and some gentlemen of the party replying. He bent over Ellen, and, taking her hand, which she endeavoured to withdraw, he whispered:—

"I have no doubt you will think me impertinent, uncivilised—a savage. You will think it monstrous in a perfect stranger to dare to speak the words I am about to say to you now."

She had disengaged her hand, and had risen, and stood there with heaving bosom and drooping eyes.

"I beg of you—I pray of you," she breathed, "say no more!"

But he was not to be balked now.

"My bad manners have frightened you, no doubt," he said; "but I am sincere. I have known you only one day, but had I been your companion for half a century I could not love you more. Forgive the brusquerie of a soldier, who does not know how to express his feelings."

He had expressed them only too well—too well for his own peace of mind, and for hers. She turned towards him with open lips, and eyes clamouring for pity.

"Never speak of this again, I pray! If you do not wish to drive me away from where I am happy, forget it, and me."

"And why?" he asked, half in amazement and half in terror.

"Pity me!" she replied. "You say you love me. Pity me, then, but do not ask."

A laughing voice sounded behind them.

"I have caught you at last," cried Miss Halsintrade from the other side of the bush, "you two would-be hermits. But you know that isolation is forbidden here. Time's up, and we must be off."

The soldier stood there half-abashed, as if surprised in the midst of some meanness. But Ellen's face kindled into its brightest expression, as she replied with a laugh as gay as that of her friend—

"Your time-table shall be respected, my dear. The passengers are ready."

CHAPTER VI.

Grandfather Bell ruminated, Porter's inquiries mystified him.

"That man's an honest man," he said to himself, "and he don't look as if he would like to do anybody any harm. Leastwise to Miss Nellie, I should say. But what does he want to come and ask questions about her for? What's her got to do with her? What does he come fishing about here for?"

The landlord was standing by, rather amused to see the old man thus thoughtful.

"What did that 'ere gennelman want to know about Miss Nellie, grandfather?" he asked.

The veteran bristled up indignantly.

"Look here, Friend Barlow," he said, with a knowing wink and a grin and a chuckle, "let me tell you one thing. It's a good saying, it is, and an old 'un, and it certainly was so in the days when I was young, that if you asks no questions you'll be told no lies! You were there, you were! If you wanted to know, why didn't you open your ears? They're large enough!"

Grandfather Bell being a privileged person everywhere, his sally provoked only a smile.

"I didn't mean no offence, grandfather," said Barlow; "and I hopes as you've took none. You see, we all takes an interest in Miss Nellie—she's quite one o' the family, like—and hearing her spoke about I thought I'd just ask."

"Then you take my advice, Friend Barlow," interrupted Bell: "don't you put your finger in the pie, and it won't be burnt! Here! let's have another glass of ale; this 'un have made me thirsty!"

While the glass of home-brewed was being brought, a stranger, dressed and accoutred as an angler, came with a lurching step down the lane, and, arriving in front of the Golden Grapes, stood looking at the house for a moment as he leaned upon his rod-case. As if his inspection of the place satisfied him, he set down his fishing-basket and satchel, and seated himself on a bench opposite Bell. He had a look of being prematurely aged, though, even with that allowance, he would not have passed for more than thirty-five. He had sharp, weather-beaten features, and a shifty look, which now and then assumed an aspect of braggadocio. He looked as if he might once have been a gentleman. There was a certain air of breeding in his manner which contrasted curiously with the general appearance of unrest that seemed to be spread all over him, and the coarseness of his look seemed as if it were begotten of late habit. His upper lip was covered with a long fair moustache, which gave, as it so often does, a surface air of undeserved distinction. His dress presented no distinct indication of his position—a millionaire, or a clerk, out on a walking tour, might equally well have worn it. It was new, and decently well made.

Grandfather Bell, with his usual habit of summing up people on first appearance, took stock of the new-comer as he sat down. The old man's judgment was not so favourable as it had been in the case of Porter. He had an idea that he had seen the man's face before, and tried to remember where and under what circumstances. His memory, however, was uncertain, and he failed in his mental effort. But the impression remained in his mind nevertheless.

"If that man's never been in jail," he said to himself, "all I can say is that he looks as if he ought to ha' been."

The stranger appeared to be in a mood for conversation.

"Nice country, this," he ejaculated, with a curious smile and a nod.

Bell pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes; niceish sort of country," he replied, and looked up into the air, stroking his chin, as if he had to calculate the speed of the clouds.

"Good ale about here, I suppose?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; rather goodish," replied Bell, still with averted face, and continuing the movement of his fingers around his chin.

"Have a pint?" asked the fisherman, with a little snap of a chuckle in his voice.

Grandfather Bell began to find the stranger more interesting; he certainly was not mean. Half a tankard would not have been bad; but a pint! He had evidently misjudged the man. He must be a gentleman, although the grandfather had to confess that it was hard to believe so.

"Well, thank you, Sir," he said. "Since you ask me, I will, Sir. I don't see why not, Sir."

The ale was ordered, brought, and acknowledged by both the drinkers to be very good.

"Been living long in these parts?" asked the traveller, smacking his lips.

"Nigh on a hundred years, Sir," was the reply.

The stranger thought that the grandfather was having a lark with him.

"Must have come here very young," he suggested.

"Came here when I was born, Sir. No younger than that."

Bell had been accustomed to the general astonishment of folks who were told of his age, and he always took the implied doubt of his veracity good-humouredly.

"Well," continued the stranger, "if you've been living in these parts for a hundred years, you know most of the people about here, I should say?"

"I've seen lots of them born," replied the old man, "and grow up, and marry, and have children, and their children have children; and I've seen them die and be buried, and their children die, and their grandchildren die—and me still here, to tell of it all!"

There was a spice of sadness in the old man's tone, as if he half regretted having lived so long.

"Well, if you know the people," said the stranger, "perhaps you can tell me about a young lady who is living not far from here, as I fancy?"

"And what may be her name?" asked Bell.

"Miss Somers," the man replied.

Grandfather Bell stared hard at him. Had all the world opened an inquiry-office, and was Miss Nellie to be the object of its researches?

He was the one person in the district who knew Ellen's real history—he had happened to be in London on the morning of that fatal marriage. He had called at the house where Ellen lived, under the feeble protection of her dead mother's dearest friend, Mrs. Mackenzie, at the very moment when Ellen's brother arrived too late to stop the match. He had rocked both Ellen and her brother on his knee many and many a time when they were children. They were sure of his love, of his secrecy, of his discretion. His common-sense, the vast experience of his great age, warranted that his inferior position should be overlooked when no other counsellor was near. He saw, for a moment only, the man who had stolen Ellen's life's happiness; but his advice at that stern moment led to the arrangement which left Ellen a virgin bride.

The whole matter had been kept an absolute secret all these years, even from Mrs. Somers. It had seemed to be dead and buried, as it was intended that it should be. Then suddenly one man, whom Bell did not know, had made inquiries which led the old man to believe that he had some knowledge of the event. And here, now, there was a second man inquiring about Miss Somers—and where on earth had he seen that man's face? He hated himself for not being able to remember. He meant to be doubly on his guard. They would find him a hard nut to crack.

He placed his elbows on the table, and rested his chin on his two thumbs. Then he smacked his lips, and looked the stranger in the face.

"Yes," he said, with a drawl unusual to him; "Miss Somers! What about her?"

"She is living here?" asked the other.

"Yes, yes! She's living here." No harm could come from his acknowledgment of that fact.

"Where?" asked the stranger.

He was answered by a question in the grandfather's choicest privileged banter.

"And who may you be, Sir?"

The angler was taken a little aback, and began a stammering answer.

Bell did not at all like the stranger's confusion. There was something wrong about the fellow. He had expected to be answered by a smile, or a laugh; but the man opposite to him was, to all appearance, not at his ease.

"Yes; you!" continued the old man, a little spitefully. "When folks come to us asking questions about people we knows, we wants to know, first of all, who they be themselves. What may be your name, Sir?"

The traveller had recovered from Grandfather Bell's unexpected assault. He gave a little laugh.

"My name?" he said. "Oh! that can't matter! Call me Brown-Jones!"

"Well, Mr. Brown-Jones," said the grandfather, looking the other straight in the eye, and making him wince, "what do people call you when they know you? And when they want to find you, where do they call?"

The stranger bridled up a little, and sat straight.

"My good man," he said, "I did not come here to be catechised!"

"I should say not!" replied Bell.

The other seemed not to notice the satire conveyed.

"I asked you a civil question, my good man," he said.

The grandfather thought he had had enough of this.

"Look here, Sir," he interrupted; "you've stood me a pint?" He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out two coppers.

"Here's your tuppence! Now you and me is quits! And don't you 'good man' me no more! And if you wants to know anything about honest people about here, take my advice. I've seen that face of yours somewhere, though where to put it I don't know. But you borrow, beg, or steal a new one, and then people might perhaps answer your questions without their knowing who you are!"

The stranger muttered something about "insolent old fellow," took up his satchel and basket, and went down the road, scowling back at grandfather. The veteran sat on his bench, looking after him, perfectly happy.

"He didn't pump much out of Grandfather Bell," he said to himself. "Did he, Simon? And he hasn't took the tuppence!"

He looked at the coins for a moment. "It wouldn't be right," he said, "to take 'em back again after offering 'em to him. No; that would be mean. And you're never mean, Simon, are you? You never was, Simon; and it's too late to commence now, Simon. No; I mustn't take 'em back again!" He paused for a moment, considering, and decided to sacrifice himself on the altar of manly pride. "Here, Barlow!" he called. "That 'ere gentleman has left tuppence. I'll take a tankard of beer for that, if you please."

The grandfather's conscience was satisfied. He made up his mind then and there to find Miss Nellie, and to inform her of the inquiries that were being made about her. If there were no danger, he could do no harm; and if there were, she should be warned. So he quaffed the foaming tankard, and made a movement to rise to start on his errand. But alas for poor grandfather! His will was strong, but the ale had been stronger still. He had gone far beyond his usual quantum that morning, and, try as he might, he could not rise. His head was perfectly clear, but his legs were weak. He made several desperate efforts, but to all intents and purposes he was glued to the bench.

Now, intoxication was far from being one of Grandfather Bell's habits. An extra glass of beer now and then he did not mind; but he always used to say that he despised a man who did not know when he had enough, and, what is more, he really meant it. Now he had himself committed the offence which he so heartily condemned. He could plead the excitement of the moment, of course, and the good cause in which he had been working; but he felt that these were paltry excuses, unworthy of him. And here was Miss Nellie, perhaps, in danger, and it was his duty to come to her aid—and in what state was he to fulfil that duty?

"I'm ashamed of you, Simon," he said; "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You're intoxicated, Simon—positively intoxicated! At your age, you ought to know better than to be a warning to others! Come, rouse yourself! Get up! get up!"

But to get up was altogether beyond him, the poor old centenarian. The bench was placed against the signpost of the inn, and, propping himself against that, he crossed his arms, assumed his sternest mien, and prepared himself to face all comers.

But gradually his head began a nodding motion, like that of a porcelain mandarin. Grandfather's eyelids began to droop, and then closed. His head sank bit by bit upon his breast, and then, his whole body giving a small lurch forward, his crossed arms came to be stretched on the table, and his head fell upon them.

And Grandfather Bell slept peacefully in the noonday summer sunshine.

The shadows were lengthening already, the bright summer light had grown feebler, and there was a cool breeze stirring when Grandfather Bell awoke. He rubbed his eyes, with the air of a man who had slept soundly but not too well, and, stretching his arms one after the other above his head, indulged in a long yawn. Then he looked round him, half confusedly, half unconsciously, and fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for the little wooden pill-box in which he carried his snuff—a luxury but rarely and sparingly indulged in by him—he found it, with some difficulty, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of a vigorous sneeze. The pungent odour roused him to an appreciation of fact and time, but as to the manner of his falling asleep his mind was a blank. A tradesman of the neighbourhood, and a couple of villagers, who were sitting on a bench close by, were grinning at him good-humouredly, and greeted him with a hearty "Good-day to you, grandfather! Good-day to you!" as he saw them. There was a sort of vagueness about all this in the old man's mind which puzzled and irritated him, but he was not long in pulling his wits together and remembering. He compared calculations of time, and found that he must have been asleep at least three hours. His thoughts retraced themselves to the stranger and his inquiries, and, in thinking the matter over, he confessed to himself that he had not been as clever as he might have been. It would have been far better, he conceived now, if, instead of repelling the man's advances, he had tried to fathom his intents and purposes. But now there was nothing to be done, except to warn Ellen. He knew that, at that time of the day, he would most likely find her at Thames View, and thither he directed his steps. He had perfect freedom of entrance at Lady Farranore's house, and was treated there generally rather more like a spoiled child than like a man who had borne the burden of war and life so long. He was not a very fast walker, of course, and to-day his fatigues weighed heavily upon him. His sticks seemed to be weightier and clumsier than usual, and every now and again his old legs half failed him. He was not in the very best of tempers when he arrived at Thames View, and when the lodge-keeper met him with a

"Good-day to you, Grandfather Bell! Lady Farranfore's on the river!" he turned to her rather curtly with a—

"Thank you for nothing, Mrs. Foley! I didn't come to see Lady Farranfore!"

Having thus opened a safety-valve for his ill-humour, he found himself relieved, and walked in. The gardener, who was watering the lawn, met him with the same remark; but the grandfather by this time was in a better temper, and asked if Miss Nellie was in the house.

The man told him that she was on the river too. "And," added the man, "there's a gentleman been here just now, an angler by his looks, and he's been asking after Miss Nellie too. A rum sort o' chap. Wanted to know all sorts of things. He's now gone down to the Fisherman's Rest, on the chance o' their walking home part o' the way, and he seeing her there."

The old man regretted more than ever his haste in dealing with the stranger, and set out with a heavy heart.

The Fisherman's Rest was one of the quaintest and most picturesque of little hostelries by the river side. It was actually built on a little eyot, separated by an arm of the river not more than five or six yards wide of the shore, and surrounded by a forest of weeping willows, weeping ashes, and elms. The reeds and rushes were thick on the river all round it, and

water-lilies dotted the surface of the stream in profusion. The place boasted the cosiest nooks and arbours that ever promised seclusion to the traveller weary of the turmoil of the town. It was situated at a distance of about half a mile from Thames View, and it was altogether such a lovely spot, and the scenery between it and the village was so beautiful, that most of the picnic parties who had gone farther up the river landed there, and either drove or walked to Burney Bridge.

When the grandfather arrived at the Fisherman's Rest he found that the stranger had been there, had continued his inquiries, and had left. The potman, whom the old man subjected to an exhaustive cross-examination, could not tell him whether he had gone up or down the river, or was roaming about the neighbourhood. He learned, however, that the Thames Queen would land Lady Farranfore's party on their return journey at the inn, and, wearied in body and distressed in mind, he sat himself down and waited. There was nothing else to be done for the moment. He might have been there not much less than an hour, when the launch came in sight, and soon drew up at the Rest, with the usual little fuss and hubbub of a returning picnic party. The grandfather was immediately recognised, and surrounded by a little crowd, Lady Farranfore insisting on his coming to Thames

View with them. Ellen greeted him heartily, and with her usual warmth; but he noticed that she was pale, much paler than he had seen her for a long, long time. He also noticed that Porter was by her side, and never seemed to leave it. How to speak to her, how to say a word in her ear without being overheard, he did not know, and there was nothing for him to do but bide his time and wait for a chance. That chance did not present itself before the journey to Thames View was half over. The grandfather was lagging behind, walking fatiguedly with the aid of his sticks, and had refused the offer of assistance from some of the gentlemen, when Ellen flew to his side, with the words—

"No; you shall not walk by yourself, grandfather—you shall lean on me. There, now; I'll take no denial!"

She placed the old man's arm within her own, and drew him close to her.

"Come, now," she said; "it's much easier this way."

The old man was too glad of the opportunity of being able to breathe a word in Ellen's ear to make any objection. He glanced around quickly for a moment, and, seeing that nobody was within two or three paces of them, he said—

"I've got something to tell you, Miss Nellie."

"And what is that, grandfather?" she asked.



"And who may you be, Sir?" . . . The stranger bridled up a little, and sat straight. "My good man," he said, "I did not come here to be catechised!"

"That gentleman that's been walking with you," he replied—"that gentleman with the fair beard—has been to the Golden Grapes asking about Mrs. Mackenzie."

Just a little tremor of the arm and a little gulp in the throat, and then Ellen, remembering facts, smiled and said, to the grandfather's great astonishment—

"Well? Not unlikely. He would be the most likely man of all to make such an inquiry."

The old man, nonplussed, hardly knew how to proceed. Perhaps she knew all about the other man too, and all his tribulation had been gratuitous.

"And there's another man been making inquiries—about you, Miss Nellie," he said.

"Another man?" she asked.

"Yes," he said; "a stranger. And not a very nice man to meet, I should say. I fancy I've seen his face before somewhere, but where I can't guess."

"A stranger?" she asked. "And what was he like?"

"Well, I ain't good at describing anybody, Miss Nellie," he said, "but he had a rather sharp face and fair hair, and a fair moustache, and looked—"

She gripped his arm nervously, excitedly.

"Fair hair and moustache?" she asked in a quivering voice. "He might be about thirty-six years of age? About three inches taller than yourself?"

Her hold upon the old man's arm had become painful.

"Yes; that's him," said the grandfather, endeavouring to

release himself gently, and looking at her, hardly knowing what to say—"that's him! Why, you know him?"

They had arrived nearly in front of Thames View at that moment. On the opposite side a row of dog-rose bushes skirted the road, overhung by some huge oaks, which threw deep shadows around them.

The words had barely fallen from the grandfather's lips when he felt a shudder was running through Ellen's frame. She seemed to reel. He saw her looking fixedly, stonily, across the road, then she released him, threw up both arms into the air, and, with a wild sob, staggered for a moment, and fell upon her face, before the old man could make a movement to save her.

The whole crowd were around her in a moment, and Grandfather Bell, straining his eyes, saw, peering through the bushes on the other side, the face of the stranger whom he had met that morning at the Golden Grapes.

"Good God! I remember now!" said the old man to himself. "It's her husband!"

CHAPTER VII.

Ellen's cry of anguish brought the whole party to her side in a moment. Grandfather Bell was standing over her, with trembling, outstretched fingers and quivering frame. The old man gasped for breath, and ran his fingers through his hair helplessly. While a whole volley of questions was being showered upon him, to which the veteran could make no

answer, Porter stooped down and lifted the lax and drooping figure in his strong arms as he would have lifted a child, and, racing with her through the gate and across lawn and sward and flower-beds, heedless where he trod, he laid his beloved burden on a hammock chair on the upper terrace.

The brisk movement revived Ellen's faded consciousness. She opened her eyes slowly, to see herself surrounded by anxious questioning faces. What had happened? What had frightened her? Ellen looked at them with piteous, half-vacant eyes, and made no reply. Speech seemed to fail her. To all offers of help she replied simply by a slow, weary motion of the hand and a glance of appeal for quiet and seclusion. At length, rallied by the efforts of her friends, she recovered strength enough to be able to walk slowly to Halsintrade's room, the ladies following her.

In the meantime, Grandfather Bell was subjected to many and repeated attempts at cross-examination, but he either could not or would not give any information. Porter tried his gentlest powers of persuasion; but, although the old man seemed to appreciate the General's kindly interest in Ellen's cause, and to be convinced of his friendship for her, he was dumb about the event which produced that nervous crisis. To every question grandfather would simply reply that he knew no more about it than a babe unborn.

Thanks to the good offices of Lady Farranfore, Jane, and Halsintrade, Ellen soon recovered complete consciousness, but not her self-possession or her strength.

"I don't know what can have happened," said Lady Farranfore to the gentlemen waiting for tidings at the door, "but the poor child is very ill. I am going to send a message to her aunt, asking her to allow me to keep her here to-night."

Porter heard the news with a heavy heart. Ellen's unfathomable reply had pained and mystified him, and Halsintrade's interruption had prevented the possibility of his asking for an explanation. And now he felt—he could not explain to himself why, nor did he attempt to reason about it—that Ellen's pitiful answer, and the event which formed such an untoward close to an agreeable day, were somehow or other connected with one another. The same unfounded intuition told him, or seemed to tell him, that Grandfather Bell could explain both if he cared to do so. It was not curiosity, but his love, which prompted him in the suspicion that the old man was not dealing quite fairly by him, and, while he partly blamed the grandfather for his silence, he was just enough to acknowledge that if the old man were intentionally mute on the subject it could only be for Ellen's sake. This result of his self-communication appeased him, and his faith in Ellen and his devotion to her were already so strong that his opinion about Grandfather Bell changed most miraculously, and he loved the centenarian for his supposed devotion to Ellen. At the same time, there was a faint flicker of hope in his mind that he might unseat the old man's lips by proving to him that he too was Ellen's true friend.

To everybody's great surprise, barely more than half an hour had elapsed when Ellen reappeared on the upper terrace, with no more than a tinge of paleness softening her features. The recovery was proclaimed as marvellous as the original disturbance had been untoward. Ellen had been appealed to as to the cause of her fall, but said only that she had been overpowered by a sudden faintness. Further explanation she could not or would not give. She pleaded for indulgence for having disturbed the general enjoyment, and when tea was served she seemed almost wholly to have recovered.

Porter's eyes never left her. He had never known much of women, and never professed or hoped to understand them. But he was passionately in love, and his very impulse taught him a new faculty. He met her eye once or twice, and to him alone she seemed to change for a second—and a second only—from false gaiety to a look of anguish and appeal which went to his very heart.

Grandfather Bell was still there, at Lady Farranfore's special invitation, and had had his tea served to him on the lawn, where he was made much of by Lady Farranfore's female guests. Porter noticed the anxious looks which the old man now and then directed towards Ellen—looks of trouble and puzzled inquiry. Some time had elapsed before Porter was able to come near Ellen. At last he found himself standing behind her, bending over the chair in which she sat. Her arm was stretched across the top of a seat by her side, and he slightly touched her hand to warn her of his presence.

"Miss Somers," he whispered, looking down upon her as if his whole soul were in the glance, "I am sorry to see you suffer."

She looked up at him piteously.

"Thank you!" she barely breathed.

"Is there anything in the world I can do for you?" he asked. His eyes pleaded his cause, and she thought that truth, love, and devotion were all depicted there.

She smiled at him faintly for a moment, as if words were rising from her heart, and she choked their utterance in spite of herself. Her face changed, little by little, until it assumed an aspect of pain. Then her little hand slid from underneath his, and he could just perceive the faintest possible pressure of her dainty fingers as she disengaged them. She rose from her half-recumbent position, and, turning towards him, met his eyes with a strange look, that seemed to travel miles beyond him—vacant, and yet impressive; hysterical, half mad, yet tender and touching. Resolution seemed to dart through it, flash up, and vanish, leaving it at last cold and tearful. She looked him straight in the face, yet when she spoke she seemed to address some person far removed from her. She spoke in a voice so low that there was no doubt in his mind that she intended to commune with herself alone, yet he heard her words.

"If I only dared!" she was saying to herself.

He bent lower, unheeding of all around him.

"Trust me!" he breathed. "Ask me to die for you!"

Just a little touch of her hand upon his, a glance in which her whole heart seemed to speak to his, and she replied, in a voice scarcely audible—

"Yes; you shall know."

A second barely passed, and she turned, with a face beaming with smiles and with a merry laugh, to Halsintrade, who at that instant spoke behind them.

"Now, General," said Miss Halsintrade, "you know you are not a doctor. It is your mission to slay people, and not to cure them, and Miss Somers is still so weak."

"I am much better, my dear," interrupted Ellen. "I feel quite strong, and if the General will only give me the support of his arm I will walk round the lawn for a moment."

Porter hardly knew what to say or what to think, but it was plain to him that Ellen's commonplace invitation to be her escort was more portentous than it appeared. Was she about to unveil the mystery which shrouded her answer of the afternoon and the occurrence of the evening?

As she rose and leaned fatiguedly upon the arm which he offered her, he knew for the first time what a hard rôle Ellen was playing. She was ill, weak, her frame trembled, her limbs quivered, and yet her face was wreathed in smiles. To all the world but him, to whom she cared to reveal her secret, she was beaming and happy. His heart ached with sympathy for her sufferings. Would that he could have borne them in her place!

They walked slowly past the little groups of the guests, exchanging a greeting here and answering an inquiry there, until they reached the place where Grandfather Bell sat looking fixedly at Ellen. The old man had moved away from the crowd, and was seated on a garden bench at the farther end of the lawn, and Ellen, standing in front of him, with her back turned to the house, was secure from being overheard by all but Porter. Nobody, except her companion and the old man, witnessed the sudden change from gaiety to pain which passed over her features. Porter felt her hold upon his arm tightening convulsively.

"He has come back, grandfather," she moaned. "I saw his face."

Porter listened hungrily, but spake not a word.

"Yes; I saw him," replied the old man. "I saw him. And what are you going to do?"

The tears brimmed in her eyes in spite of her.

"What can I do?" she exclaimed, in a half-hoarse whisper. "What can I do?"

The anguish of that wail cut through Porter's heart like a knife. Who was this woman, one moment seemingly so happy and then so disastrously weighed down by grief? How came she thus? Of her innocence, of her purity, he felt certain. He would have championed her cause before any possible traducer in the world.

"Let me help you—let me help you, if that be possible!"

His appeal, though barely whispered, had such a ring of

sincerity that she shrank instinctively to the shelter of his strong protection.

"You shall know," she said, "and then you yourself shall decide if you can help me, and how. For how, at present, I cannot tell." And then, turning to the old man, she continued: "Grandfather, you know all—tell him all. And then, perhaps, my heart may not break!"

She turned and drew Porter away, and her face changed again as if by a miracle. Even the weight upon his arm Porter felt to be lighter. Just one look of half-tearful answer to the slight pressure by which he indicated his gratitude for her confidence. To him it was holy.

When Ellen returned to the crowd on the terrace Lady Farranfore expressed herself to her guests that Miss Somers was a perfect wonder.

"I have never seen her brighter or more charming," said the dear lady. And, to all appearances, she was right.

CHAPTER VIII.

Grandfather Bell's cottage was situated at an angle of the lane where Ellen had encountered him on the morning of the previous day. It was half hidden from view by a row of high dog-rose bushes, and smothered with a perfect curtain of traveller's joy. It owned but two chambers, one on the ground and one on the upper floor, and at the door of the lower room the grandfather was sitting in the moonlight in a big Bristol chair. It was the night following Lady Farranfore's picnic party. The old man was smoking a long churchwarden, when Porter came up, at a round swinging pace, and, thrusting aside the rickety little gate, stood in front of him.

"I've seen the scoundrel," he said, without waiting for the grandfather to address him. "He's staying at the Fisherman's Rest. He must have changed considerably since Miss Somers found him sufficiently attractive to choose him as the husband of a mad and hasty love-match. I have spoken to him. He confesses that his name is Walsh, and that he came here to see Miss Somers. That he will attempt to blackmail her I have no doubt. Well, as far as that goes, we must give the villain rope enough to hang himself with! But I'll take care that he does not annoy her, if I have to strangle him or drown him. He has promised to meet me here as soon as he can come. He seems to be a lazy sort of sweep, and walking with speed is evidently not in his line. Perhaps he sees no reason to hurry himself."

"I suppose nobody but us and Miss Nellie knows who he is, or what he wants?" inquired the grandfather.

"Nobody," replied Porter; "nobody but ourselves. It is to his interest to keep his mouth shut. There must be some particular reason for his turning up after staying away so long."

"H'm!" ejaculated the grandfather. "I should say most likely he's been in jail, and that he couldn't get out any sooner to annoy Miss Nellie. And now he has let his hair grow again, and his moustache, and he thinks Miss Nellie good for another thousand."

"We shall have to get rid of him, at whatever cost," replied Porter, "and I am in no mood to haggle with him. We'll get him out of the country first, and when I can find myself face to face with him in a place where he can't annoy her he shall release her somehow or other, or, by God! I'll kill him like a dog! Poor girl!" he continued. "To live with such a mill-stone round her neck! And yet people say there is no romance in real life!"

A man's head was seen at that moment peering stealthily across the hedge, and a second afterwards the little gate was swung aside, and there stood the stranger in the moonlight, puffing away at a huge cigar, with his hands behind his back and his chin thrown in the air.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, in a tone of reckless banter, "we are punctual. You seem to take an interest in my welfare!"

Porter looked at him savagely. He felt his anger rising, and his fingers itched to grip the man's throat. But he knew that nothing could be gained and everything might be lost by violence, or an attempt or threat of violence.

"It pleases you," he said sternly, "to be joocular about a matter in which you will find me in deadly earnest. You break your promise in coming here. Let me tell you what you have to expect if you break a new one made to me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the stranger, jauntily, leaning his back against the gatepost with a half-rollicking swagger, "we're getting on fast, very fast. But a man who wants to run a long distance generally keeps his wind for a spurt at the end! Perhaps you may warn me of what I may expect when you know what I do expect!"

Porter looked at him with an intense quiet, which the man noticed and feared. He began to move his legs uneasily, and looked down at his boots, while Porter's glance travelled over him from head to foot.

"And what do you expect?" said Porter, slowly.

"Don't know," replied the other, puffing at his cigar between the sentences. "At least, not as yet. Anyway, it depends."

"Depends upon what?" asked Porter. And he added, "If you don't mind, Sir, I do not wish that every passer-by should hear our conversation, nor do I wish to be seen by all the inhabitants in the act of talking to you. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to step inside here, and to moderate your voice?"

"Oh! I don't want to be offensive," said the other, sauntering in, and stretching himself on a bench underneath the hedge. "On the contrary, I should like things to go pleasantly."

"What did you mean," interrupted Porter, "by the expression, 'That depends'?"

"Well, you see," said the stranger, shrugging his shoulders, "that's exactly it. You came to me, I didn't come to you. Now, if I say I don't want anything from you, that may be gospel truth. But your coming to me proves that you want something from me. Now, what do you want from me? That's the point."

"I want you," said Porter, slowly and quietly, "to leave this place this night, and never come near Miss Somers again."

"Oh!" replied the other, with a laugh, "I don't want to annoy Miss Somers—I beg your pardon, let me give her her proper name: Mrs. Walsh. I have not the slightest intention of inflicting pain upon her. That would be unmanly, you know. But," he continued, pulling at his fair moustache with one hand, "there are wheels within wheels."

"In short," interrupted Porter fiercely, "you want money?"

"Well," answered the other, with a drawl, "money is always welcome. There are few of us who do not want money at some time or other. I confess that I would find it useful—very useful—just now. Any considerable amount of it, at any rate."

Porter placed himself in front of the man, and looked him in the face.

"How much money do you want, now, to leave this place to-night, without telling anybody who you are or why you came? How much money do you want after that to be paid to you quarterly during the rest of your life to go, and remain away, say, in China, Japan, Australia—anywhere you like—and to give no sign of your miserable existence to Miss Somers?"

The man's eyes fairly glistened.

"Make me an offer," he said. "I am ready to be bought."

Porter took his pocket-book from his breast-pocket, and drew from it five bank notes.

"My name is Edward Grant Porter," he said. "If you will inquire through any banker in London they will tell you that I am able to do what I am about to promise. Here are five hundred pounds. If you will call at Claridge's on the day after to-morrow I will give you five hundred more, and I will instruct my bankers to cause to be paid to you, in any place abroad where you may choose to hide yourself, each quarter the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, and to continue these payments so long, and so long only, as Miss Somers remains unaware of your existence. Is it a bargain?"

The stranger held out his hand.

"I'll take the flimsies, if you please," he said; "and I'll call at Claridge's the day after to-morrow. You see, I'm not at all difficult to please. Miss Somers—Mrs. Walsh, I beg your pardon—shall see my face no more."

He quietly examined the notes which Porter handed him one by one, and placed them within an inner waistcoat pocket, chewing and puffing at his cigar the while.

"My society is not wanted here, I see, and, since this matter has been so amicably settled, I will not further annoy you with my presence. Good evening, gentlemen!"

He pushed aside the little gate and swaggered out.

"Harry, my boy," he said to himself, "you're in luck's way—doubly in luck's way! I should never have dreamt that the fair Ellen's peace of mind was worth so much! Walsh is a good name," he added, chuckling to himself—"a very good name! A valuable name!"

Porter stood looking after him with a wild tumult rising in his heart.

"And that," he muttered fiercely, "stands between me and her! A thing like that bars my way to happiness!"

He glared after him for a moment or two, and then, suddenly remembering himself, he turned to the veteran with an outstretched hand.

"You are her friend—her true friend. Be mine as well. Promise me not to tell Miss Somers by what means I got rid of him."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Bell. "Perhaps it will be just as well as she sha'n't know. She's a sensitive girl, is Miss Nellie, and she mightn't care to let you do it. Fact is, I'm sure she wouldn't care to let you do it. You're right. I've been deaf and blind. But if she asks, what am I to tell her?"

"Tell her nothing. Leave me to tell her," replied Porter. His hand was still outstretched, and the old man gripped it heartily. Suddenly the tears welled in the grandfather's eyes, and, shaking the proffered hand nervously, he said, in a voice half broken with emotion—

"Thank you, for her sake! You're a man! There ain't many of 'em in this world! The race is dying out! I haven't long to live now! I wish I could see her happy afore I die!" He pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and blew his nose. "What an old fool I am," he said, "blubbering like this! You'd think I was a babby!"

Porter said nothing, but he shook the old man's hand again, and went out into the lane almost at a run. He turned his back to the village, and walked at a fast and furious pace towards The Thatch. He could see some of its many chimneys, towering above the surrounding trees at a distance of a quarter of a mile, black against the blue-grey sky.

The moonlight was dripping through the arch of foliage overhead like a ghostly silver rain. It dashed itself into a foam of pearly light against the fern- and moss-clad border of the road, and made the daisies twinkle like a myriad tiny stars. A minute or two more, and the high wall surrounding the grounds of The Thatch threw its dense shadow to join confusedly with the overhanging boughs of the trees, and made the lane a vault. Porter would have passed by a small postern in the wall, through which the softer light of the inner grounds barely penetrated, had he not been attracted by a woman's whispering voice.

"General! Mr. Porter!" He turned, and saw Ellen half crouching against the wall. "This way!" she whispered. "For Heaven's sake, tell me the worst! I can bear it no longer!"

He feared she was fainting, and, without further thought, tried to encircle her with a protecting arm. She shrank from him like a frightened bird, and, joining her hands, held them up as if in supplication.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she whispered again. "The moments are precious! What does he want?"

"He will want nothing more from you," he replied quietly.

"Nothing?" she asked, half in terror. "Nothing?"

"You will not see him again. He will go away to-night, and you will never see him again."

"Ah! you do not know him!" she exclaimed in anguish.

"He will come again and again and again to remind me of my misery! For five years the grave itself could have been no more silent than he, and to-day he returns to stretch me again upon the rack of an unforgettable past!"

"He will not come again," said Porter, with an intense quiet. "I promise you, you will not see him again. If it be God's will that I am to be forbidden to love you, in His mercy I am strong enough to protect you. You will never see his face again."

She looked into his eyes for a moment, and then, taking both his hands in hers, with an impetuous convulsive movement carried them to her lips and kissed them. Then she sprang away, and in a second more her figure flashed through the trees into the gloom beyond, and was gone. Porter stood there for a minute or two in silence. He who had never trembled before felt his limbs shake.

"Help me! help me, O my God!" he cried. "Save me from the crime of murder!"

He turned sharply into the road again, and walked back towards the river. Thames View was bright with lights and lanterns, and the woman who opened the gate for him met him with the information that a gentleman had come for him from London. "A dark gentleman," she added, "and the gardener has gone to the Golden Grapes for his portmanteau." Miss Halsintrade came down the lawn while the woman was still talking.

"We've all been wondering where you were, General," she said. "And we have a surprise for you. Not one of your ordinary Jack-in-the-boxes, but a real three-volume novel affair! You shall come, you shall see, and you shall wonder!"

"And in the meantime I'm wondering what I shall wonder about," said Porter. "Is the surprise a pleasant one?"

"I am the surprise, if you please, Ted," said a gentleman, who had advanced towards them.

Porter held out both his hands.

"What! You, Jack!" he exclaimed. "Why, you are forty-eight hours before your time! And in this place?"

"Better early than never!" replied the other, with a laugh.

"I hope you're not sorry?"

"Sorry, my boy?" cried Porter. "Sorry? And, Miss Farranfore, do you know my friend Colonel Baragia?"

"It's all my fault," interposed the Creole. "To start with, I came two days before I expected to be in London."

Then I called at your hotel, and heard you were down here. I didn't care to be miserable for forty-eight hours without seeing you, so I took the train to the nearest station. A friendly flyman helped me to accomplish the rest of the journey. I called here, and you were out. I thought the best thing I could do would be to wait till you returned."

"And we thought the best thing we could do," interrupted Miss Halsintrade, "would be to insist that the accommodation here was quite as good as at the Golden Grapes. So mamma has taken the liberty of sending for his luggage, and, since you two friends so long parted will have plenty to say to one another, the housekeeper has fitted up a bed for Colonel Baragia in your room, General."

"Your mother seems to have the knack of doing the right thing at the right time," said Porter, "and I am happy to benefit by it."

For Porter the meal that evening passed slowly, in spite of all its gaiety. The merrier the laughter, the more vivacious the conversation, the heavier he felt at heart. A mantle, chill and cold, seemed to be wrapped around him, and he shivered now and then as if with ague.

When at last he was alone in his own room with his old friend, and he felt that he could fling reserve to the winds, the pent-up rage in his heart found a sudden vent. He took up one of the glass bottles of his dressing-bag and sent it flying against one of the brass dogs of the fireplace. The phial shattered into a hundred pieces, and the metal top whizzed to the other side of the room.

"Why, good Heaven!" exclaimed Baragia in surprise, "what's the matter, Ted? What's up?"

"Forgive me, Jack," replied Porter; "but I had to do it. I had to break something, or I believe I should have gone mad!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Creole opened his large coal-black eyes wide, and looked at Porter with a smile. Then his expression changed, and he took his old comrade by the hand.

"Why, Ted," he exclaimed, "what on earth has happened? You are positively shaking!"

"I'll tell you what has happened," replied Porter. "When I say that I would stake my life, my honour, to get what I want, if it could be had, you at least will know that I am in earnest. I'm in love!"

"Well," said Baragia, coolly, "a man can be in love without smashing glass bottles. I myself have fallen in love quite a dozen times. I do it regularly every two or three months. Regularly every eighth week I find the only woman fit to be my wife!"

"You have never yet come across a woman whom you really love," replied Porter. "When you do, she will wrap herself as tightly round you, and bind you as firmly to herself as I am bound now. My passion is hopeless, mad, at least for years to come!"

Baragia looked at him quietly, and then said—

"You are in earnest, Ted. I won't joke any more. Come, cheer up, my lad! While there's life there's hope! And you are young, and brimful of life. If you love a girl in that way, my boy, she must be a good one, and I like her before I see her!"

"Thank you, Jack!" replied Porter.

"Do I know her?" asked the Creole.

"I only met her for the first time yesterday, and yet we both have had a sort of interest in her for years."

"How is that?" asked Baragia, incredulously.

"I will tell you," replied Porter. "I can trust you not to breathe a word to a living soul about it. You remember the night between Saturday and Sunday at Fair Oaks?"

"Do I?" exclaimed Baragia. "Don't I just! I was as tired as a dog, and as sleepy as any one of the Seven Maidens, and you would insist on making me get up to help a poor devil of a Yank who was dying in a ditch on the other side of the lines."

"Yes," said Porter; "that's it. Do you remember his dictating a letter?"

"Of course I do," answered the other. "Didn't I hunt all among the Yankee prisoners for that Ohio Captain who promised to post it?"

"That letter was addressed to a lady in London," said Porter. "The man who wrote it was the lady's brother. A hero, if ever there lived one! He resembled her in his lion courage. The lady, separated for a time from a relative whom she loved by that relative's unreasonable petulance, in the midst of a girlish petty misery came across a polished rascal who found an easy victim in her. In a mad moment she consented to marry him. Her brother, whom she informed of the event when it was nearly a *fait accompli*, discovered quickly that the man was a professional forger—a returned convict. He was too late to save her, but not too late to wrest her from the scoundrel as they left the very door of the church. All that the villain evidently wanted was money, and he had that. But he had not the honesty of a thief who, for a consideration, promises to return the property stolen. He pretended to

knick-knacks," said the Creole, after the man had retired. "You remember the dead Yank whose pockets we searched for the matches?"

"Yes," replied Porter. "You have the wallet in which he carried his greenbacks, and I have his ivory match-box somewhere about me."

Baragia leisurely opened the portmanteau, and, flinging about the necessities for the night in bachelor-like disorder, he found and held up a stained and worn russet-leather pocket-book.

"Here it is!" he said.

"And here's the match-box!" exclaimed Porter, producing it from a jacket which was hanging behind the door. "If a dead man's property could speak, what tales it would tell sometimes!"

"That chap was dead enough, and no mistake," said Baragia, opening the wallet, and holding it up in the light of a lamp. "I have never looked at this thing much. The

greenbacks went to our poor fellows who had been collared by the Yanks at Williamsburg. There was a goodish lot of them. He must have been pretty well off."

He turned the pocket-book over, and examined it carefully.

"I wonder who the fellow was," he continued. "There's no trace of a name or anything here. Hallo! what's this?" he exclaimed suddenly. "I never noticed this before." There, just at the rim of the leather band which was intended to hold the notes, originally written in ink, but faded and barely perceptible, he saw a few words. "This looks to me like a name and address," he said, "but I can hardly decipher it. 'H-e-r-b-e-r-t'—Herbert. It is written so small that it hurts my eyes. 'W-a-l'—"

Porter jumped up as if struck by lightning.

"Herbert Walsh, by the living God!" he exclaimed. "Anything else?"

"Yes," continued Baragia, with astonishment. "You know the name, then?"

"Go on! Go on! For Heaven's sake, go on!" gasped Porter.

The Creole strained his eyes. "Parthenon Club, St. James's," he read.

"The same man!" cried Porter. His eyes seemed to start out of his head. "Here!" he added, shaking all over—"I can't see! I'm going blind! I'm going mad, I believe! Look at this!"—throwing the ivory match-box on the table before Baragia. "There are some letters engraved on that! I forget what they are! I never thought it worth while to remember! What are they? For Heaven's sake, be quick! Speak quickly!"

Baragia looked at them.

"That's a monogram, consisting of an H and a W," he said.

Porter sank into a chair, and stared vacantly.

"Her husband!" he muttered.

"But that man has been dead all these years!" exclaimed Baragia.

"Dead!" cried Porter. "Of course! And yet she said that man she saw last night was her husband, and she fainted stone cold at seeing him!"

Baragia tapped him on the shoulder, with a smile. "My lad," he said, "there's some mystery in this, which we shall have to solve. But I would like to lay a wager that you are nearer your happiness than you dream of."

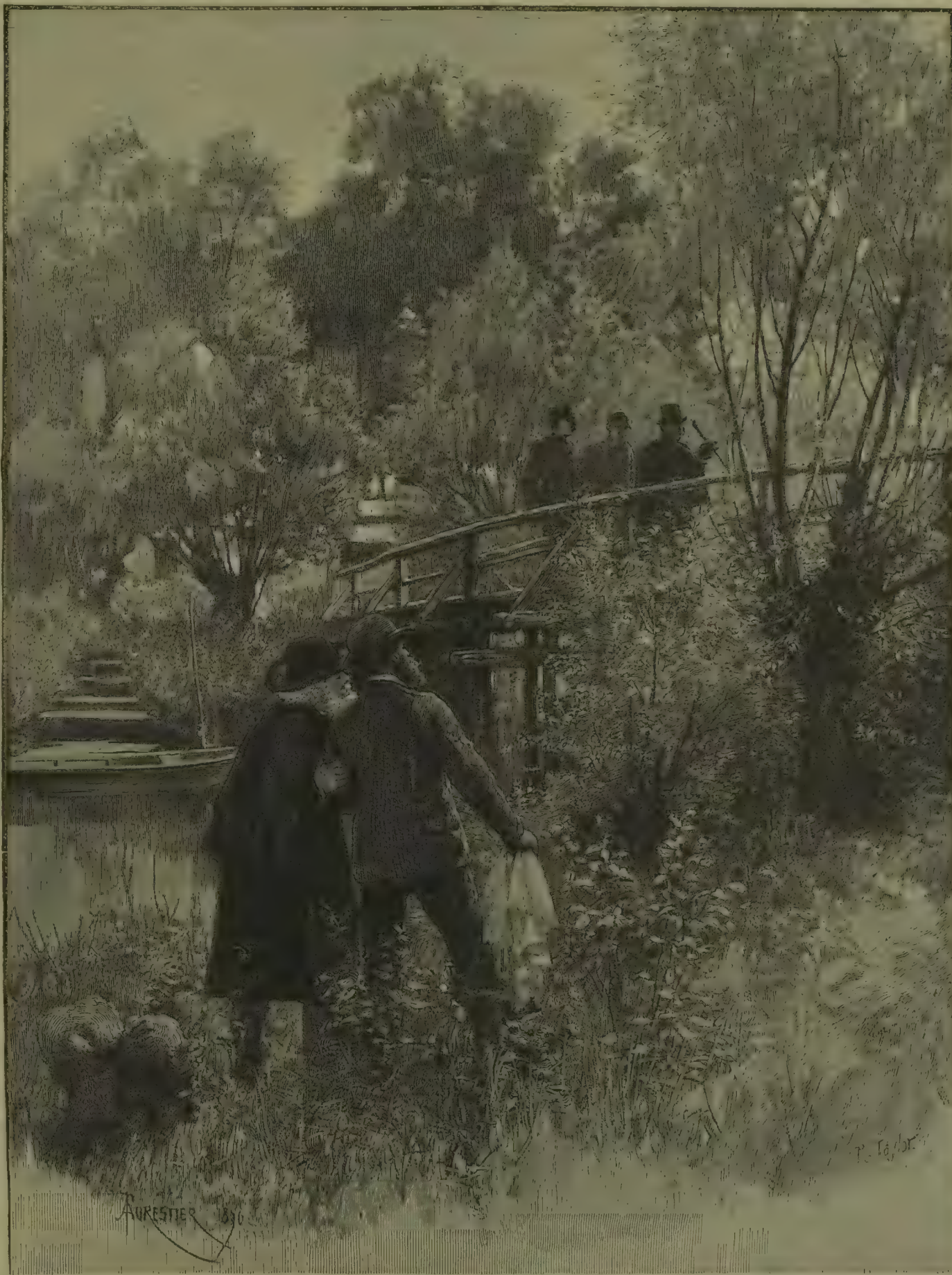
"He was dead beyond resurrection in this world," replied Porter, slowly. "And the proofs which we found upon his body would be accepted by any jury as evidence of his death."

"We are always apt to jump at conclusions favourable to ourselves; but to-morrow morning may solve the whole mystery," said Baragia.

"Pray to Heaven that it may! Pray, for your friend's sake, that it may!" said Porter.

And the two shook hands.

Seconds were weeks, minutes were months, and hours were centuries for Porter that night. He passed his time in concocting schemes to hurry the moment when he should be able to see Ellen. He was aware that she had promised to come to



He looked, and saw Mr. Harry Walsh marched across the bridge between two men.

consent to the commission of some act which should enable the lady to obtain a divorce; but instead of that he went to America, and there disappeared. The brother, determined to make the hound keep his bargain, followed him to the United States. He traced him to one of the regiments in the army of the Potomac, and, from his letter, he had evidently nearly succeeded in his purpose, when he was shot down at Fair Oaks, as you know. The letter he dictated was addressed to his sister, through the care of the lady with whom she lived. I met the poor girl yesterday, and loved her from the moment I saw her, without dreaming who she was—saint and martyr both. Nobody here guesses the tragedy of her history. To everybody's eyes she is a happy unmarried girl—and Jack, my boy, I love her!"

"Poor fellow!" said Baragia. "That scoundrel, I suppose," he added, "is still alive, and will remain alive and keep you two apart?"

"He turned up yesterday for the first time after all these years," answered Porter. "Ellen saw him, and fainted. But I think I know a way to get rid of him."

A knock at the door just then interrupted them, and a servant entered with Baragia's portmanteau.

"I have still got a memento of that night among my



This favourite Christmas game is played by chairs being placed in a row, turned each way alternately, in number one less than the players, who walk round the chairs to the accompaniment of music; but when the music stops, they all have to sit down quickly; and it is evident that one must be left

MUSICAL CHAIRS.

DRAWN BY LUCY DAVIS.

without a seat. He or she retires from the game, and another chair is withdrawn. The play is repeated until all the chairs but one are removed, and two last players remain to contend for the last seat; the one who gets it is the winner of the game.

Thames View at ten o'clock in the morning. But, ten o'clock! Ages seemed to loom up like gaunt barriers before that. Never morning dawned so slowly in his life. He rose uncounted times, and uncounted times looked at his watch, and uncounted times began to dress himself, and, seeing the uselessness of it, ended by lying down again. Baragia, waking for a moment as the golden dawn streamed past the shutters which Porter had opened, saw his friend sitting unclad, stonily, at the foot of his bed, with one bare leg dangling on the ground and the other rocked on his knee with both hands. He understood the situation at a glance, and, closing his eyes, went to sleep again.

Porter dressed himself, and suddenly discovered that he had a mission to cut flowers for the breakfast-table. In a short time he made havoc with a dozen or two of valuable rose-trees, cutting unripe buds by the dozen and tenderly nurtured wood by the half-yard. He pricked himself sore, but did not mind it for a moment. A gardener, seeing Lady Farranfore's favourite guest busily engaged in destroying, for a season at least, Lady Farranfore's favourite plants, suggested to him that the French marigolds, of which a million or so grew in wild borders all round the plantations, made excellent bouquets, and mixed very well with rose-buds, and Porter, finding them a much easier and more defenceless prey, piled armfuls of them on the garden seats here and there. Then he suddenly discovered that his slippers were soaking wet with the early morning dew, and leaving flowers and buds, marigolds and roses, without a further thought, he re-entered his room, followed by a sigh of relief from the gardener, who had moved about behind him at a respectfully observant distance.

Then he thought he would write a letter to Ellen, and sat down to do it. He began twenty times, and never got further than the first two words. He would not address her as "Miss Somers," and did not dare to address her as "Dear Ellen." Once he had got "My darling" on the paper. How beautiful that looked! How happy he was over it! But it went with the rest of the sheets, a ruin of paper tatters, into the waste-paper basket. Then the pen got clogged, and the paper was too rough, and the ink too thick, and he had never written such a beast of a hand in his life, and he packed up his travelling inkstand with a snap, and pen and penholder found rest in the fireplace. Baragia, sleeping, like the weasel of the story, with one eye open, saw him, but said nothing, until Porter began to walk up and down the room heavily, stamping as if he had still been shod in cavalry boots. Then the Creole protested against the interruption of his slumbers.

"I am sorry, my boy," said Porter; "but I cannot help it. I cannot sleep. I'll have a walk, and a jump into the river."

Walking at a vigorous pace, and swinging his bath-towels around him, he soon reached the Fisherman's Rest, where he intended to take a punt and have himself pulled out into the middle of the river, so as to enjoy a refreshing plunge in the solitude of the early morning. Not a soul was stirring, not a sign of life was visible, except at a couple of labourer's cottages, whose occupants were ready for their daily toil. Great was Porter's amazement, however, when, on reaching the quaint little bridge which led from the mainland to the Fisherman's Rest, he saw Tom Burton sitting on an old tree-stump half hidden by the willow bushes.

The Bohemian recognised him with a smile, and putting one finger to his lips, enjoining caution, beckoned to him with the other.

"If you want to have a lark," whispered the old journalist, "stay here for a minute or two. There will be fun."

"Fun?" asked Porter, quietly. "What kind of fun?" "It's always pleasant," replied Burton, "to be present when a real downright rascal is put under lock and key. I am at this moment fulfilling the noble duties of a journalist who lets no opportunity slip by to chronicle events of interest. At the same time, this is quite a little pleasure trip to me."

The Bohemian chuckled slyly, and rubbed his hands in evil anticipation of fine sport.

"And how is it that you are taking this trip so early in the morning?" asked Porter.

"Simply because I only heard of the affair last night, or, rather, early this morning. I had been up to town to deliver some important copy, and returned by the midnight train. My travelling companion happened to be my old friend Sergeant Burns, of Scotland-yard. You have perhaps heard of him? He is the man who solved the Winston mystery, and is supposed to know every noted rascal in Europe. When we reached the station down here I discovered that my friend was bound for the same direction as myself, and, in the course of the five-mile walk, he invited me to participate in the joke he was preparing for the particular benefit of one of the greatest villains of our time. Look here, through these bushes! You just can discern the door leading to the back of the inn. What do you see?"

"A man in some sort of uniform, smoking a pipe," replied Porter.

"And over there, at the other end of the bridge?" asked Burton, pointing in the opposite direction.

"Another man in uniform, smoking another pipe."

"And, in the meantime," continued the journalist, "if you could look inside the house, you would see my friend Sergeant Burns in amiable converse with a gentleman whom he is about to arrest, or have arrested, on a charge of uttering forged notes of the Bank of England. In a few minutes—in a few seconds, perhaps—you will enjoy the pleasure of seeing Mr. Harry Walsh marched off to jail."

"Harry Walsh!" cried Porter, excitedly.

"Yes," replied Burton. "What's the matter with you?"

Porter's face had gone pale under his bronze.

"Nothing!" he stammered. "I remember the name! I have had some reason to remember the name of Mr. Herbert Walsh!"

"It isn't Herbert Walsh," replied the Bohemian. "That was his brother, and they resembled each other like two peas. Herbert kicked the bucket four or five years ago, out in America, and naturally hasn't been able to do any mischief since. But—goodness gracious! are you ill? You are trembling!"

"Oh! it is nothing," answered Porter, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow. "I haven't been quite well lately, and I haven't slept all night. You say that Herbert Walsh is dead, and that the man they are going to lock up is Herbert Walsh's brother. Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite," replied the Bohemian, emphatically. "If it is of any interest to you I can get you the record from Scotland-yard. It appears that he was wanted for forgery. Burns had charge of the case, and for over a year lost clue of the rascal. Then Burns had occasion to go to America on other business, and, with his British bulldog tenacity and his bloodhound scent of a criminal, joined business to pleasure, and hunted up the trace of Mr. Herbert Walsh. After a long and weary search, he found that Master Herbert had formed the really, in itself, admirable idea of baffling pursuit and effacing trace of himself by enlisting in a Federal regiment which had been sent to the front. But if he was not born to be hanged, he did not escape being shot, and if you will take the trouble of calling with me at Scotland-yard you will have no difficulty in writing a true history of the career and lamentable end of Mr. Herbert Walsh."

"I can see it all," said Porter to himself. "Once her brother dead, the poor girl had no means of tracing his career of crime."

He looked, and saw Mr. Harry Walsh marched across the bridge between two men.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long, Mr. Burton," said the Sergeant. "Our friend Mr. Walsh and I had to have a short conversation."

Porter stepped forward.

"Will you allow me to ask your prisoner a question, Sergeant?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the officer. "Only Mr. Walsh knows that anything he may say may be used in evidence against him."

The captive looked up sulkily.

"Mr. Walsh," said Porter, quietly, "I have no ill-feeling against you, and you ought to have none against me, considering that you are much richer to-day than you were yesterday. I do not ask you to return what you have had from me. But will you do one act of reparation? Will you tell me whether you are Mr. Harry Walsh or Mr. Herbert Walsh?"

"My name is Harry Walsh," replied the man. "You said I was Herbert Walsh—I never said so. And it didn't suit my purpose to contradict you."

"And your brother, Mr. Herbert Walsh, is dead?" asked Porter.

"Yes; I believe so," replied the man. "I never said he was."

"Thank you. That will do," rejoined Porter, quietly. And the officer and his prisoner moved away.

Burton did not know what to say or to think, when Porter, gripping him by both hands, shook them violently, exclaiming—"My dear fellow, you have done me the biggest service of my life!"

The journalist tried vainly to disengage himself from the iron grasp, and, when at last he was able to regain possession of his half-crushed fingers, he said—

"I am very glad to do anybody a service. But what have I done for you?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Porter, "you shall know it soon. In a week all the world may know it. I am as happy as a child! Now I am going to have a bath and a big breakfast. Come along! Join me!"

The Bohemian, with his good-natured carelessness of events, made no further inquiry, and two or three minutes afterwards they were both in the refreshing arms of Father Thames. One might have thought that Porter was a schoolboy let loose after a week's incarceration. When they returned to the inn, though Burton protested that breakfast would be served in less than an hour at Thames View, Porter made him sit down to a homely meal, consisting of a vast steak, a colossal pot of tea, and a pile of bread and butter. Burton heartily enjoyed the spectacle of the grand appetite his companion displayed.

The meal over, Porter paid for it so liberally, and fee'd the waiting-maid so well, that both the innkeeper and the girl opened their eyes wide.

When Porter found himself again in his own room at Thames View, he sat down to write a note to Ellen, and this time he addressed her as "My darling" without hesitation, and finished by calling himself "Your own." It was a short note, and told briefly, in the simple language of the heart, the story of his and her great joy. He kissed it again and again, and, encasing it in an envelope, confided the missive to the gardener, with instructions to deliver it into Miss Somers's own hands. A golden coin ensured the man's absolute discretion and goodwill.

Shortly afterwards, Ellen appeared. She was pale, but there was a smile of happiness and relief upon her face. Porter found immediate occasion to be near her. He guided her to one of the windows which opened on the lawn, where the glorious view of garden, forest, field, and river, bathed in summer morning sunshine, extended before their eyes.

"You have received my note?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, and looked at him as if her whole soul were alive with gratitude.

Her hand was hanging by her side. He took it in his own, and bent over her.

"And may I ask now the question to which you could not listen yesterday?" he inquired.

She drooped her eyes, and gently pressed his hand.

He was answered, and was happy.

THE END.

MRS. HAUKSBEE SITS OUT.—AN UNHISTORICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

PERSONS CHIEFLY INTERESTED.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

CHARLES HILTON HAWLEY (Lieutenant at large).

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. SCHIFFSHAW (not so much at large).

MAJOR DECKER (a persuasive Irishman).

PEROO (an Aryan butler).

MRS. HAUKSBEE (a Lady with a will of her own).

MRS. SCHIFFSHAW (a Lady who believes she has a will of her own).

MAY HOLT (niece of the above).

ASSUNTA (an Aryan lady's-maid).

AIDES-DE-CAMP, DANCERS, HORSES, AND DEVILS AS REQUIRED.

SCENE: The Imperial city of Simla on a pine-clad mountain seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Grey roofs of houses peering through green; white clouds going to bed in the valley below; purple clouds of sunset sitting on the peaks above. Smell of wood smoke and pine cones. A curtained verandah-room in Mrs. Hauksbee's house, overlooking Simla, shows Mrs. HAUKSBEE, in black cachemire tea-gown opening over cream front, seated in a red-cushioned chair, her foot on a Khokand rug, Russian china tea-things on red-lacquered table beneath red-shaded lamps. On a cushion at her feet, Miss HOLT—grey riding-habit, soft grey-felt terai hat, blue and gold puggree, buff gauntlets in lap, and glimpse of spurred riding-boot. They have been talking as the twilight gathers. Mrs. HAUKSBEE crosses over to piano in a natural pause of the conversation, and begins to play.

MAY (without changing her position). Yes. That's nice. Play something.

Mrs. H. What?

MAY. Oh! anything. Only I don't want to hear about sighing over tombs, and saying Nevermore.

Mrs. H. Have you ever known me do that? May, you're in one of your little tempers this afternoon.

MAY. So would a Saint be. I've told you why. Horrid old thing!—isn't she?

Mrs. H. (without prelude)—

Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in the hush of an Eastern spring. She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the gleam of the Angel's wing—

MAY (impetuously). And now you're laughing at me!

Mrs. H. (shaking her head, continues the song for a verse; then crescendo)—

And because she was so beautiful, and because she could not see How fair were the pure white cyclamens crushed dying at her knee.

(That's the society of your aunt, my dear.)

He plucked a rose from the Eden Tree where the four great rivers met.

MAY. Yes. I know you're laughing at me. Now somebody's going to die, of course. They always do.

Mrs. H. No. Wait and see what is going to happen. (The puckers pass out of MAY's face as she listens)—

And though for many a cycle past that Rose in the dust hath lain With her who bore it upon her breast when she passed from grief and pain, (Retard)—

There was never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of her years be done, Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose, but once beneath the sun! Though the years may bring her joy or pain, fame, sorrow, or sacrifice, The hour that brought her the scent of the Rose she lived it in Paradise! (Concludes with arpeggio chords.)

MAY (shuddering). Ah! don't. How good that is! What is it?

Mrs. H. Something called "The Eden Rose." An old song to a new setting.

MAY. Play it again!

Mrs. H. (I thought it would tell.) No, dear. (Returning to her place by the tea-things.) And so that amiable aunt of yours won't let you go to the dance?

MAY. She says dancing's wicked and sinful; and it's only a Volunteer ball, after all.

Mrs. H. Then why are you so anxious to go?

MAY. Because she says I mustn't! Isn't that sufficient reason?

And because—

Mrs. H. Ah, it's that "because" I want to hear about, dear.

MAY. Because I choose. Mrs. Hauksbee—dear Mrs. Hauksbee—you will help me, won't you?

Mrs. H. (slowly). Ye-es. Because I choose. Well?

MAY. In the first place, you'll take me under your wing, won't you? And, in the second, you'll keep me there, won't you?

Mrs. H. That will depend a great deal on the Hawley boy's pleasure, won't it?

MAY (flushing). Char— Mr. Hawley has nothing whatever to do with it.

Mrs. H. Of course not. But what will your aunt say?

MAY. She will be angry with me, but not with you. She is pious—oh! so pious!—and she would give anything to be put on that lady's committee for—what is it?—giving pretty dresses to half-caste girls. Lady Bieldar is the secretary, and she won't speak to Aunt on the Mall. You're Lady Bieldar's friend. Aunt daren't quarrel with you, and, besides, if I come here after dinner to-night, how are you to know that everything isn't correct?

Mrs. H. On your own pretty head be the talking to! I'm willing to chaperon to an unlimited extent.

MAY. Bless you! and I'll love you always for it!

Mrs. H. There, again, the Hawley boy might have something to say. You've been a well-conducted little maiden so far, May. Whence this sudden passion for Volunteer balls?

(Turning down lamp and lowering voice as she takes the girl's hand.) Won't you tell me? I'm not very young, but I'm not a grim griffin, and I think I'd understand, dear.

MAY (after a pause, and swiftly). His leave is nearly ended. He goes down to the plains to his regiment the day after to-morrow, and—

Mrs. H. Has he said anything?

MAY. I don't know. I don't think so. Don't laugh at me, please! But I believe it would nearly break my heart if he didn't.

Mrs. H. (smiling to herself). Poor child! And how long has this been going on?

MAY. Ever so long! Since the beginning of the world—or the beginning of the season. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to help it. And last time we met I was just as rude as I could be—and he thought I meant it.

Mrs. H. How strange! Seeing that he is a man, too—(half aloud)—and probably with experiences of his own!

MAY (dropping Mrs. H.'s hand). I don't believe that, and—I won't. He couldn't!

Mrs. H. No, dear. Of course he hasn't had experiences. Why should he? I was only teasing! But when do I pick you up to-night, and how?

MAY. Aunt's dining out somewhere—with goody-goody people. I dine alone with Uncle John—and he sleeps after dinner. I shall dress then. I simply daren't order my 'rickshaw. The trampling of four coolies in the verandah would wake the dead. I shall have Dandy brought round quietly, and slip away.

Mrs. H. But won't riding crumple your frock horribly?

MAY (rising). Not in the least, if you know how. I've ridden ten miles to a dance, and come in as fresh as though I had just left my brougham. A plain head hunting-saddle—swing up carefully—throw a waterproof over the skirt and an old shawl over the body, and there you are! Nobody notices in the dark, and Dandy knows when he feels a high heel that he must behave.

Mrs. H. And what are you wearing?

MAY. My very, very bestest—slate body, smoke-coloured tulle skirt, and the loveliest steel-worked little shoes that ever were. Mother sent them. She doesn't know Aunt's news. That, and awfully pretty yellow roses—teeny-weeny ones. And you'll wait for me here, won't you—you angel!—at half past nine? (Shortens habit and whirls Mrs. H. down the verandah. Winds up with a kiss.) There!

Mrs. H. (holding her at arm's-length and looking into her eyes). And the next one will be given to—

MAY (blushing furiously). Uncle John—when I get home.

Mrs. H. Hypocrite! Go along, and be happy! (As MAY mounts her horse in the garden.) At half past nine, then? And



The puckers pass out of May's face as she listens.

can you curl your own wig? But I shall be here to put the last touches to you.

Mrs. H. (in the verandah alone, as the stars come out). Poor child! Dear child! And Charley Hawley, too! God gi'e us a good conceit of ourselves; but I think they are made for each other! I wonder whether that Eurasian dress-reform committee is susceptible of improvement? I wonder whether—O youth, youth!

(Enter Peroo, the butler, with a note on a tray.)

Mrs. H. (reading). "Help! help! help! The decorations are vile—the Volunteers are fighting over them. The roses are just beginning to come in. Mrs. Mallowe has a headache. I am on a step-ladder and the verge of tears! Come and restore order, if you have any regard for me! Bring things and dress; and dine with us.—Constance." How vexatious! But I must go, I suppose. I hate dressing in other people's rooms—and Lady Bieldar takes all the chairs. But I'll tell Assunta to wait for May. (Passes into house, gives orders, and departs. The clock-hands in the dining-room mark half past seven.)

Enter Assunta, the lady's-maid, to PEROO squatting on the hearthrug.

ASSUNTA. Peroo, there is an order that I am to remain on hand till the arrival of a young lady. (Squats at his side.)

PEROO. Hah!

ASSUNTA. I do not desire to wait so long. I wish to go to my house.

PEROO. Hah!

ASSUNTA. My house is in the bazaar. There is an urgency that I should go there.

PEROO. To meet a lover?

ASSUNTA. No—black beast! To tend my children, who be honest born. Canst thou say that of thine?

PEROO (without emotion). That is a lie, and thou art a woman of notoriously immoral carriage.

ASSUNTA. For this, my husband, who is a man, shall break thy lizard's back with a bamboo.

PEROO. For that, I, who am much honoured and trusted in this house, can, by a single word, secure his dismissal, and, owing to my influence among the servants of this town, can raise the bad name against ye both. Then ye will starve for lack of employ.

ASSUNTA (fawning). That is true. Thy honour is as great as thy influence, and thou art an esteemed man. Moreover, thou art beautiful; especially as to thy moustachios.

PEROO. So other women, and of higher caste than thou, sweeper's wife, have told me.

ASSUNTA. The moustachios of a fighting-man—of a very swashbuckler! Ah! Peroo, how many hearts hast thou broken with thy fine coat and those so huge moustachios?

PEROO (twirling moustache). One or two—two or three. It is a matter of common talk in the bazaars. I speak not of the matter myself. (Hands her betel-nut and lime wrapped in the leaf. They chew in silence.)

ASSUNTA. Peroo!

PEROO. Hah!

ASSUNTA. I greatly desire to go away, and not to wait.

PEROO. Go, then!

ASSUNTA. But what wilt thou say to the mistress?

PEROO. That thou hast gone.

ASSUNTA. Nay, but thou must say that one came crying with news that my littlest babe was smitten with fever, and that I fled weeping. Else it were not wise to go.

PEROO. Be it so! But I shall need a little tobacco

to solace me while I wait for the return of the mistress alone.

ASSUNTA. It shall come; and it shall be of the best. (A snake is a snake, and a bearer is a thieving ape till he dies!) I go. It was the fever of the child—the littlest babe of all—remember. (And now, if my lover finds I am late, he will beat me, judging that I have been unfaithful.) [Exit.]

(At half past nine enter tumultuously MAY, a heavy shawl over her shoulders, skirt of smoke-coloured tulle showing beneath.)

MAY. Mrs. Hawksbee! Oh! she isn't here. And I dared



"The moustachios of a fighting-man—of a very swashbuckler!"

not get Aunt's ayah to help. She would have told Uncle John—and I can't lace it myself. (PEROO hands note, MAY reads.) "So sorry. Dragged off to put the last touches to the draperies. Assunta will look after you." Sorry! You may well be sorry, wicked woman! Draperies, indeed! You never thought of mine, and—all up the back, too. (To PEROO.) Where's Assunta?

PEROO (bowing to the earth). By your honoured favour, there came a man but a short time ago crying that the Ayah's baby



The Devil of Chance, in the similitude of a grey ape, runs out on the branch of an overhanging tree.

was smitten with fever, and she fled, weeping, to tend it. Her house is a mile hence. Is there any order?

MAY. How desperately annoying! (Looking into fire, her eyes softening.) Her baby! (With a little shiver, passing right hand before eyes.) Poor woman! (A pause.) But what am I to do? I can't even creep into the cloak-room as I am, and trust to someone to put me to rights; and the shawl's a horrid old plaid! Who invented dresses to lace up the back? It must have been a man! I'd like to put him into one! What am I to do? Perhaps the Colley-Haughton girls haven't left yet. They're sure to be dining at home. I might run up to their rooms and wait till they came. Eva wouldn't tell, I know. (Remounts Dandy, and rides up the hill to house immediately above, enters glazed hall cautiously, and calls up staircase in an agonised whisper, huddling her shawl about her.) Jenny! Eva! Eva! Jenny! They're out too, and, of course, their ayah's gone!

SIR HENRY COLLEY-HAUGHTON (opening door of dining-room, where he has been finishing an after-dinner cigar, and stepping into hall). I thought I heard a—Miss Holt! I didn't know you were going with my girls. They've just left.

MAY (confusedly). I wasn't. I didn't—that is, it was partly my fault. (With desperate earnestness.) Is Lady Haughton in?

SIR HENRY. She's with the girls. Is there anything that I can do? I'm going to the dance in a minute. Perhaps I might ride with you!

MAY. Not for worlds! Not for anything! It was a mistake. I hope the girls are quite well.

SIR HENRY (with bland wonder). Perfectly, thanks. (Moves through hall towards horse.)

MAY (mounting in haste). No! Please don't hold my stirrup! I can manage perfectly, thanks! (Canters out of the garden to side-road shadowed by pines. Sees beneath her the lights of Simla town in orderly constellations, and on a bare ridge the illuminated bulk of the Simla Townhall shining like a cut-paper transparency. The main road is firefly-lighted with the moving 'rickshaw lamps all climbing towards the Townhall. The wind brings up a few bars of a waltz. A monkey in the darkness of the wood wakes and croons dolefully.) And now, where in the world am I to go? May, you bad girl! this all comes of disobeying aunts and wearing dresses that lace up the back, and—trusting Mrs. Hawksbee. Everybody is going. I must wait a little till that crowd has thinned. Perhaps—perhaps Mrs. Lefevre might help me. It's a horrid road to her poky little house, but she's very kind, even if she is pious. (Thrusts Dandy along an almost inaccessible path; halts in the shadow of a clump of rhododendron, and watches the lighted windows of Mrs. Lefevre's small cottage.) Oh! horror! So that's where Aunt is dining! Back, Dandy, back! Dandy, dearest, step softly! (Regains road, panting.) I'll never forgive Mrs. Hawksbee!—never! And there's the band beginning "God Save the Queen," and that means the Viceroy has come; and Charlie will think I've disappointed him on purpose, because I was so rude last time. And I'm all but ready. Oh! it's cruel, cruel! I'll go home, and I'll go straight to bed, and Charlie may dance with any other horrid girl he likes! The last of the 'rickshaw lights pass her as she reaches the main road. Clatter of stones overhead, and squeak of a saddle as a big horse picks his way down a steep path above, and a robust baritone chants:—

Our King went forth to Normandie
With power of might and chivalry;
The Lord for him wrought wondrously,
Therefore now may England cry
Deo Gratias!

(Swings into main road, and the young moon shows a glimpse of the cream and silver of the Deccan Irregular Horse uniform under rider's opened cloak.)

MAY (leaning forward and taking reins short). That's Charlie! What a splendid voice! Just like a big, strong angel's! I wonder what he is so happy about? How he sits his horse! and he hasn't anything round his neck, and he'll catch his death of cold! If he sees me riding in this direction, he may stop and ask me why, and I can't explain. Fate's against me to-night. I'll canter past quickly. Bless you, Charlie! (Canters up the road under the shadow of the pines as HAWLEY canters down. Dandy's hoofs keep the tune "There was never a

daughter of Eve" &c. All Earth wakes, and tells the stars. The Occupants of the Little Simla cemetery stir in their sleep.)

Pines of the Cemetery (to the Occupants)—

Lie still, lie still! O earth to earth returning!
Brothers beneath, what wakes you to your pain?

The Occupants (underground)—

Earth's call to earth—the old unstill! yearning
To clutch our lives again.

By summer shivered and by winter frozen,
Ye cannot thrust us wholly from the light.
Do we not know who were of old his chosen
Love rides abroad to-night?

By all that was our own of joy or sorrow,
By pain fordone, Desire snatched away!
By hopeless weight of that unsought To-morrow,
Which is our lot to-day,

By vigil in our chambers ringing hollow,
With Love's foot overhead to mock our dearth.
We who have come would speak for those who follow—
Be pitiful, O Earth!

The Devil of Chance, in the similitude of a grey ape, runs out on the branch of an overhanging tree, singing—

On a road that is pied as a panther's hide
The shadows flicker and dance.

And the leaves that make them, my hand shall shake them—
The hand of the Devil of Chance.

Echo from the Snows on the Thibet road—

The little blind Devil of Chance.

The Devil (swinging branch furiously)—

Yea, chance and confusion and error
The chain of their destiny wove;
And the horse shall be smitten with terror,
And the maiden made sure of her love!

(Dandy shies 'at the waving shadows, and cannons into HAWLEY'S horse, off shoulder to off shoulder. HAWLEY catches the reins.)

The Devil above (letting the branch swing back)—

On a road that is pied as a panther's hide
The souls of the twain shall dance!

And the passions that shake them, my hand shall wake them—
The hand of the Devil of Chance.

Echo, The little blind Devil of Chance.

HAWLEY (recovering himself). Confound—Er—hm! Oh, Miss Holt! And to what am I indebted for this honour?

MAY. Dandy shied. I hope you aren't hurt?

ALL EARTH, THE FLOWERS, THE TREES, AND THE MOONLIGHT (together to HAWLEY). Speak now, or for ever hold your peace!

HAWLEY (drawing reins tighter, keeping his horse's off shoulder to Dandy's side). My fault entirely. (It comes easily now.) Not much hurt, are you (leaning off side, and putting his arm round her), My May? It's awfully mean, I know, but I meant to speak weeks ago, only you never gave a fellow the chance—specially last time. (Moistens his lips.) I'm not fit—I'm utterly—(in a gruff whisper)—I'm utterly unworthy, and—and you aren't angry, May, are you? I thought you might have cared a little bit. Do you care, dear—

MAY (her head falling on his right shoulder. The arm tightens.) Oh! don't—don't!

HAWLEY (nearly tumbling off his horse). Only one, darling. We can talk at the dance.

MAY. But I can't go to the dance!

HAWLEY (taking another promptly as head is raised). Nonsense! You must, dear, now. Remember I go down to my regiment the day after to-morrow, and I sha'n't see you again. (Catches glimpse of steel-grey slipper in stirrup.) Why, you're dressed for it!

MAY. Yes, but I can't go! I've—torn my dress.

HAWLEY. Run along and put on a new one: only be quick. Shall I wait here?

MAY. No! Go away! Go at once!

HAWLEY. You'll find me opposite the cloak-room.

MAY. Yes, yes! Anything! Good-night!

(HAWLEY canters up the road, and the song breaks out again fortissimo.)

MAY (absently, picking up reins). Yes, indeed. My king went forth to Normandie; and—I shall never get there. Let me think, though! Let me think! It's all over now—all over! I wonder what I did say! Hold up, Dandy; you need someone to order you about. It's nice to have someone nice to order you about. (Flicks horse, who capers.) Oh, don't jiggit, Dandy! I feel so trembly and faint. But I sha'n't see him for ever so long. . . . But we understand now. (Dandy turns down path to Mrs. SCRIFSHAW'S house.) And I wanted to go to the dance so much before, and now I want to go worse than ever! (Dismounts, runs into house and weeps with her head on the drawing-room table.)

Enter SCRIFSHAW, grizzled Lieutenant-Colonel.

SCRIFSHAW. May! Bless my soul, what's all this? What's all this? (Shawl slips.) And, bless my soul, what's all this?

MAY. Nothing. Only I'm miserable and wretched.

SCRIFSHAW. But where have you been? I thought you were in your own room.

MAY (with icy desperation). I was, till you had fallen asleep. Then I dressed myself for a dance—this dance that Aunt has forbidden me to go to. Then I took Dandy out, and then—(collapsing and wriggling her shoulders)—doesn't it show enough?

SCRIFSHAW (critically). It does, dear. I thought those things—er—laced up the front.

MAY. This one doesn't. That's all. (Weeps afresh.)

SCRIFSHAW. Then what are you going to do? Bless my soul, May, don't cry!

MAY. I will cry, and I'll sit here till Aunt comes home, and then she'll see what I've been trying to do, and I'll tell her that I hate her, and ask her to send me back to Calcutta!

SCRIFSHAW. But—but if she finds you in this dress she'll be furiously angry with me!

MAY. For allowing me to put it on? So much the better. Then you'll know what it is to be scolded by Aunt.

SCRIFSHAW. I knew that before you were born. (Standing by MAY'S bowed head.) (She's my sister's child, and I don't think Alice has the very gentlest way with girls. I'm sure her mother wouldn't object if we took her to twenty dances. She can't find us amusing company—and Alice will be simply beside herself under any circumstances. I know her tempers after those "refreshing evenings" at the Lefevres'.) May, dear, don't cry like that!

MAY. I will! I will! I will! You—you don't know why!

SCRIFSHAW (revolving many matters). We may just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

MAY (raising head swiftly). Uncle John!

SCRIFSHAW. You see, my dear, your Aunt can't be a scrap more angry than she will be if you don't take off that frock. She looks at the intention of things.

MAY. Yes; disobedience, of course (And I'll only obey one person in the wide living world). Well?

SCRIFSHAW. Your Aunt may be back at any moment. I can't face her.

MAY. Well?

SCRIFSHAW. Let's go to the dance. I'll jump into my uniform, and then see if I can't put those things straight. We may just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb (And there's the chance of a rubber). Give me five minutes, and we'll fly. (Dives into his room, leaving MAY astounded.)

SCRIFSHAW (from the room). Tell them to bring round Dolly Bobs. We can get away quicker on horseback.

MAY. But really, Uncle, hadn't you better go in a 'rickshaw? Aunt says—

SCRIFSHAW. We're in open mutiny now. We'll ride. (Emerges in full uniform.) There!

MAY. Oh, Uncle John! you look perfectly delightful—and so martial, too!

SCRIFSHAW. I was martial once. Suppose your Aunt came in? Let me see if I can lace those things of yours. That's too tight—eh?

MAY. No! Much, much tighter. You must bring the edges together. Indeed you must. And lace it quick! Oh! what if Aunt should come? Tie it in a knot! Any sort of knot.



"Oh! don't!—don't!"

[Continued on page 25.]

A VISIT TO PHILLIPS'S, Her Majesty's Potters and Glass Manufacturers, 175, 177, 179, Oxford Street, W.

IN the *Illustrated London News* of July 19 a sketch was given of the 130 years' progress of this veteran firm; also engravings of the house 100 years ago and of to-day. But space did not allow dwelling on some of

80 guineas a pair. No. 3 is a very beautiful vase of Crown Derby. The body, a deep mazarine blue, decorated with groups of flowers in raised gold, the handles and other parts in gold and green bronzes; price 300 guineas a pair. This is one of the finest specimens we have seen. Engraving No. 4 represents a jardinière, just reproduced by Phillips's, from an old mould found at their works at Coalport, no doubt transferred from the Swansea factory seventy-four years ago, when the works were incorporated with those of Coalport. They are made in white china, in sizes from 2½ inches up to 10 inches high; prices from 4s. to 45s. each. These look charming anywhere; but, if used on a dinner-table, a plush or velvet block is an improvement, for it makes a pleasant break between the whiteness of the china and table-cloth. No. 5 is a basket, a reproduction of an old Nant-garw model found at the Coalport works. The Nant-garw works were purchased in 1816, and also incorporated with the Coalport. These baskets are very pretty, being made in white china and white and gold, both with and without handles, pierced and unpierced, ranging in sizes from 3 inches to 11 inches

their representative with them, to take instructions. In this way they are in the habit of completely fitting up houses, both in England and abroad, without the purchaser having the trouble of coming to London, but with all the advantages of having done so. Engravings of all their latest designs, with dimensions and prices, may also be obtained on application.

Now that Christmas is once more at hand, and the fashion of giving presents more in vogue than ever,



2.—CROWN DERBY VASE.

their beautiful productions to the extent that we should have wished. We now therefore take the opportunity, and give sketches of a few of the pieces that have since been manufactured, and which are of more than ordinary beauty, both in outline and decoration. No. 1 represents a ewer of Royal Worcester porcelain, height 9 inches. The body is of two shades of ivory, with small bands of metallic colour introduced here and there, the panels are decorated with a Persian design painted in various soft colours, richly encrusted in gold, the neck and cover pierced; the price, 9 guineas each, is most moderate. No. 2 is a Crown Derby vase, height 16 inches. The body, ivory, lightly veined in gold, with a bunch of pomegranates, executed most admirably in various coloured raised golds, the handles, neck, and foot treated in the same way; price



1.—EWER, ROYAL WORCESTER IVORY PORCELAIN.

long; prices from 5s. 6d. to 40s. each. They may be used for fruit, flowers, ferns, or bonbons, and look very pretty filled with ferns, particularly the pierced ones, in which the red linings show through the piercing. It is universally acknowledged that Phillips's is the place for table decorations: they are original. The fourteen tables, which are always set out complete, show the different styles, from pure white china to the richest cut crystal mounted in gilt; complete tables for 12 persons from £5 to £500. Space will not admit of a description of them, but the last new one we cannot pass without a few words. The centre-piece consists of troughs filled with ferns, and pots with palms, placed together to form a sort of hedge 6 feet long, lamp and fruit dishes in centre of it; outside, grape-stands, &c., all in white and gold china, in Louis XIV. style.

Phillips's have brought to perfection their system for country customers. A letter to them, stating requirements, will bring at once by passenger train, carriage paid, samples of anything, and, when necessary,



3.—CROWN DERBY VASE.

we think it will be not only of interest but of great value to our readers in letting them know the best place to obtain them. Should they wish their presents to be of china or glass, then they should go to Phillips's, for there is no place at all to be compared with it: there, everything that you can imagine, artistic or useful, and both combined, will be found. What present prettier than a vase or bowl of Worcester, Derby, or Coalport china? What more useful and acceptable than a dinner, dessert, breakfast, or glass service? In selecting a gift, or even when purchasing something for one's own use, the thought invariably comes, "Can this be seen everywhere?" for, if it can, half the value has departed. Now, at Phillips's, this is almost impossible, for nearly all the designs are their own, and mostly registered. This, together with the fact that theirs is the largest and most valuable stock of china and glass in the world, makes a visit most advisable.



4.—SWANSEA JARDINIÈRE.



5.—NANT-GARW BASKET.



Established 100 Years.

Soap Makers to the Prince of Wales.



HONEST SOAP.

The Testimony of Half-a-Century.

Pears' Soap


INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF SUPERIORITY.

From **Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.,**

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

BEING authorised by Messrs. PEARS to purchase at any and all times and of any dealers samples of their Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public), and to submit same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee its invariable purity.

My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a lengthened period—NEARLY FIFTY YEARS—during which time—

 *I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection,*

its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—

even that of a New Born Babe."

POISON IN TOILET SOAPS!

Attention is directed to this Paragraph from "The Times" newspaper:—

"**DANGEROUS SOAPS.**—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine, Dr. Reveil read a paper on the necessity of preventing Chemists and Perfumers from selling poisonous or dangerous Soaps. To show the danger there is in allowing their unchecked sale he said, 'I need but state that arsenic, the acid nitrate of mercury, tartar emetic, and potassa caustica, form part of their ingredients, whilst they are coloured green by the sesquioxide of chromium, or of a rose colour by the bisulphuret of mercury (vermilion); some contain 30 per cent. of insoluble matter, such as lime or plaster, and others contain animal nitrogenous matter, which causes a chronic inflammation of the skin.'"

The injury to the skin and complexion resulting from the use of these Soaps is seldom attributed to the real cause, so that, unfortunately, the mischief proceeds until too often the beauty of the complexion is ruined, and even the general health impaired.

With the fullest confidence the Proprietors of **PEARS' SOAP** recommend their specialty. They do not claim that it is the *only* pure Soap, but one of the *very few* offered to the Public. It would be easy to become self laudatory in this respect, but the following evidence is likely to prove much more convincing.

From **Professor JOHN ATTFIELD**

PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY TO THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN; AUTHOR OF A MANUAL OF GENERAL, MEDICAL, AND PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY.

"I have annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of **Pears' Soap**, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter. A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made."



"Yes—yes! I see! Confound! That's all right!"

SCRIFSHAW (lacing bodice after a fashion of his own devising). Yes—yes! I see! Confound! That's all right! (They pass into the garden and mount their horses.) Let go her head! By Jove, May, how well you ride!

MAY (as they race through the shadows neck and neck). (Small blame to me. I'm riding to my love.) Go along, Dandy boy! Wasn't that Aunt's 'rickshaw that passed just now? She'll come to the dance and fetch us back.

SCRIFSHAW (after the gallop). Who cares?

SCENE: Main ball-room of the Simla Townhall—dancing-floor grooved and tongued teak, vaulted roof, and gallery round the walls. Four hundred people dispersed in couples. Banners, bayonet-stars on walls: red and gold, blue and gold, chocolate, buff, rifle-green, black, and other uniforms under glare of a few hundred lamps. Cloak and supper rooms at the sides, with alleys leading to Chinese-lanterned verandahs. HAWLEY at entrance receives MAY as she drops from her horse and passes towards cloak-room.

HAWLEY (as he pretends to rearrange shawl). Oh, my love, my love, my love!

MAY (her eyes on the ground). Let me go and get these things off. I'm trying to control my eyes, but it is written on my face. (Dashes into cloak-room.)

Newly married WIFE OF CAPTAIN OF ENGINEERS to HUSBAND. No need to ask what has happened there, Dick.

HUSBAND. No, bless 'em both, whoever they are!

HAWLEY (under his breath). Damn his impertinence!

(MAY comes from cloak-room, having completely forgotten to do more than look at her face and hair in the glass!)

HAWLEY. Here's the programme, dear!

MAY (returning it with pretty gesture of surrender). Here's the programme—dear!

(HAWLEY draws line from top to bottom, initials, and returns card.)

MAY. You can't! It's perfectly awful! But—I should have been angry if you hadn't. (Taking his arm.) Is it wrong to say that?

HAWLEY. It sounds delicious. We can sit out all the squares and dance all the round dances. There are heaps of square dances at Volunteer balls. Come along!

MAY. One minute! I want to tell my chaperon something.

HAWLEY. Come along! You belong to me now.

MAY (her eyes seeking Mrs. HAWKSBE, who is seated on an easy-chair by an alcove). But it was so awfully sudden!

HAWLEY. My dear infant! When a girl throws herself literally into a man's arms—

MAY. I didn't! Dandy shied.

HAWLEY. Don't shy to conclusions. That man is never going to let her go. Come!

(MAY catches Mrs. H. 's eye. Telegraphs a volume, and receives by return two. Turns to go with HAWLEY.)

Mrs. H. (as she catches sight of back of MAY's dress). Oh, horror! Assunta shall die to-morrow! (Sees SCRIFSHAW fluctuating uneasily among the chaperons, and following his niece's departure with the eye of an artist.)

Mrs. H. (furiously). Colonel Scrifshaw, you—you did that?

SCRIFSHAW (imbecilely). The lacing? Yes. I think it will hold.

Mrs. H. You monster! Go and tell her. No, don't! (Falling back in chair.) I have lived to see every proverb I believed in a lie. The maid has forgotten her attire! (What a handsome couple they make! Anyhow, he doesn't care, and she doesn't know.) How did you come here, Colonel Scrifshaw?

SCRIFSHAW. Strictly against orders (uneasily). I'm afraid I shall have my wife looking for me.

Mrs. H. I fancy you will. (Sees reflection of herself in the mirrors—black-lace dinner dress, blood-red poinsettia at shoulder and girdle to secure single brace of black lace. Silver shoes, silver-handled black fan.) (You're looking pretty to-night, dear. I wish your husband were here.) (Aloud, to drift of expectant men.) No, no, no! For the hundredth time, Mrs. Hawksbee is not dancing this evening. (Her hands are full, or she is in error. Now, the chances are that I sha'n't see May again till it is time to go, and I may see Mrs. Scrifshaw at any moment.) Colonel, will you take me to the supper-room? The hall's chilly without perpetual soups. (Goes out on Colonel's arm. Passing the cloak-room, sees portion of Mrs. SCRIFSHAW's figure.) (Before me the Deluge!) If I

were you, Colonel Scrifshaw, I'd go to the whist-room, and—stay there. (S. follows the line of her eye, and blanches as he flies.) She has come—to—take them home, and she is quite capable of it. What shall I do? (Looks across the supper-tables. Sees Major DECKER, a big black-haired Irishman, and attacks him among the mèringues.) Major Decker! Dear Major Decker! If ever I was a friend of yours, help me now!

Major D. I will, indeed. What is it?

Mrs. H. (walking him back deftly in the direction of the cloak-room door). I want you to be very kind to a very dear friend of mine—a Mrs. Scrifshaw. She doesn't come to dances much, and, being very sensitive, she feels neglected if no one asks her to dance. She really waltzes divinely, though you might not think it. There she is, walking out of the cloak-room now, in the high dress. Please come and be introduced (under her eyelashes). Your're an Irishman, Major, and you've got a way with you. (Planting herself in front of Mrs. S.) Mrs. Scrifshaw, may I wah-wah-wah Decker?—wah-wah-wah Decker?—Mrs. Scuffles. (Flies hastily.) Saved for a moment! And now, if I can enlist the Viceroy on my side, I may do something.

Major D. (to Mrs. S.) The pleasure of a dance with you, Mrs. Scrifshaw?

Mrs. SCRIFSHAW (backing, and filling in the doorway). Sirr!

Major D. (smiling persuasively). You've forgotten me, I see! I had the pleasure o' meeting you—(there's missionary in every line o' that head)—at—at—the last Presbyterian Conference.

Mrs. S. (strict Wesleyan Methodist). I was never there.

Major D. (retiring en échelon towards two easy-chairs). Were ye not, now? That's queer. Let's sit down here, and talk over it, and, perhaps, we will strike a chord of mutual reminiscence. (Sits down exhaustedly.) And if it was not at the Conference, where was it?

Mrs. S. (icily, looking for her husband). I apprehend that our paths in the world are widely different.

Major D. (My faith! they are!) Not the least in the world. (Mrs. S. shudders.) Are you sitting in a draught? Shall we try a turn at the waltz now?

Mrs. S. (rising to the expression of her abhorrence). My husband is Colonel Scrifshaw. I should be much obliged if you would find him for me?

Major D. (throwing up his chin.) Scrifshaw, begad! I saw him just now at the other end of the room. (I'll get a dance out of the old woman, or I'll die for it.) We'll just waltz up there an' inquire. (Hurts Mrs. S. into the waltz. Revolves ponderously.) (Mrs. Hawksbee has perjured herself—but not on my behalf. She's ruining my instep.) No, he's not at this end. (Circling slowly.) We'll just go back to our chairs again. If he won't dance with so magnificent a dancer as his wife, he doesn't deserve to be here, or anywhere else. (That's my one sound knee-cap she's kicking now.) (Halts at point of departure.) And now we'll watch for him here.

Mrs. S. (panting). Abominable! Infamous!

Major D. Oh, no! He's not so bad as that! Prob'ly playin' whist in the kyard-rooms. Will I look for him? (Departs, leaving Mrs. S. purple in the face among the chaperons—and passes Mrs. H. in close conversation with a partner.)

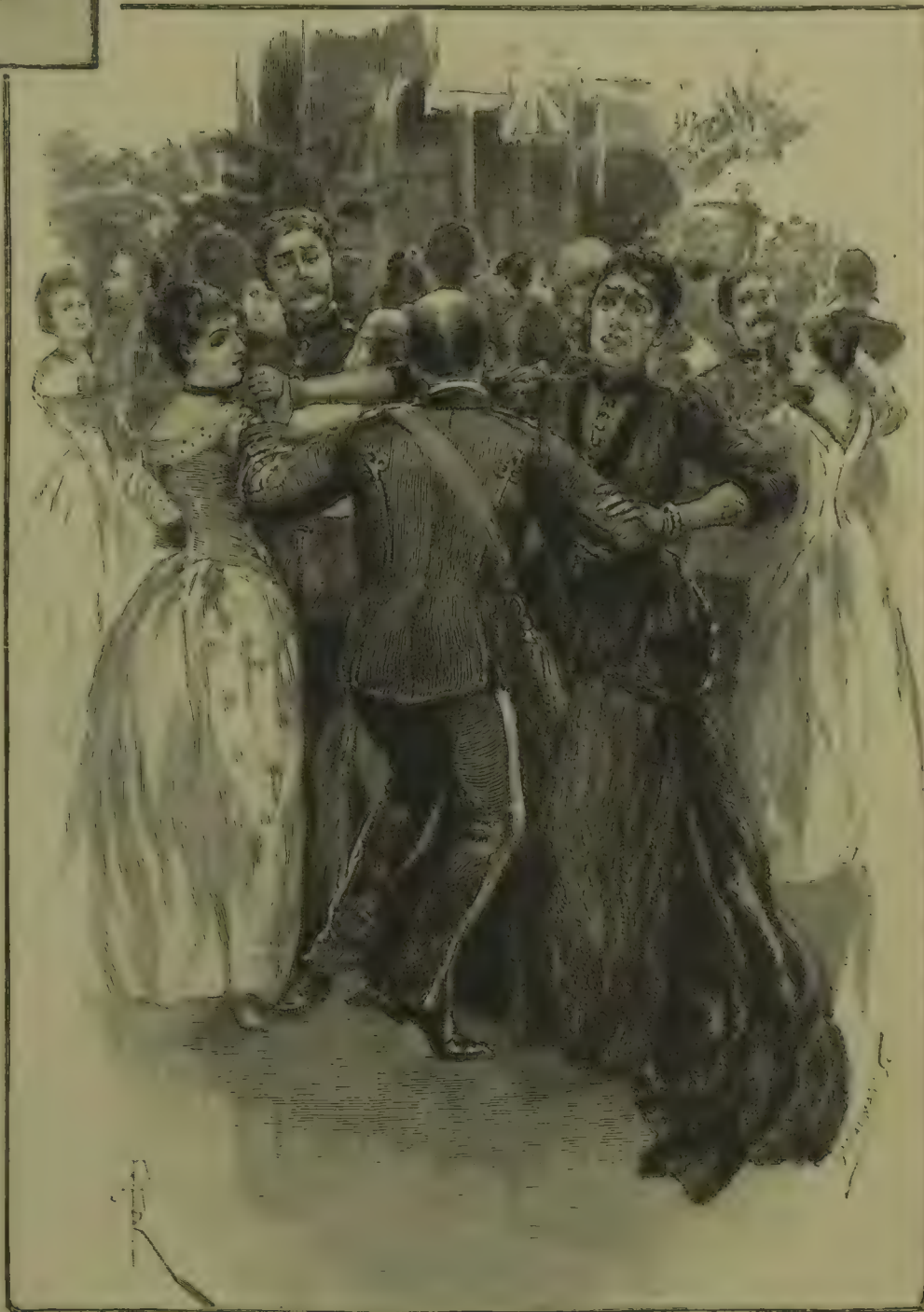
Major D. (to Mrs. H., not noticing her partner). She's kicked me to pieces. She can dance no more than a Windsor chair, an' now she's sent me to look for her husband. You owe me something for this. . . . (The Viceroy, by Jove!)

Mrs. H. (turning to her partner and concluding story). —A base betrayal of confidence, of course; but the woman's absolutely without tact, and capable of making a scene at a minute's notice, besides doing her best to wreck the happiness of two lives after her treatment at Major Decker's hands. But on the dress reform committee, and under proper supervision, she would be most valuable.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA. (Diplomatic uniform, stars, &c.) But surely the work of keeping order among the waltzers is entrusted to abler hands. I cannot, cannot fight! I—I only direct armies.

Mrs. H. No. But your Excellency has not quite grasped the situation. (Explains it with desperate speed, one eye on Mrs. S. panting on her chair.) So you see! Husband fled to the whist-room for refuge; girl with her lover who goes down the day after to-morrow; and she is loose. She will be neither to hold nor to bind after the Major's onslaught, save by you. And on a committee—she really would. . . .

HIS EXCELLENCY. I see. I am penetrated with an interest in Eurasian dress reform. I never felt so alive to the importance of committees before. (Screwing up his



"We'll just waltz up there an' inquire."

eyes to see across the room.) But pardon me—my sight is not so good as it has been—which of that line of Mothers in Israel do I attack? The wearied one who is protesting with a fan against this scene of riot and dissipation?

Mrs. H. Can you doubt for a moment? I'm afraid your task is a heavy one, but the happiness of two—

HIS EXCELLENCY (*wearily*). Hundred and fifty million souls? Ah, yes! And yet they say a Viceroy is overpaid. Let us advance. It will not talk to me about its husband's unrecognised merits, will it? You have no idea how inevitably the conversation drifts in that direction when I am left alone with a lady. They tell me of Poor Tom, or Dear Dick, or Persecuted Paul, before I have time to explain that these things are really regulated by my Secretaries. On my honour, I sometimes think that the ladies of India are polyandrous!

Mrs. H. Would it be so difficult to credit that they love their husbands?

HIS EXCELLENCY. That also is possible! One of your many claims to my regard is that you have never mentioned your husband.

Mrs. H. (*sweetly*). No; and as long as he is where he is I have not the least intention of doing so.

HIS EXCELLENCY (*as they approach the row of eminently self-conscious chaperons*). And, by the way, where is he?

Mrs. H. *lays her fan lightly over her heart, bows her head, and moves on.*

HIS EXCELLENCY (*as the chaperons become more self-conscious, drifting to vacant chair at Mrs. S.'s side*). That also is possible. I do not recall having seen him elsewhere, at any rate. (*Watching Mrs. S.*) How very like twenty thousand people that I could remember if I had time! (*Glides into vacant chair. Mrs. S. colours to the temples; chaperons exchange glances. In a voice of strained honey.*) May I be pardoned for attacking you so brusquely on matters of public importance, Mrs. Scriffshaw? But my times are not my own, and I have heard so much about the good work you carry on so successfully? (When she has quite recovered I may learn what that work was.)

(Mrs. S., in tones meant for the benefit of all the chaperons, discourses volubly, with little gasps, of her charitable mission work.)

HIS EXCELLENCY. How interesting! Of course, quite natural! What we want most on our dress reform committee is a firm hand and enormous local knowledge. Men are so tactless. You have been too proud, Mrs. Scriffshaw, to offer us your help in that direction. So, you see, I come to ask it as a favour. (*Gives Mrs. S. to understand that the Eurasian dress reform committee cannot have another hour without her help and comfort.*)

FIRST AIDE (*by doorway, within easy eye-reach of HIS EXCELLENCY*). What in the world is his Excellency tackling now?

SECOND AIDE (*in attitude of fascination*). Looks as if it had been a woman once. Anyhow, it isn't amusing him. I know that smile when he is in acute torment.

Mrs. H. (*coming up behind them*). "Now the Serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field!"

SECOND AIDE (*turning*). Ah! Your programme full, of course, Mrs. Hauksbee?

Mrs. H. I'm not dancing, and you should have asked me before. You Aides have no manners.

FIRST AIDE. You must excuse him. Hugh's a blighted being. He's watching somebody dance with somebody else, and somebody's wanting to dance with him.

Mrs. H. (*keenly, under her eyebrows*). You're too young for that rubbish.

SECOND AIDE. It's his imagination. He's all right, but Government House duty is killing me. My heart's in the plains with a dear little, fat little, lively little nine-foot tiger. I want to sit out over that kill instead of watching over his Excellency.

Mrs. H. Don't they let the Aides out to play, then?

SECOND AIDE. Not me. I've got to do most of Duggy's work while he runs after—

Mrs. H. Never mind! A discontented Aide is a perpetual beast. One of you boys will take me to a chair, and then leave me. No, I don't want the delights of your conversation.

SECOND AIDE (*as First goes off*). When Mrs. Hauksbee is attired in holy simplicity, it generally means—larks!

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW*). . . . And so we all wanted to see more of you. I felt I was taking no liberty when I dashed into affairs of State at so short a notice. It was with the greatest difficulty I could find you. Indeed, I hardly believed my eyes when I saw you waltzing so divinely just now. (She will first protest; and next perjure herself.)

Mrs. S. (*weakly*). But I assure you—

HIS EXCELLENCY. My eyes are not so old that they cannot recognise a good dancer when they see one.

Mrs. S. (*with a simper*). But only once in a way, Your Excellency.

HIS EXCELLENCY. (Of course.) That is too seldom—much too seldom. You should set our younger folk an example. These slow swirling waltzes are tiring. I prefer—as I see you do—swifter measures.

Major D. (*entering main door in strict charge of SCRIFFSHAW, who fears the judgment*). Yes! she sent me to look for you, after giving me the dance of the evening. I'll never forget it!

SCRIFFSHAW (*his jaw dropping*). My—wife—danced—with—you! I mean—anybody!

Major D. Anybody! Aren't I somebody enough? (*Looking across room.*) Faith! you're right, though! There she is in a corner, flirting with the Viceroy! I was not good enough for her. Well, it's no use to interrupt 'em.

SCRIFFSHAW. Certainly not! We'll—we'll get a drink and go back to the whist-rooms. (Alice must be mad! At any rate, I'm safe, I suppose!)

(HIS EXCELLENCY rises and fades away from Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW'S side after a long and particular pressure of the hand. Mrs. S. throws herself back in her chair with the air of one surfeited with similar attentions, and the chaperons begin to talk.)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*leaning over Mrs. H.'s chair with an absolutely expressionless countenance*). She is a truly estimable lady—one that I shall count it an honour to number among my friends. No! she will not move from her place, because I have expressed a hope that, a little later on in the dance, we may renew our very interesting conversation. And now, if I could only get my boys together, I think I would go home. Have you seen any Aide who looked as though a Viceroy belonged to him?

Mrs. H. The feet of the young men are at the door without. You leave early.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Have I not done enough?

Mrs. H. (*half rising from her chair*). Too much, alas! Too much! Look!

HIS EXCELLENCY (*regarding Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW, who has risen, and is moving towards a side door*). How interesting! By every law known to me she should have waited in that chair—such a comfortable chair—for my too tardy return. But now she is loose! How has this happened?

Mrs. H. (*half to herself, shutting and opening fan*). She is looking for May! I know it! Oh! why wasn't she isolated? One of those women has taken revenge on Mrs. Scriffshaw's new glory—*you*—by telling her that May has been sitting out too much with Mr. Hawley.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Blame me! Always blame a Viceroy! (Mrs. H. moves away.) What are you meditating?

Mrs. H. Following—watching—administering—anything! I fly! I know where they are!

HIS EXCELLENCY. The plot thickens! May I come to administer?

Mrs. H. (*over her shoulder*). If you can!

(Mrs. H. flies down a darkened corridor speckled with occasional Chinese lanterns, and establishes herself behind a pillar as Mrs. S. sweeps by to the darkest end, where MAY and HAWLEY are sitting very close together. HIS EXCELLENCY follows Mrs. H.)

Mrs. S. (*to both the invisibles*). Well!

HIS EXCELLENCY to Mrs. H. (*in a whisper*). Now, I should be afraid. I should run away.

Mrs. S. (*in a high-pitched voice of the matron*). May, go to the cloak-room at once, and wait till I come. I wonder you expect anyone to speak to you after this! (MAY hurries down corridor very considerably agitated.)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*as MAY passes, slightly raising his voice, and with all the deference due to half a dozen Duchesses*). May an old man be permitted to offer you his arm, my dear? (To Mrs. H.) I entreat—I command you to delay the catastrophe till I return!

Mrs. H. (*plunging into the darkness, and halting before a dead wall*). Oh! I thought there was a way round! (*Pretends to discover the two.*) Mrs. Scriffshaw and Mr. Hawley! (*With exaggerated emphasis.*) Mrs. Scriffshaw—Oh! Mrs. Scriffshaw!—how truly shocking! What will that dear good husband of yours say? (*Smothered chuckle from HAWLEY, who otherwise preserves silence. Snorts of indignation from Mrs. S.*)

Mrs. H. (*hidden by pillar of observation*). Now in any other woman that would have been possibly weak—certainly vulgar. But I think it has answered the purpose.

HIS EXCELLENCY (*returning, and taking up his post at her side*). Poor little girl! She was shaking all over. What an enormous amount of facile emotion exists in the young! What is about to

Mrs. S. (*in a rattling whisper to HAWLEY*). Take me to some quieter place.

HAWLEY. On my word, you seem to be accustomed to very quiet places. I'm sorry I don't know any more secluded nook; but if you have anything to say—

Mrs. S. Say, indeed! I wish you to understand that I consider your conduct abominable, Sir!

HAWLEY (*in level, expressionless voice*). Yes? Explain yourself.

Mrs. S. In the first place, you meet my niece at an entertainment of which I utterly disapprove—

HAWLEY. To the extent of dancing with Major Decker, the most notorious loose fish in the whole room? Yes.

Mrs. S. (*hotly*). That was not my fault. It was entirely against my inclination.

HAWLEY. It takes two to make a waltz. Presumably, you are capable of expressing your wishes—are you not?

Mrs. S. I did. It was—only—and I couldn't—

HAWLEY (*relentlessly*). Well, it's a most serious business. I've been talking it over with May.

Mrs. S. May!

HAWLEY. Yes, May; and she has assured me that you do not do—er—this sort of thing often. She assured me of that.

Mrs. S. But by what right—

HAWLEY. You see, May has promised to marry me, and one can't be too careful about one's connections.

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H.*) That young man will go far! This is invention indeed.

Mrs. H. He seems to have marched some paces already. (Blessed be the chance that led me to the Major! I can always say that I meant it.)

Mrs. S. May has promised . . . this is worse than ever! And I was not consulted!

HAWLEY. If I had known the precise hour, you know, I might possibly have chosen to take you into my confidence.

Mrs. S. May should have told me.

HAWLEY. You mustn't worry May about it. Is that perfectly clear to you?

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H.*) What a singularly flat, hopeless tone he has chosen to talk in—as if he were speaking to a coolie from a distance.

Mrs. H. Yes. It's the one note that will rasp through her overstrained nerves.

HIS EXCELLENCY. You know him well?

Mrs. H. I trained him.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Then she collapses.

Mrs. H. If she does not, all my little faith in man is gone for ever.

Mrs. S. (*to HAWLEY*). This is perfectly monstrous! It's conduct utterly unworthy of a man, much less a gentleman.

What do I know of you, or your connections, or your means?

HAWLEY. Nothing. How could you?

Mrs. S. How could I? . . . Because—because I insist on knowing!

HAWLEY. Then am I to understand that you are anxious to marry me? Suppose we talk to the Colonel about that?

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H.*) Very far indeed will that young man go.

Mrs. S. (*almost weeping with anger*). Will you let me pass? I—I want to go away. I've no language at my command that could convey to you—

HAWLEY. Then surely it would be better to wait here till the inspiration comes?

Mrs. S. But this is insolence!

HAWLEY. You must remember that you drove May, who, by the way, is a woman, out of this place like a hen. That was insolence, Mrs. Scriffshaw—to her.

Mrs. S. To her? She's my husband's sister's child.

HAWLEY. And she is going to do me the honour of carrying my name. I am accountable to your husband's sister in Calcutta. Sit down, please!

HIS EXCELLENCY. She will positively assault him in a minute. I can hear her preparing for a spring.

Mrs. H. He will be able to deal with that too, if it happens. (I trained him. Bear witness, heaven and earth, I trained him, that his tongue should guard his head with my sex.)

Mrs. S. (*feebly*). What shall I do? What can I do? (*Through her teeth.*) I hate you!

HIS EXCELLENCY (*critically*). Weak. The end approaches.

Mrs. S. You're not the sort of man I should have chosen for anybody's husband.

HAWLEY. I can't say your choice seems particularly select—Major Decker, for instance. And, believe me, you are not required to choose husbands for anybody.

(Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW loses all the double-thonged lightnings of her tongue, condemns HAWLEY as no gentleman, an impostor, possibly a bigamist, a defaulter, and every other unpleasant character she has ever read of. Announces her unalterable intention of refusing to recognise the engagement, and of harrying MAY tooth and talon, and renews her request to be allowed to pass. No answer.)

HIS EXCELLENCY. What a merciful escape! She might have attacked me on the chairs in this fashion. What will he do now?

Mrs. H. I have faith—illimitable faith.

Mrs. S. (*at the end of her resources*). Well, what have you to say?

HAWLEY (*in a placid and most insinuating drawl*). Aunt Alice—give—me—a—kiss.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Beautiful! Oh! thrice beautiful! And my Secretaries never told me that there were men like this in the empire.

Mrs. S. (*bewilderedly, beginning to sob*). Why—why should I?

HAWLEY. Because you will make—you really will—a delightful aunt-in-law, and it will save such a lot of trouble when May and I are married, and you have to accept me as a relation.

Mrs. S. (*weeping gently*). But—but you're taking the management of affairs into your own hands.

HAWLEY. Quite so. They are my own affairs. And do you think that my aunt is competent to manage other people's affairs when she doesn't know whether she means to dance or sit out, and when she chooses the very worst—

Mrs. S. (*appealingly*). Oh, don't—don't! Please, don't! (*Bursts into tears.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H.*) Unnecessarily brutal, surely? She's crying.

Mrs. H. No! It's nothing. We all cry—even the worst of us.

HAWLEY. Well?

Mrs. S. (*snuffing, with a rustle*). There!

HAWLEY. No, no, no! I said give it to me! (*It is given.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*carried away*). And I? What am I doing here, pretending to govern India, while that man languishes in a lieutenant's uniform?

Mrs. H. (*speaking very swiftly and distinctly*). It rests with your Excellency to raise him to honour. He should go down the day after to-morrow. A month at Simla, now, would mean paradise to him, and one of your Aides is dying for a little tiger-shooting.

HIS EXCELLENCY. But would such an Archangel of Insolence condescend to run errands for me?

Mrs. H. You can but try.

HIS EXCELLENCY. I shall be afraid of him; but we'll see if we can get the Commander-in-Chief to lend him to me.

HAWLEY (*to Mrs. S.*) There, there, there! It's nothing to make a fuss about, is it? Come along, Aunt Alice, and I'll tuck you into your rickshaw, and you shall go home quite comfy, and the Colonel and I will bring May home later. I go down to my regiment the day after to-morrow, worse luck! so you won't have me long to trouble you. But we quite understand each other, don't we? (*Emerges from the darkness, very tenderly escorting the very much shaken Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H., as the captive passes*). I feel as though I ought to salute that young man; but I must go to the ball-room. Send him to me as soon as you can. (*Drifts in direction of music. HAWLEY returns to Mrs. H.*)

HAWLEY (*mopping his forehead*). Phew! I have had easier duties.

Mrs. H. How could you? How dared you? I builded better than I knew. It was cruel, but it was superb.

HAWLEY. Who taught me? Where's May?

Mrs. H. In the cloak-room—being put to rights, I fervently trust.

HAWLEY (*guiltily*). They wear their fringes so low on their foreheads that one can't—

Mrs. H. (*laughing*). Oh, you goose! That wasn't it. His Excellency wants to speak to you! (*HAWLEY turns to ball-room as Mrs. H. flings herself down in a chair.*)

Mrs. H. (*alone*). For two seasons, at intervals, I formed that infant mind. Heavens, how raw he was in the beginning! And never once throughout his schooling did he disappoint you, dear. Never once, by word or look or sign, did he have the unspeakable audacity to fall in love with you. No, he chose his maiden, then he stopped his confidences, and conducted his own wooing, and in open fight slew his aunt-in-law. But he never, being a wholesome, dear delightful boy, fell in love with you, Mrs. Hauksbee; and I wonder whether you liked it or whether you didn't. Which? . . . You certainly never gave him a chance . . . but that was the very reason why. . . . (*Half aloud.*) Mrs. Hauksbee, you are an idiot!

(*Enters main ball-room just in time to see HIS EXCELLENCY conferring with HAWLEY. AIDES in background.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. Have you any very pressing employment in the plains, Mr. Hawley?

HAWLEY. Regimental duty. Native Cavalry, Sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY. And, of course, you are anxious to return at once?

HAWLEY. Not in the least, Sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY. Do you think you could relieve one of my boys here for a month?

HAWLEY. Most certainly, Sir.

SECOND AIDE (*behind VICEROY'S shoulders, shouting in dumb show*). My tiger! My tiger! My tigerling!

HIS EXCELLENCY (*lowering his voice and regarding HAWLEY between the eyes*). But could we trust you—ahem!—not to insist on ordering kisses at inopportune moments from—people?

HAWLEY (*dropping eyes*). Not when I'm on duty, Sir.

HIS EXCELLENCY (*turning*). Then I'll speak to the Commander-in-Chief about it.

Mrs. H. (*as she sees gratified expression of the VICEROY'S and HAWLEY'S lowered eyes*). I am sometimes sorry that I am a woman, but I'm very glad that I'm not a man, and—I shouldn't care to be an angel. (Mrs. SCRIFFSHAW and MAY pass—the latter properly laced. The former regarding the lacing.) So that's settled at last. (To Mrs. S.) Your husband, Mrs. Scriffshaw? Yes, I know. But don't be too hard on him. Perhaps he never did it, after all.

Mrs. S. (*with a grunt of infinite contempt*). Mrs. Hauksbee, that man has tried to lace me!

Mrs. H. (Then he is bolder than I thought. She will avenge all her outrages on the Colonel.) May, come and talk to me a moment, dear.

FIRST AIDE (*to HAWLEY, as the VICEROY drifts away*). Knighted on the field of battle, by Jove! What the deuce have you been doing to His Excellency?

SECOND AIDE. I'll bet on it that Mrs. Hauksbee is at the bottom of this, somehow. I told her what I wanted, and—

HAWLEY. Never look a gift tiger in the mouth. It's apt to bite. (*Departs in search of MAY.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*to Mrs. H., as he passes her sitting out with MAY*). No, I am not so afraid of your young friend. Have I done well?

Mrs. H. Exceedingly. (*In a whisper, indicating MAY.*) She is a pretty girl, isn't she?

HIS EXCELLENCY (*regarding mournfully, his chin on his breast*). O youth, youth, youth! Si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait.

Mrs. H. (*incautiously*). Yes, but in this case we have seen that youth did know quite as much as was good for it, and—

(*Stops.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY. And age had power, and used it. Sufficient reward, perhaps, but I hardly expected the reminder from you.

Mrs. H. No. I won't try to excuse it. Perhaps the slip is as well, for it reminds me that I am but mortal, and in watching

VAN HOUTEN'S

PURE SOLUBLE COCOA,

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

BEST &

GOES FARTHEST.



"Copyright" by permission of Messrs Chapman & Hall, London.

MRS. GAMP.

"I said to
Mr Harris,
Mr Harris says
I try
Van Houten's
Cocoa

METZLER & CO.,

Music Publishers, 42, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
ESTABLISHED OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.

Wholesale Agents for the Celebrated

MASON and HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.
Highest Awards. 1000 Testimonials. The QUEEN'S MODEL.
Supplied to her Majesty the Queen.MASON and HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.
The Celebrated LISZT MODEL. Supplied to H.M. the Empress.
Eugénie. The PORTABLE ORGAN for MISSION WORK.MASON and HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.
The THREE-MANUAL ORGAN. Used in Westminster Abbey.
New Model Style, 2229, for Sunday Schools.MASON and HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.
May be had on the Three Years' System. Prices from £8 to £400.
Liberal discount for cash. New Illustrated Catalogue post free.RÖNISCH PIANOFORTES. New Models.
Beautiful Designs. Touch, Tone, and Finish unsurpassed. New
Upright Grand Pianos. New Boudoir Grand Pianos.MASON and HAMLIN PIANOFORTES. An
Improved Method of Stringing. Bright, Pure, Musical Tone.MUSTEL ORCHESTRAL HARMONIUMS. With
One Manual, 200 guineas. With Two Manuals and Prolongment,
400 guineas. The new Orgue Celesta, 500 guineas.ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS. For Churches
or Schools.METZLER and CO'S Violins, Cornets, Flutes,
Clarionets, Violoncellos, Banjos, Guitars, Zithers, Drums.METZLER and CO'S Musical Instruments and
Fittings of Every Description.
New Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post free.

METZLER & CO.,

42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.



FIRST—AND—FOREMOST.

BROWN & POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

HAS THE LONGEST HISTORY AND HIGHEST REPUTATION.

NOTE.—First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by BROWN & POLSON in 1856: Not till some time afterwards was any other Corn Flour anywhere heard of, and none has now an equal claim to the public confidence.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.—The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice string Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £500; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Bridal Presents.

RUBIES.—Some very choice specimens of fine Oriental Rubies at moderate prices.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design, quality, and price will be apparent.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

REPAIRS and REMODELING OF FAMILY JEWELS.—The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public. They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

WATCHES.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers at very moderate prices.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Rings, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond Double Heart and Knot Brooch, £15.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in London.

The Times: "The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the low prices of which, combined with admirable taste, defies competition and deserves attentive examination."



Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, £10.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROBATION.



Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch, Hair Pin, or Pendant, £50.



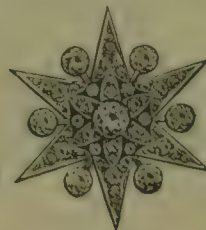
Fine Diamond Cluster, £20.



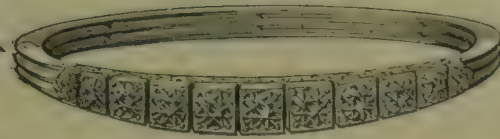
Fine Diamond "Chicken" Brooch, £5.



Fine Pearl Double Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch, Pendant, or Hair-Pin, £20.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £20.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

THE LARGEST & CHOICEST SELECTION IN LONDON.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiaras, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents, not being customers, should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have through this means the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL and FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers are a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY, Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

MEDALS.—Awarded Nine Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this Firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

CATALOGUE, containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. Manufactory. CLERKENWELL.

The illustration depicts a domestic scene. A woman in a long, dark Victorian-style dress is kneeling on the floor, washing a large piece of fabric in a tub. To her right, a young child in a light-colored dress sits at a small table, focused on a task. On the table is a large pitcher and some small objects. A small lantern sits on the floor next to the table. In the foreground, a small box of Brooke's Soap is visible. The background is a simple wall.

**WONT
WASH
CLOTHES!**

**BROOKE'S
SOAP**

Monkey Brand.

for
METALS,
MARBLE,
PAINT,
for
POTS,
PANS,
&
BRASS
WARE,
for
CROCKERY
and
1000
OTHER
THINGS.

NORMAN PRESCOTT DAVIES

BROOKE'S
SOAP

AN INTERESTING RUBBER.

From the painting by Norman Prescott Davies, in the possession of the Proprietors of Brooke's Soap.

you controlling the destinies of the universe I thought I was as the gods!

HIS EXCELLENCY. Thank you! I go to be taken away. But it has been an interesting evening.

SCRIPSHAW (*very much disturbed after the VICEROY has passed on, to Mrs. H.*) Now, what in the world was wrong with my lacing? My wife didn't appear angry about my bringing May here. I'm informed she danced several dances herself. But she—she gave it me awfully in the supper-room for my—



"Yes, you can have the next if you want it. Mrs. Hauksbee isn't sitting out any more."

ahem!—lady's-maid's work. Fearfully she gave it me! What was wrong? It held, didn't it?

MAY (*from her chair*). It was beautiful, Uncle John. It was the best thing in the world you could have done. Never mind. I forgive you. (*To HAWLEY, behind her.*) No, Charlie. No more dances for just a little while. Ask Mrs. Hauksbee now.

(*Alarums and excursions. The ball-room is rent in twain as the VICEROY, AIDES, &c., file out between lines of Volunteers and uniforms.*)

BAND IN THE GALLERY:—

God save our gracious Queen,
Heaven bless our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

HAWLEY (*behind Mrs. H.'s chair*). Amen, your Imperial Majesty!

Mrs. H. (*looking up, head thrown back on left shoulder*). Thank you! Yes, you can have the next if you want it. Mrs. Hauksbee isn't sitting out any more.

YE BARON'S DAUGHTER AND YE SQUIRE OF LOW DEGREE.

A BALLAD OF TWO LOVERS.

TO YE TUNE OF "GILDEROY."

THERE was a maid of noble birth
Who loved a Squire of low degree;
But yet they were of equal worth—
So much I say in courtesie.

For he was handsome—he was brave,
But nathless he was lowly born;
And unto him her love she gave,
Although her father did him scorn.

As it fell out, upon a day
He sought his lady in her bower,
And, mounted on his gallant grey,
Eftsoon he reached her father's tower.

Beneath her window he did go,
And whistled softly signals three;
Then stood upon his saddle bow,
And waited for her patientlie.

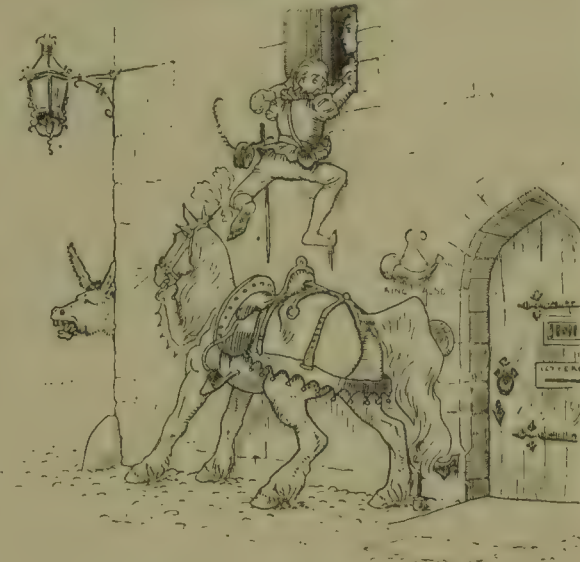
She came—he pressed her lily hand,
And eke he kissed her blushing cheek;
When sounds he could not understand
Drowned all ye words he tried to speak.

It was a loud, uncouthly blare,
And gave ye gallant grey a fright;
It made ye lovers start and stare,
And hold each other close and tight.

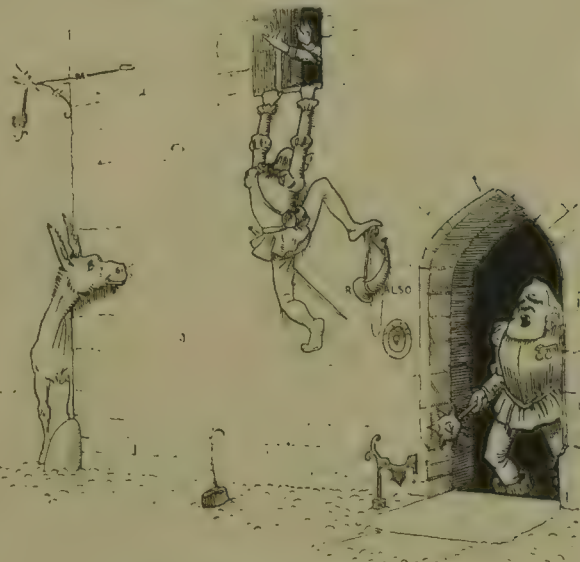
They heard ye Baron's loud command
To stop at once ye fearful din.
Ye maiden took her lover's hand,
And at ye window drew him in.



Ye lord came forth in angry mood,
And thought to chide some idle boys;
But there ye guilty culprit stood,
Ye author of ye awful noise.



Ye lady's palfrey, sleek and trim,
Had come, and, in his wonted way,
Had asked her if she wanted him
By giving forth a dismal bray.

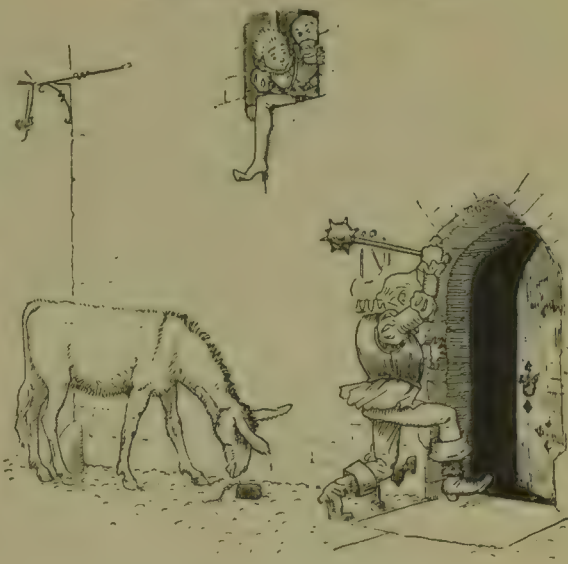


Ye Baron waxed mighty wroth,
When there ye lovers he did see;
And swore a deep and dreadful oath
To slay ye Squire of low degree.



And up ye stairs, with mace in hand,
He rushed towards his daughter's bower,
Resolved to let her understand
Her lover now was in his power.

Meantime, ye palfrey, roaming round,
Under ye window slowly came.
Ye youth looked out to reach ye ground,
And quickly did observe ye same.



Down dropped he on ye palfrey's back,
And safe and sound he rode away.
Ye Baron cried "Alack! alack!"
Ye damsel waved her kerchief gay.



For well she knew her lover true
Would come again another day:
She thought her steed of noble breed,
In spite of all the world might say.



And ever when she saw an ass—
A man or beast—and heard him bray,
She shut her ears and let it pass,
And ever to herself would say—



"Perchance he's better than he seems—
A gem beneath a clod may lie!"
And thus she learned, mid love's young dreams,
Ye virtue of true charitie.—MASON JACKSON.

CHRISTMAS SOUNDS.

We know what are the sweet sounds of Spring—sounds of hope and promise, coming up from the budding woods, where the soft vernal airs touch lightly the pale face of the primrose and caress the violet in her mossy bed—sounds of joy and love, from the warbling throat of the blackbird among the boughs of the late-leaved oak, and of the thrush among the rosy tufts of the orchard, and of the lark as he soars and sings, and sings and soars, in the clear blue of the distant heaven. We know, too, the rich, full sounds of Summer—the long roll of the creamy surge on the shining sands—the low sighing of the breeze as it fades away in the hot, cloudless noon—the chirp of the vaulting grasshopper, the hum of the happy bee as it poises over each honeyed chalice, and the strange eerie murmur that rises from the panting earth as the sun sinks westward, in all its pomp and circumstance, with such rich purple and golden gleams, such flushes of emerald-and-sapphire splendour, and such wonderful combinations of luminous colours, that we stare at them with a mute surprise. Then, the sounds of Autumn are familiar enough—the swish of the mower's scythe, the whirr of the reaper's sickle, the clatter of rooks in the stripped corn-fields, the flutter of the yellowing leaves as they part from the sapless branches. And we know the sounds of Winter—the shriek and scream of the winds as they tear across the open moor, or drive headlong through the shuddering valley—the roar of angry seas as they beat against iron-bound cliffs, or thunder upon naked beaches, and seize the helpless bark in its last agony, rending its sides asunder, and tossing its masts about like straws. We know the creaking, straining noises of the leafless trees, and the clang of heavy wheels on the frozen road. These are the sounds of Winter; but what are the Christmas Sounds? Has Christmas no music of its own? Do no silvery melodious strains or majestic harmonies belong to it of right?

In the days of old, to which distance now lends so rare a charm, Christmas came upon a rejoicing world with blare of trumpets and with clash of clarions and chime of silver cymbals. He was hailed as a King, and received in kingly state. Then, indeed, King Christmas had his minstrels, his mummers, his singing-men and singing-women; and in royal halls and baronial chambers his quaint pageantry was accompanied with the merriest music. The boar's head was brought to table with a song; the feast was enlivened with harp and viol. And thereafter, King and Queen or Lord and Lady stepped down from the dais and glided over the rush-strewn floor in coranto or saraband, while the musicians in the gallery above played their loudest and liveliest, and the gay Christmas Sounds floated afar on the wings of Night. But the old show and bravery of

Christmas have long since departed. We have no mummers or maskers now: the world has no leisure for the elaborate pastimes in which it once delighted. Jack has almost ceased to pipe, and Jill to dance; and for "the trim village lads" our lasses no longer provide (as in the days of George Withers) "a bagpipe and a tabor." Our streets at night but seldom echo with the rude performances of the "Waits," which formerly woke honest men from their slumbers—perhaps not altogether unwillingly, for it was pleasant to be carried back to the age of innocence, when the wandering minstrels, with their cracked voices and faltering tones, easily commanded our childish admiration. Somehow or other, the silence of the night seems to soften what is harsh, and dignify what is mean; and in the singing of the Waits, far removed as it was from the vocal efforts of operatic stars, there was something which appealed to the listener's heart and stirred its tenderest emotions. However this might be—and I know the Waits had a ludicrous side, which lent itself readily to the satire of the humourist—their "scrammel pipes" can hardly be included now among our Christmas Sounds.

Then, there were the village carol-singers, who on Christmas Eve gallantly went forth into the hushed countryside, and, beneath the windows of the Squire and the Vicar and the well-to-do farmers, raised their "songs of the night"—the old fond carols of their ancestors: "I saw three ships come sailing in," or "When Christ was born of Mary," with the "Adeste fideles" and other immemorial hymns. These musicians were generally members of the village choir, and almost always accompanied by the violin, clarinet, and bass, which, before the introduction of organs into our village churches had expelled the rural orchestra, shone conspicuously in the gallery, leading and supporting, as best they might, the congregational singing. Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his delightful story "Under the Greenwood Tree," has drawn a laughable picture of a company of these bucolic minstrels, sketched, no doubt, from the life. But on more than one occasion, in the dim and distant past, I have heard some really good singing and playing—none the less attractive, you may be sure, from the conditions under which they were forthcoming. Shakespeare has shown us that music at midnight, under a starry heaven, and in the tranquil garden of a country house, can pierce the listener's "muddy vesture of decay." "Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony." We are moved, in spite of ourselves, by the time, the place, the surroundings. And the effect is not the less charming when the simple strain tells of the Great Good that befell the world on the First Christmas, eighteen hundred and ninety years ago. But these village carol-singers are, I think, no longer to be met with in Victorian England: their place knows them no more. Not but what the carol itself is still included in the Christmas music of not a few of our churches, forming a special feature of the season's services. I confess it does not move me so much when rendered with the skilled efficiency of a surplined choir as it did in the old time, when sung by those wandering minstrels of the

village; or even now, when the artless notes drop from the lips of children in the sweet simplicity of the Home.

Our hymns are, of course, Christmas Sounds of the deepest beauty, whether they are those majestic strains which have been handed down to us from the elder Church, or those more sensuous melodies which we owe to modern composers. Then, we have the Christmas ballads and Christmas songs which are a part of our national heritage; and sweeter sounds seldom gladden the hearts of men than these, when sung by the family circle "round the Christmas fire." And, oh! the crackle and the splutter of the Yule log which lends that fire its crowning glory!—are not these true Christmas Sounds? For my part, I agree with Sir Roger de Coverley, that "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter." For the brain and heart of the Christmas festival is the Christmas fire: without this roaring, sparkling, glowing core or centre, Christmas would be a *simulacrum*, a sham; and I can't for the life of me conceive how our Australian kinsmen can contrive to keep Christmas under a sultry summer sky, which renders such a fire a physical impossibility! Oh! the joy of the Christmas fire! How its dancing lights "incarnadine" our laughing faces and fill our veins with agreeable warmth, and throw rich crimson rays into odd corners, and glorify every object on which they fall! Plum-pudding is good, and the wassail-bowl is better; but the Christmas fire is best of all! Ask "the greybeard" who figures in our Christmas stories, as he spreads out his wrinkled hands before the cheery blaze—ask the youngsters as they press round the ruddy hearth in gleeful competition for the nearest place—and, ah! ask the poor wanderer, the homeless tramp, as he drags his slow feet past the windows which are flushed with golden gleams!—and all will tell you that the soul of Christmas is the Christmas fire, and that its sounds blend so joyously with the rest of the Christmas music that without them that music would not, could not, be complete.

Helping to make up that music which so felicitously speeds the parting year come the voices of the children, as they enjoy to the full the happiest of their holiday hours. Whether they be heard in hymn or carol—in the juvenile song or glee—in the rough impromptu charade, or the more formal "drawing-room play"—in the ejaculations and shouts called forth by "Blind Man's Buff," "Pass in the Corner," and other historic games—in the childish gossip that ripples all over the house, upstairs and downstairs and in the lady's chamber—in the murmurs of delight that hail the appearance of the plum-pudding—or (most prized) in the tender wishes which they pour into the ears of those they love—the children's voices are the most inspiring of Christmas Sounds. Christmas would be empty without them. I can't abide those superfine persons who would shut up the children in nursery or play-room, instead of bringing them round their knees to love them and be loved by them—to sun themselves in their smiles, to expand their restricted natures in the warmth of their affections, and in their childhood to revive their own. Earth has nothing purer, than the children's voices. While listening to the clear, liquid tones that fall from their unsullied lips and hearts, we are raised for a time above the commonplace of our daily lives. We taste again the freshness of the morning. We know again the joyous consciousness of our



BRONZED IRON BRACKET LAMP to swing, with Opal Container, Duplex Burner, Extinguisher, Opal Globe, and Chimney, complete, 6s. 9d.

LAMP SHADES.

Indian Silk Veil Shades, For Lamps,

1s. 4d., 1s. 9d., 2s. each.

Perforated Paper Shades,

6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., to 6s. each.

CLOCKS.—5000 in Stock, with Brass, China, Gilt, Marble, and Wood Cases. Bronzes in Polychrome, Ivory, and Barbedienne colours. Porcelain from the celebrated potteries of Coalport, Dresden, Derby, Worcester, and Vienna; also a choice assortment of Hungarian and Teplitz Wares.



THE ETHELRED CHAIR, in Brown or White Wicker; seat, 16 in. high, 8s. 9d.
Ditto Ditto with Cushions and Drapery, £1 9s. 6d.

BEDROOM SUITES.

BEDROOM SUITES.

MESSRS. MAPLE & CO. invite an inspection of their present stock of inexpensive and medium-priced BEDROOM SUITES, feeling sure that intending purchasers will be pleased both with the variety and character of the designs, the excellence of workmanship, and moderate prices charged.—MAPLE & CO., Manufacturers of Bedroom Furniture by Steam Power, 500 Suites to select from. Price 3½ to 300 Guineas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

SILK CURTAINS.

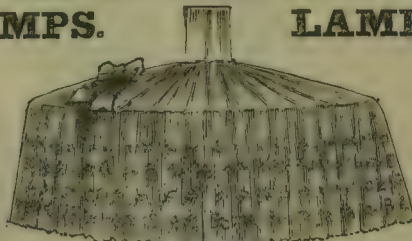
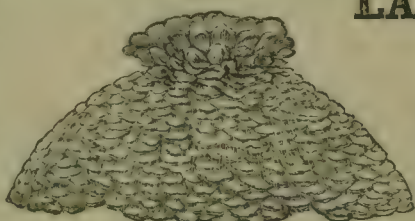
SILK CURTAINS.—The choicest Collection of Pure Silks, Genoa Velvets, Brocades, and other fabrics of a more delicate and costly character, in all the newest shades, at prices far below what are usually asked. Many of these are designed and woven exclusively for MAPLE & CO., and cannot be seen or obtained elsewhere.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

LAMPS. LAMPS.



Handsome ELECTRO-BRONZED BRACKET LAMP, with Duplex Burner, Patent Extinguisher, Ornamental Globe, and Chimney, £1 1s. 9d.

LAMP SHADES.

Candle Shades in Paper, Linen, and Silk.

In an immense variety of Styles and Colours.

From 2½d. each.



HANDSOME ELECTRO-BRONZED DUPLEX LAMP, fitted with Extinguisher, loose Container, moulded Opal Globe, and Chimney, complete, 18s. 6d.



HANDSOME SOLID BRASS POLISHED AND LAQUELED EXTENDING FLOOR LAMP, 4 ft. 9 in. high, extending to 7 ft., fitted with Patent Sliding Arrangement, Duplex Burner, and Chimney, complete, £3 7s. 6d. Shade extra.



HANDSOME JAPANESE IRON BRONZE LAMP, with Lever Action Duplex Burner, fitted with Extinguisher, elegant Fancy Globe, and Chimney, complete, £2 12s. 6d.



Very good WROUGHT IRON AND COPPER EXTENDING FLOOR LAMP, 4 ft. 6 in. high, rising to 7 ft., fitted with Safety Duplex Burner and Chimney, complete, £2 5s. Shade extra.

MAPLE & CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen. The reputation of half a century. Factories: Beaumont Place, Euston Road; Southampton Buildings, Liverpool Road; Park Street, Islington, &c.—Tottenham Court Road, London, Paris, and Smyrna.



THE FLORENCE CHAIR, in Plain Wicker, with Cushions and Drapery; seat about 15 in. high, £1 5s. 6d.

BEDSTEADS.

BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE & CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in Stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, are thus avoided.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.

FURNITURE.—HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS' WORTH of Manufactured GOODS ready for immediate delivery. All goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a system established 50 years. Factories: Beaumont Place, Euston Road; Southampton Buildings; Cardington Street; Liverpool Road; Park Street, Islington, &c.

GLAZED or CALENDERED CHINTZES. For those who prefer the older fashion Calendered Chintzes, MAPLE & CO. have also made great preparations. Many old and favourite blocks have been re-engraved, and worked with improved colourings and textures, while numerous other graceful floral designs in lovely natural colours have been produced.

NEW CRETONNES. LARGEST STOCK in the WORLD. The Largest and Best Stock of Cretonnes ever seen. Every conceivable variety of design and colourings.

Visitors to the Show Rooms cannot fail to be pleased, not only with the almost unlimited assortment, but also with the manifestly superior character of the goods.





THE SWING.



HOAXED!

DRAWN BY E. M. COX.

early days. The burden of the years falls from our shoulders. We see once more all that indescribable brightness which invested the earth while it was yet new to us.

An excellent thing is laughter—sane, wholesome, reasonable laughter! The philosopher calls it "a perturbation of the system," and is good enough to inform us that "the medulla oblongata" is "the immediate organ in bringing on the outburst." Let him thank Heaven whose medulla oblongata is capacious enough to "bring on the outburst" with adequate frequency! Laughter is good all the year round—the laughter of a sound brain—the laughter of a genial nature, which is quick to apprehend the brighter aspect of things, and finds so much enjoyment in life that it must needs give audible expression to its feelings. Pity the man who cannot (or will not) laugh! The cynic, the pessimist, the fine gentleman, the shrew, the ignoramus, the puppy, the bore! As for the man or woman who is dumb at Christmas, good Heavens! what stores of compassion should we not pour out on the unfortunate wretch! Oh! my good Sir, smooth the puckers from your brow! Dislodge the sneer from your frigid lips! Never mind the glib assurance of divers writers that Christmas is not Christmas except in the *Illustrated London News* and Dickens's immortal stories! Laugh, my good Sir, and Christmas shall be Christmas still! Truth to say, I cannot imagine a Christmas fireside (unless lying in the shadow of some heavy affliction) with laughter absent from it. The children will laugh, of course; and you will laugh because they laugh, or you will laugh because you are happy, and because you are too happy to know or care what you are laughing about.

For those among us who have tasted the waters of Marah,

for whom the westering sun is flinging long shadows over life's lessening path, the goal of which draws nearer and ever nearer—more solemn sounds will mingle with the music of the Christmas tide. In their moments of meditation the laughter of the children will be forgotten, and the merriment of song and dance will pass unnoticed; their ears will be opened only to the faint voices which reach them from the past—the voices of buried love and friendship—the utterances of the grave. They will hear again the mother's prayer, the father's blessing, the friend's counsel, the beloved's tender vows. These sad, sweet sounds multiply as the years crowd upon us, and every Christmas we are conscious of their increasing number. They remind us of what we have lost, and yet the feeling with which we listen is not entirely one of regret or melancholy; for we believe that the loss is not for ever, and we reach forward with confidence to the life beyond life that awaits the loving spirit. And it may be that with our Christmas Sounds blends a music purer and sweeter even than those voices of the departed—sounds, as it were, of angels' wings—such as the Hebrew patriarch may have heard in his dream on the plain of Mamre—celestial melodies down-dropping from the gates of heaven—such as have so often cheered the grief of the mourner and brought hope and consolation to many a weary soul. At least, as the Christmas bells fling their chimes again on the air, we may hear, if we will, the grand angelic chant of Peace and Goodwill which of old filled with awe and unutterable joy the hearts of the Judean shepherds as they kept watch "over their flocks by night"—happiest and most hopeful of Christmas Sounds—"such music sweet As never was by mortal finger struck."

W. H. DAVENPORT-ADAMS.

THE PATHOS OF THE PAST.

Few people with much sensitiveness of feeling can look back on the past wholly without regret. There are times, indeed, when the recollection of the dead years, instead of exciting a soothing melancholy, deepens into pain. Some happy women there are (and a few men too, perhaps) whose path through life has been full of sweetness and light. The "sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever" has been with them through the inevitable days of grief, as well as in days of outward prosperity. The heart was glad within, even when the burden was most heavy, and so they have passed without stumbling along the rugged road, cheerful in themselves, and ever with a helping hand for others. Poverty and pain, two serious evils in the eyes of most men, failed to mar their serenity, and it would seem, so large-hearted was their love, that they cared more for the sorrows of others than for their own.

It is far otherwise with most of us. We admire these select spirits, but have little part with them; and when the most active, and possibly the least thoughtful, years of life are over, memory has the trick of bringing back the irrevocable past, so that for the nonce we lose sight of the gulf that divides it from the present. How vividly these long-past years revive! Again we hear the voices of the dead as clearly as if they were still with us; we see again the faces once so dear, and a thousand little incidents are recalled with a vividness more distinct to the mind's eye than the events of last week. And in this retrospect the pathos of the past sways us far more powerfully than its happiest memories. The joy, rich and deep though it may have been, has lost its flavour

WHY DRINK INFERIOR TEA?

WHY NOT BUY DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER?

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS

FIRST HAND, DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.
SAVING ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

THESE TEAS ENJOY A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR THOROUGH EXCELLENCE AND PURITY.

NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!

DELIVERED TO ANY ADDRESS, CARRIAGE PAID.

Hoyune & Assam - - - 1/- a lb.

Of excellent quality.

Congou & Assam - - - 1/3 a lb.

Thoroughly good Tea.

Oopack & Cachar Assam - - - 1/6 a lb.

Of great strength and fine quality.

Kaisow & Darjeeling - - - 1/9 a lb.

The May pickings covered with Bloom.

Choicest Ceylon & Darjeeling 2/- a lb.

Of superb quality, and highly recommended as a most Delicious Tea.

Teas at 1/6 a lb. and upwards, packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge; also in Half-Chests containing about 56 lb. and Chests of about 90 lb.

An interesting Book on Tea, containing numerous Illustrations, recently published by the Company, will be forwarded along with Samples of Tea (all free of charge) on application. The Directors respectfully ask the Public to READ the BOOK, to TASTE the SAMPLES, and to JUDGE for THEMSELVES.

READ WHAT "HEALTH" SAYS:-

"PURE TEAS.—We have tested samples of the Teas supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, a Company which enjoys the distinction of being Tea Merchants to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Teas sold by this Company come direct from the Importers to the public; they are mixed entirely by machinery, not being touched by hand. All the Teas are free from any excess of astringency. The Imports of the United Kingdom Tea Company are what they claim to be—pure articles which have suffered no sophistication. Invalids, as well as those in health, may enjoy drinking these Teas, without the least fear of the injurious effects which so frequently result from using the inferior Teas sold by many Retailers. We have ourselves tested Teas sold by Retailers at 2s. and 2s. 6d. a pound which certainly were not one whit superior in quality to those under consideration at 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. a pound. The Ceylon and Darjeeling Tea at 2s. a pound, supplied by the Company, will, without a doubt, please the most fastidious."

Proprietors of Hotels, and Managers of Large Institutions, will find it most advantageous using these Teas in their Establishments.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED,
TEA MERCHANTS by ROYAL APPOINTMENT to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Head Offices—21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

Branch Offices—47, 49, and 51, WORSHIP STREET, and 1, PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.



All packages containing the United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas, whether Chests, Canisters, Bags, or Packets, invariably bear, as a Guarantee of Quality, the Company's Registered Trade Mark, as above—viz. Three Ladies, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland—the United Kingdom.

S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water



ENGLISH LAVENDER FLOWERS,
combined with other Choice and
Delicate Scents, have now been used
for upwards of half a century in the
preparation of

**S. SAINSBURY'S
LAVENDER WATER.**

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.



"ALWAYS YOUNG."



Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber

is the Most Perfect Preparation for Preserving and
Beautifying THE SKIN ever produced.

ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.,
IS ALMOST MAGICAL,

and by its use THE SKIN is rendered

SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,

and preserved from all the ill-effects of

FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her COMPLEXION

should be without it at this Season of the Year.

If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it

will be found

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.

For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

"BEETHAM'S" is the only genuine.

Beware of Injurious Imitations.

BOTTLES, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.

Sole Makers: M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S ARTISTIC & USEFUL PRESENTS.

ILLUSTRATED XMAS LISTS POST FREE.



Four Chased Solid Silver "Acorn" Salts and Spoons; in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, £3 15s. Six in Case .. £5 15s.



Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case, Solid Silver, £2 10s. Best quality Princess Plate, £1 11s. 6d.



Claret Jug, Cut Glass, Chased Mount, £2 10s. Sterling Silver, £5 5s.



Richly Chased and Gilt Fruit Spoons and Sifter in Morocco Case. Solid Silver. Princess Plate. Two Spoons and Sifter .. £4 0 0 .. £1 10 0 Two Spoons only .. 3 0 0 .. 1 1 0



Butter Knife, Pickle Fork, and Cheese Scoop in Case, 18s.



MAPPIN & WEBB'S celebrated Services of Plate and Cutlery in Stock, in all sizes, fitted in strong Oak Cases.



Stag Handles, Sterling Silver Caps and Ferrules. Pair Meat Carvers, pair Game Carvers and Steel, complete, in Polished Oak or Morocco Case, £3. 1 pair Meat Carvers and Steel, in Case, £2 2s.



Two Crimped Edge Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons; in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 12s. 6d. Four in Case, £3.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineers, in Morocco Case, £2.



Registered Design. "Princess" Sugar Bowl and Tongs, 10s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 15s.

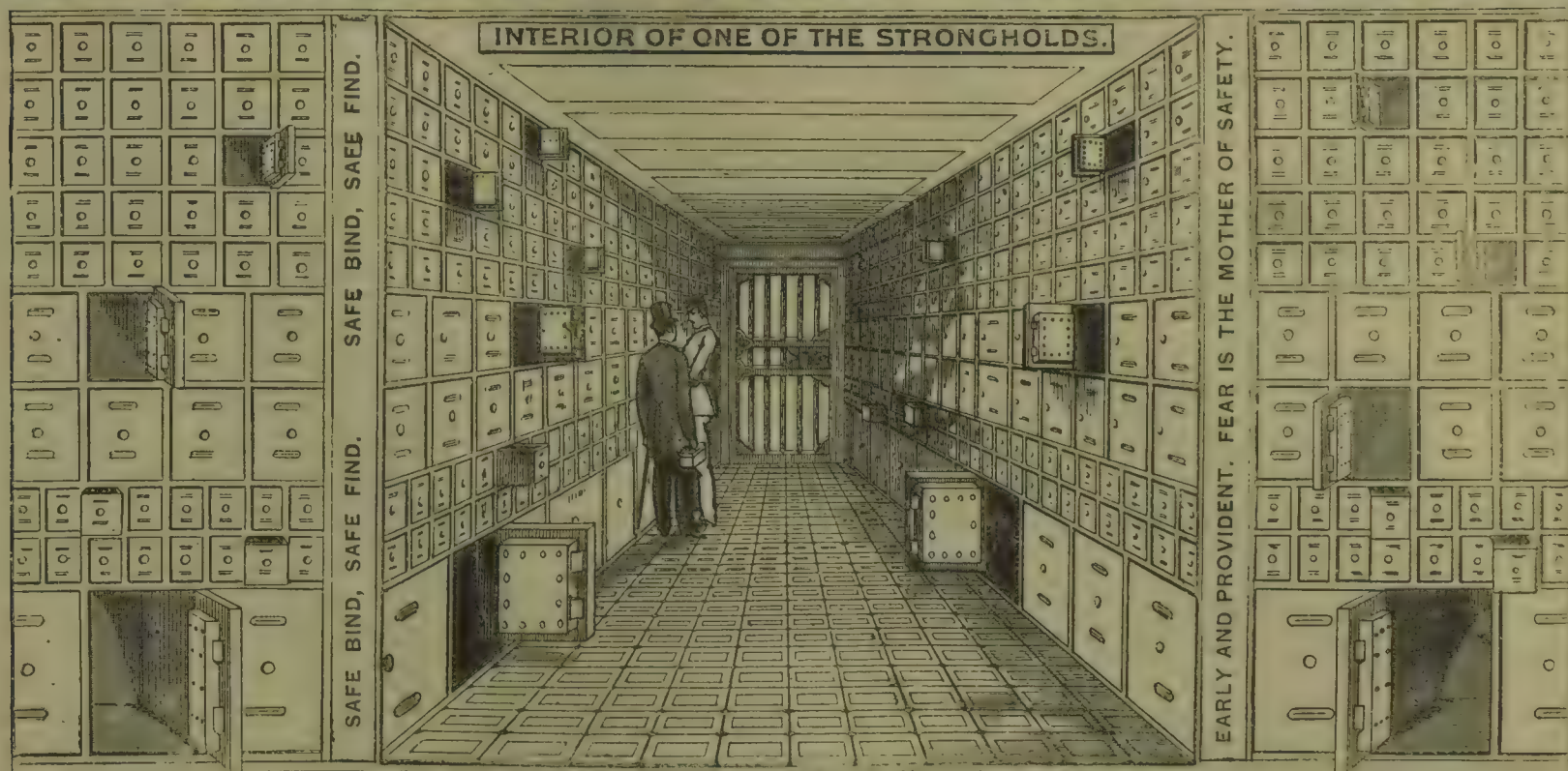


Pepper Grinder, with Cut Glass Body, 15s. Sterling Silver, £1 15s.

18, POULTRY, E.C., & 158, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

MANUFACTORY: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT.



Showing SAFES Fitted in one of the STRONGHOLDS.

ANNUAL RENT
OF
SAFES,
1 to 5 Guineas.

Prospectus and Card to View post free on application.

The OBJECT of the CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT is to provide for the use of the Public an ABSOLUTELY secure but inexpensive DEPOSITORY for TITLE DEEDS, JEWELLERY, and Valuables of every description.

ADVANTAGES.—Absolute SECURITY and SECRECY. FIRE-PROOF SAFES of various sizes fixed in Fire-proof and Burglar-proof Strong Rooms. Use of elegant Writing, Waiting, and Telephone Rooms Free of Charge. Renters can have post-letters addressed to them at the CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT.

The demand for STRONG ROOMS and SAFES has required a further EXTENSION. A large number of New Ones have recently been constructed. The number of RENTERS secured in 1889 reached over 3000.

ANNUAL RENT
OF
STRONG ROOMS,
8 to 90 Guineas.

CHANCERY LANE, LONDON

with the exposure of years, or does but serve to add a sharper sting to the pains of memory. There was a time—how many years ago, reader?—when to you life seemed full of possibilities and of exquisite delights. How brave in hope and energy you were in those days, how generous were your aspirations! Love, it may be, wrapt you in its sweet security, and the grace and strength of youth carried you victoriously through many a struggle. Again and again you heard of sorrow in the world, but it did not cross your path, and

The common earth, the air, the skies
To you were opening Paradise.

Even then, however, in the very heyday of existence, with a long series of years stretching out before you, there would be moments perhaps when the memory of childhood touched you with the pathos of the past. Some little cloud might cross your summer sky; some thought of a still earlier time when heaven seemed near to you, and its light shone on you from a mother's eyes, would call forth a feeling of pensiveness blended with regret, so that you could say with Wordsworth—
It is not now as it hath been of yore.

Whither has fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

In such musing moments a man has at least the advantage of knowing that he is alive; and I think that the feeling which links childhood to manhood, and manhood to old age, gives one a far stronger sense of vitality than the daily occupations and incidents of everyday life. The pathos of the past, touching the heart gently and not unkindly, brings, I

think, the different portions of life into harmony, and binds the days together by a golden chain.

Dante Rossetti has written a sonnet, called "Lost Days," as solemn as any sermon that could be preached upon the ill-use of time: but the recollections of wasted hours, or of hours worse than wasted, belong to the saddest memories of the past, and not to its pathos. For with pathos must be always blended some sweetness of memory and some tenderness of feeling. In literature, as we all know, the highest pathos, if it calls forth tears, yields also pleasure; and so it is in life. The remembrance of some dear one, for instance, who was once the very life of our life, and has gone into the silent land, does not, after the lapse of years, cause acute pain, but rather a sorrow that is at once soothing and elevating. We gain strength through suffering, possibly even joy, and think of our dead ones with an emotion that bridges over the distance between us and them.

The sense of the pathetic is felt in a thousand unexpected ways. We open an old book, and some words written in it bring back a long-forgotten chapter in our lives; some strain of music, poor enough, perhaps, in the ear of a musician, opens again for one little moment the gates of a paradise within which we once plucked flowers more fragrant than any that earth can yield to us now. And sometimes a mere phrase, or the quotation of a commonplace line which is to most people what a primrose was to Peter Bell, carries the heart back into long-past years with a force and vividness that leave the present empty. A man is sometimes thought to be absent-minded when he is only a willing captive to the pathos of the past.

There are readers, probably, who will have no manner of sympathy with these desultory remarks on a subject which they will regard as eminently unpractical. Blessed with healthy vigorous natures that prompt them to move onwards, and blessed, too, with a capacity for work that makes the present pleasant and profitable, they have neither time nor inclination for what seems to them mere sentiment. "The past is dead and buried," they will say, "and why, in the name of common-sense, should we allow its memories to delay and to distract us?" Why, indeed?
JOHN DENNIS.

POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

INLAND.

By Parcel Post, *Threepence*; by Book Post, *Fourpence*.

ABROAD.

For the whole of Europe, Baghdad, Beyrout, Canada, Egypt, Jerusalem, Morocco, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Persia, Smyrna, Syria, Tahiti, and the United States of America: *Fourpence*.

For Aden, Argentine, Bermudas, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, Cape Coast Castle, Ceylon, Chili, China, Colombia, Ecuador, Gambia, Guatemala, Hawaiian Islands, Honduras, Japan, Java, Lagos, Mauritius, Mexico, Penang, Peru, Sierra Leone, Surinam, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the West India Islands: *Eightpence*.

For Abyssinia, Cape Colony, India, Natal, Orange Free State, Saint Helena, Sarawak, Transvaal, and Zanzibar: *One Shilling*.

For Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, and Tasmania: *One Shilling and Fourpence*.

For countries in the Postal Union the Number must be packed so as not to exceed eighteen inches in length; for other countries, a length of two feet is allowed.

Drink CADBURY'S COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE
therefore BEST.



"Cadbury's Cocoa contains, in a condensed and increased form, all the nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean. The most perfect of prepared Cocoas, of absolute purity, and always alike in quality."—The Analyst.

"A Cocoa of the highest degree of purity and nutritive value."
Health.

The Analyst, comparing the flesh-forming ingredient in Cocoas, gives the following averages:—

Natural Cocoa Nibs	13.00
Cocoa Commercial, with added Starch and Sugar	6.00
Cadbury's Cocoa (prepared by extraction of fat, special process)	21.00

The actual total flesh-formers in Cadbury's Cocoa are 21.34. The process of preparation concentrates and intensifies the nourishing properties and flesh-forming constituents of the Cocoa Bean. Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,

65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in
London, at Prices
Lower than ever.

JEWELLERY

A Large and Elegant
Stock of
every Description.

SILVER WATCHES
from £2.

GOLD WATCHES
from £5.



£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS
WATCH.

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air,
damp, and dust tight.
Ditto in Silver, £5.

GOLD CHAINS
AT
Manufacturers' Prices.



£5 THE CHEAPSIDE 3-PLATE
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.
With Chronometer Balance and
jewelled in thirteen actions, in
strong Silver Case with Crystal
Glass. The cheapest watch ever
produced. Air, damp, and dust
tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.



£5 LADIES' GOLD
KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship. With plain
polished or richly engraved
18-carat Gold Cases, fully
Jewelled, strong Crystal
Glass, air, damp, and dust
tight.

Illustrated Catalogues
Post Free.

PRESENTATION WATCHES,
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,
to £250.

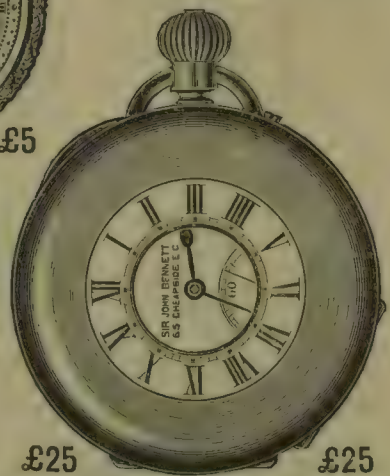
Arms and Inscriptions
emblazoned to order.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewel-
lery repaired on the premises
by experienced Workmen.



£25 LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS
HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-
Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases,
plain polished or richly engraved,
3-plate, finely Jewelled movements,
Chronometer Balance, specially
adapted for all climates.



£25 A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE
HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately
timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions.
In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly
emblazoned.
Ditto in Silver, £15.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch, Clock, & Jewellery Manufacturers, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

ESTABLISHED 1805.

CREWDSON'S

PRIZE MEDAL

CALICOES.

UNRIVALLED FOR FAMILY USE.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (Regd.) Oetzmann & Co. 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, London.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS & NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, USEFUL & ARTISTIC.

Intending purchasers are invited to inspect Oetzmann & Co.'s vast display of New and Artistic Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, Paintings, Etchings, Engravings, Tea, Coffee, Dinner, and Dessert Services, &c., Ornamental China and Glass, Electro Silver Plate, Table Cutlery, and Oriental Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, &c., and a large variety of other articles suitable for presents.



ELECTRO SILVER-PLATED TEA SPOONS, in Case.

Engraved Plain. Ferns. Italian.
6 Spoons and 1 Tongue to match 11s. 0d. 17s. 0d. 22s. 6d.
12 " " 18s. 0d. 39s. 0d. 33s. 0d.



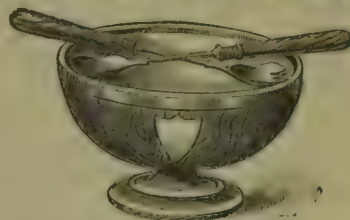
Ebonised or Walnut-colour Rush Seat Chair, 4s. 6d.



Ebonised or Walnut-colour Rush Seat Settee, 27s. 9d.



Ebonised or Walnut-colour Rush Seat Arm Chair, 10'6.



OAK SALAD BOWL.

With Electro Silver-Plated Mounts, complete with Servers, 12s. 9d.
Ditto, with side handles to bowl, 15s. 9d.
Ditto, handsomely carved, with servers to match, 21s.



OETZMANN'S PATENT LAMP.
Walnut Table with shelf for books, &c., with Brass Lamp, adjustable to any height. Complete, with duplex burner, globe, chimney, and container, in ruby and amber, £2 18s. 6d.



ANTIQUE OAK LIBRARY CHAIR.

Handsomely carved, well upholstered, and covered in embossed leather or Utrecht velvet, £3 18s. 6d.
A large variety of Easy Chairs always on view at the Show Rooms.



OETZMANN and Co.'s Registered BAMBOO STAND.

With Brass and Copper Kettle, 3 pints, patent wind-up lamp, &c., very useful and artistic, 21s.



OETZMANN'S PATENT WRITING-TABLE.

In solid walnut, lined with cloth, fitted with pen-tray, and pigeon-holes for papers, £2 18s. 6d.
The advantage of this table is that the top and flap can be closed and secured with one action, without disturbing the contents, and can only be opened with a key. When closed it forms an ordinary occasional table.



ELEGANT SOLID BRASS STANDARD LAMP.

Rising to 7 ft., with best lever burner, coloured or engraved globe, &c., splendid value, 72s. 6d.
Lace shades, circular or square, in all colours, 15 in. 7s. 11d., 18 in. 9s. 11d., 24 in. 15s. 11d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE The Best Furnishing Guide Extant, containing "How I Furnished My House for £120," and other Articles on Artistic Furnishing reprinted from "The Lady." **POST FREE ON APPLICATION.**

ASPINAL'S ENAMEL



MYRA'S JOURNAL says: "Ladies anxious to decorate their rooms with pretty but useful articles of furniture, which will beautify their homes at little expense, can do so by choosing the cheap article now made in smooth white wood to be painted with Aspinall's Enamel."

LADY'S PICTORIAL, Sept. 6, 1890.—"I certainly consider Aspinall's Enamel better than any other paint, and it wears twice as long as ordinary paint if it is properly applied. The great difficulty is to get workmen who will do as they are told, and not spoil the paint by their own vagaries. I do not think it costs more than ordinary paint, as it goes double as far. A gallon at 20s. does a small room."

If you want real satisfaction it is essential to use **ASPINAL'S**. Therefore, at all stores and shops, see that you get **ASPINAL**, and **ASPINAL ONLY**. Don't be imposed upon by an imitation.

In 110 Colours. Surface like Porcelain. Sold everywhere, or sent post free, 7d., 1'6, and 3'6 (For Baths, 9d., 1'9, and 3'6), from Works, London, S.E. Leatherette Box, containing 1 dozen Artists' Tins, assorted colours, post free, 2'9.

NEW YORK DÉPÔT,
DIECKERHOFF, RAFFLOER, & CO.
384, 386, BROADWAY.

PARIS,
24, RUE ALIBERT.
And Agents in every large town in the World.

FOR HOME DECORATING.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS
ARE THE BEST.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

IZOD'S CORSETS. Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for **Comfort, Style, and Durability.** Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade-Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Out-fitter for **IZOD'S** make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk-street, London.
Manufacture: LAMPFORD, HANTS.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS

WHITE & MODERN CUT
MOUNTED from £5. to £5,000.
18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

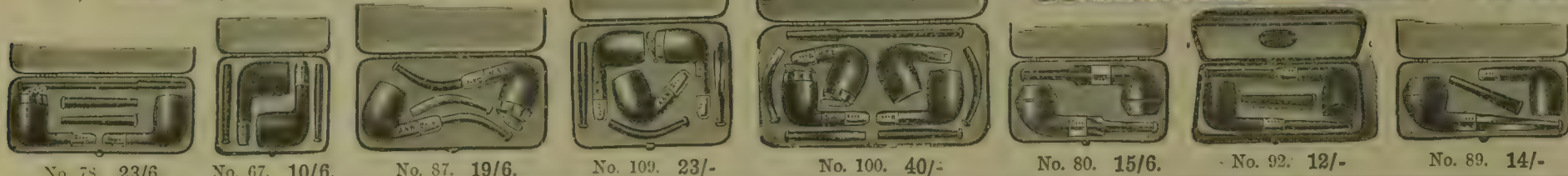
Instituted 1822.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.
Under the immediate Patronage of THE QUEEN and the Royal Family.
Principal—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
The LENT TERM will commence on THURSDAY, Jan. 8, 1891. Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) may be examined at the Institution on Tuesday, Jan. 6, at Eleven o'clock.
JAMES G. SYNE, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.

ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.

All the New Engravings and Etchings are
Now on View at
THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY,
7, HAYMARKET.
PUBLISHER TO HER MAJESTY.

ALLEN & WRIGHT,

217, PICCADILLY, W., & 26, POULTRY, E.C.

**ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST
POST FREE.****MAKERS OF HIGH-CLASS****"GUARANTEED" BRIAR PIPES.**

No. 78. 23/6.

No. 67. 10/6.

No. 87. 19/6.

No. 109. 23/-

No. 100. 40/-

No. 80. 15/6.

No. 92. 12/-

No. 89. 14/-

EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS "HARLENE"

POSITIVELY FORCES
LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHIOS,

To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.



AFTER USE.

**THE WORLD-RENOUNED
REMEDY FOR
BALDNESS**

from whatever cause arising.

As a Producer of

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

it has never been equalled.

As a Curer of Weak and

Thin Eyelashes,

OR RESTORING GREY HAIR

to its Original Colour,

never fails.

1/2, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/6 per Bottle,

from Chemists, Hairdressers, and

Perfumers all over the world. It

sent direct, free from observa-

tion, on receipt of 1/4, 2/6, 3/6,

and 5/6, P.O. preferred.

TESTIMONIALS. also a valuable

treatise on the Cultivation of Hair,

forwarded free on application.



AFTER USE.

Merton Vicarage, Bicester, Oxford, July 16, 1889.
Dear Sir,—I am thoroughly satisfied and pleased with the
results of your "Harlene" during the last month. I am sending
for a bottle for my sister.—Yours truly, A. E. JOHNS.

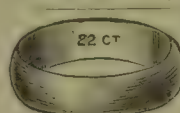
12, Chamberlain St., Regent's Park Rd., N.W., July 1, 1889.
Sir,—Please send a 3s. 6d. bottle of "Harlene" which is now
doing my hair much good, having all fallen off through illness.
I will speak most highly of it.
HENRIETTA ROYSE.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS CHRISTMAS NUMBER.
A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3s.

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of the Illustrated London News Christmas Number, who sends us this Coupon
with a postal order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, &c. One regular 3s. 6d. bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous
Harlene, provided it is ordered before March 31, 1891. Address all orders, with Coupon, as below.

S. EDWARDS & CO., 5, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.**EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.**

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating
in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear.
They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished.
The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

**Wedding Ring.**

Equals 22-ct., and is
stamped; has as good
an appearance as silver
same purposes will stand
all waters.
Post free, 1s. 6d.

**Engraved Keeper.**

Beautifully chased and
well finished, equal to
one costing 50s.; de-
tection defied. Post free,
1s. 6d.

**Ladies' 5-Stone Half-
Hoop Dress Ring.**

Very handsome (our spe-
ciality); mixed stones;
wear guaranteed; equal
to one costing £5.
Post free, 1s. 6d.

**Five-Stone
Engagement Ring.**

White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post free, 3s. 6d.

**Double-Headed Snake
Ring.**

Diamond and Ruby Eyes.
Can be worn by Lady or
Gentleman.
Post free, 4s. 6d.

**Gent's Single-Stone
Lustrous Brilliant
Claw Ring.**

Most fashionable setting
(The Jubilee). No more
£20 ones required—this
is as good. Post free,
1s. 6d.

**Handsome Buckle
with One
Splendid Brilliant.**

Can be worn without fear
of detection.
Post free, 3s. 6d.

Read these Testimonials and Judge for Yourself.
Hundreds received daily.

"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I
thank you very much for the ring you sent me this morning.
Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—
Yours sincerely, EDWARD J. FORD."

"28, Dombtriek-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 23, 1890.—
Gentlemen.—I received the two rings this morning, and am very
much pleased with them. All who have seen them praise them
very much. I shall recommend your goods in this town. I send
you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully,
"BERNARD REILLY."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

Foreign Postage Stamps not accepted.

Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready, post free.

D. GRAHAM and CO., 277, Strand, London, W.C.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS

The Perfection of Touch, Tone & Durability

PIANOS

18, 20, 22 WIGMORE ST LONDON W

Illustrations & Price List Post Free

HOOPING COUGH. GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROGATION.**

The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine.
Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen
Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard),
London, whose names are engraved on the Government
Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

**THE MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE, AND DIGESTIBLE.****EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.**

"The infant was very delicate; our medical
adviser ordered your Food. The result in a
short time was wonderful: the little fellow
grew strong and fat, and is now in a thriving
condition—in fact, 'the flower of the flock.'"

Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

The British Medical Journal says: "Benger's
Food has by its excellence established a reput-
ation of its own."

FROM AN EMINENT SURGEON.—"After a
lengthened experience of Foods, both at home
and in India, I consider Benger's Food incom-
parably superior to any I have ever prescribed."

FIVE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.**Goddard's
Plate Powder****NON-MERCURIAL.**

For nearly Half a Century this Powder has sustained an un-
rivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and
Colonies as the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver
and Electro-Plate. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and
4s. 6d. each.

**COVERINGS FOR SEMI & COMPLETE
BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.**

Perfect imitations of
Nature; invisible addi-
tions to thin partings,
art blending with nature
so completely as to defy
the closest scrutiny.

Half, Three-quarter,
or Full Wigs on same
Principle for Ladies
or Gentlemen.

**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.**

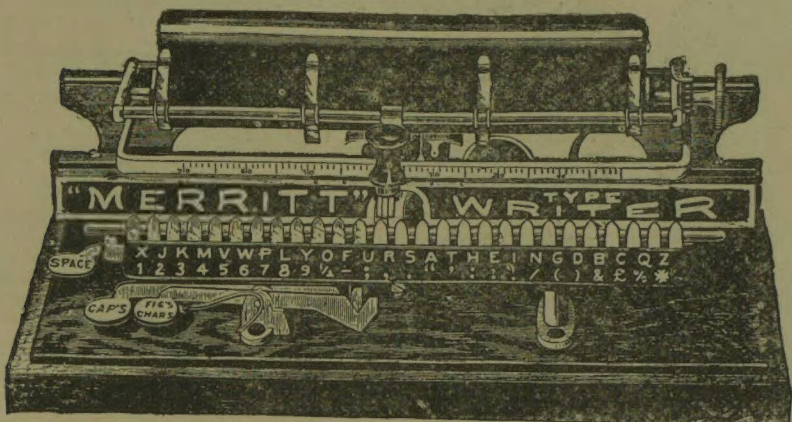
Every design in Art-
ificial Hair for Fashion
and Convenience.

C. BOND & SON, 546, Oxford-st., London, W.

CHRISTMAS, 1890.
THE MOST USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT.
NOT A TOY.

The Merritt Typewriter

A Simple Compact Machine Within the Means of All.



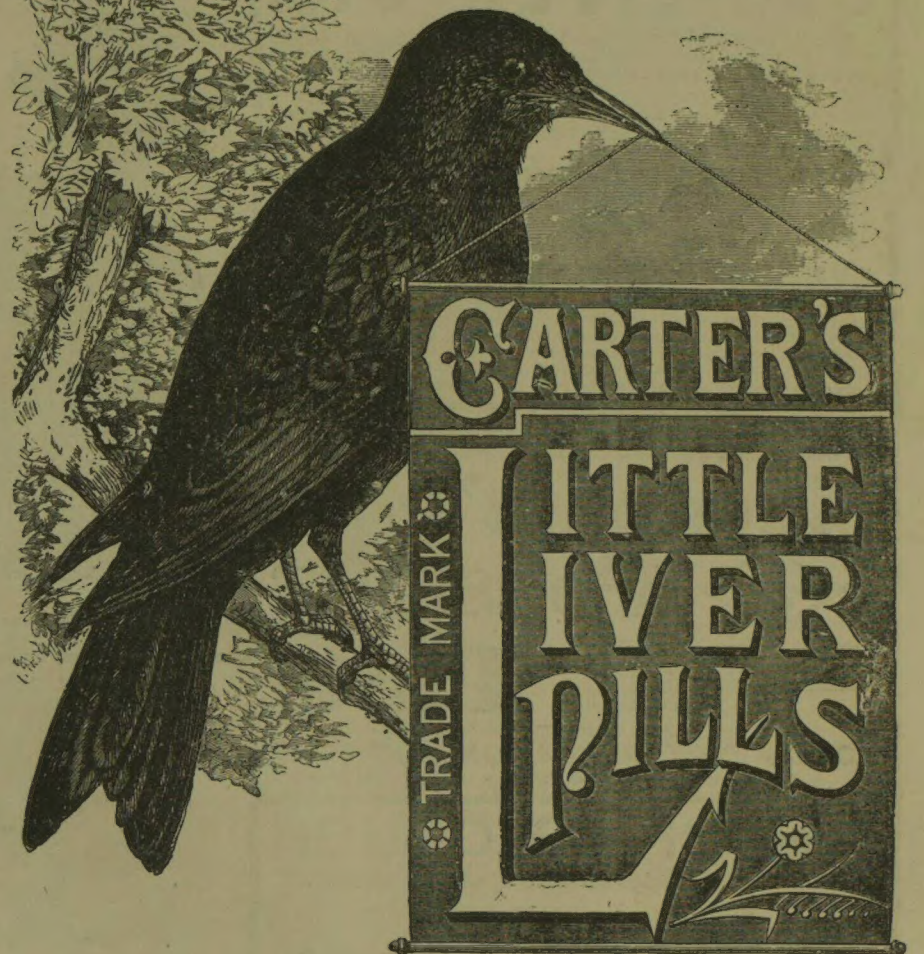
This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S" work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete.

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE.

THE MOST USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT.
NOT A TOY.

RICHARDS and WARD, Limited, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

TORPID LIVER



TORPID LIVER POSITIVELY CURED BY CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Cick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation. The smallest and easiest to take. Forty in a phial. PURELY VEGETABLE, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the Dominion of Canada and the United States. In phials at 1s. 11d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET FREE. British Depot: 40, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C. At New York, U.S.: 67, MURRAY-STREET.

RIZINE

KING OF FOODS.

DO TRY IT! I AM SURE YOU WILL BE ABLE TO DIGEST THIS!
ALL THE PATIENTS AT OUR HOSPITAL PRAISE IT HIGHLY.

RIZINE makes delicious Puddings, Custards, &c. Can be obtained of all Grocers and Corn Dealers. 3d. and 6d. the Packet.

WORKS: 87, BOROUGH HIGH ST., LONDON, S.E.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PEPSALIA

THE DIGESTIVE TABLE SALT.

A CONDIMENT, NOT A MEDICINE.

"PEPSALIA" used as an ordinary Table Salt, and in similar quantities, digests the food with which it is eaten with ease and certainty.

"PEPSALIA" absolutely effects digestion and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort.

Recommended by Eminent Medical Men, by "The Lancet," "The British Medical Journal," &c.

M.D., &c., Cavendish Square, London, W., writes, July 1890:—

"During the short time I have been trying your PEPSALIA upon myself I have acquired the greatest benefit from it.

"An indigestion which has been slowly growing, resulting in flatulence, discomfort and sleepiness after meals, general lassitude and depression, has, with all these disagreeable symptoms, vanished as by a charm since I commenced merely substituting PEPSALIA for ordinary table salt with my dinner."

The British Medical Journal, June 28, 1890, says:—

"PEPSALIA possesses a high degree of digestive power. We have satisfied ourselves that it affords a strong aid to digestion. The claims put forward for PEPSALIA are justifiable."

In Bottles, 1s. and 2s. each.

From Chemists, or from G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*. "Has almost the delicacy of Salad Oil."—*British Medical Journal*. "No nauseous eruptions follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.

Allen & Hanbury's "Perfected" COD-LIVER OIL.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use.

In Capsuled Bottles only, at 1/4, 2/6, 4/9, and 9/-. Sold Everywhere.
NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanbury's Name and Trade Mark (a Plough).

N.B.—ALLEN and HANBURY'S guarantee the purity and high quality of their Perfected Cod-Liver Oil, which is made by a new and special process of their own, and is supplied direct from their Factories at Longed and Kjerstaad, on the Coast of Norway.

BYNIN LIQUID MALT forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. BYNIN, being liquid, is entirely free from the inconvenient treacle-like consistency of ordinary Malt Extract. It is very palatable and possesses the nutritive and peptic properties of Malt in Perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1/6 each.

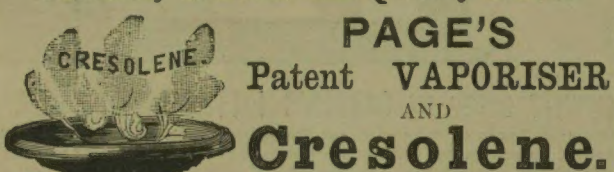
LATEST HONOURS:—Highest Award—Paris, Melbourne, Barcelona. Gold Medals, Diplomas, Certificates, wherever Exhibited.

Needham's Polishing Paste

The most reliable preparation for Cleaning and brilliantly polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
LONDON OFFICE—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

WHOOPIING COUGH Instantly Relieved and Quickly Cured.



**PAGE'S
Patent VAPORISER
AND
Cresolene.**
Children, by simply breathing the vapour of Cresolene, obtain a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. It is a perfectly safe remedy, and will not harm the youngest child. CRESOLENE is most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c. CRESOLENE is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant at present known.
Vaporiser, with Lamp complete, and 2-oz. bottle of Cresolene, 7s. 6d., post free in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cresolene can be had separately in bottles, at 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d.
Ask your Chemist for a Descriptive Circular.

SOLE AGENTS FOR EUROPE:
ALLEN and HANBURY'S, Plough-court, LONDON.

**Allen & Hanbury's
A Castor Oil**
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.



SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, BIRMINGHAM.

"SANITARY TOWELS"

USED ON LAND & SEA—SAVES WASHING
Price per Packet (of 1 doz.) 1s., 2s., & 3s. 9d., from Ladies' Outfitters throughout the World. For Sample Packets write to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.
Post Free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., and 3s. 1d.

Wholesale Agents: London—Sharp, Perrin, & Co., 31, Old Change; and Stapley & Smith, London Wall.
Manchester—Peel, Watson, & Co., and S. & J. Watts & Co. (Linen Department); Glasgow—J. P. Harrington; Edinburgh—McRitchie & Fisher. Continental Address—10, Rue D'Uzes, Paris.

PATENTEE'S AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, BIRMINGHAM.

"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."—LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Already Cooked—requires neither boiling nor straining—made in a minute.

Allen & Hanbury's INFANTS' FOOD

A Nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone.

"My child, after being at death's door for weeks from exhaustion, consequent upon severe diarrhoea, and inability to retain any form of 'Infants' Food or Milk,' began to improve immediately he took your Infants' Food, and I have never seen an infant increase in weight so rapidly as he has done."

H. E. TRESTRAIL, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.
FURTHER MEDICAL TESTIMONY AND FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH TIN.
Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Sold Everywhere.

THE LATEST INVENTION IN WATERPROOFS.

HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.



HONoured BY ROYAL AND IMPERIAL PATRONAGE.

"MANDLEBERG" WATERPROOFS



Free From Odour
Absolutely Waterproof

Registered
F F O
Trade Mark

DOUBLY GUARANTEED.

The "Mandleberg" Patents are for an entirely New Process of Manufacturing Garments Waterproofed with Rubber in a superior manner, absolutely FREE FROM ODOUR, and distinguished for marked improvements upon the ordinary waterproofs.

All leading Drapers, Mantle Houses, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Outfitters and Rubber Depots regularly stock the "Mandleberg F.F.O." Waterproofs in all sizes ready for immediate wear. Prices according to qualities, ranging the same as for the ordinary Waterproofs, the public having the full benefit of the "Mandleberg" Patented improvements without extra charge.

Every Genuine Garment bears a Silk-woven Label marked "MANDLEBERG F.F.O."

J. Mandleberg & Co., Ltd., Patentees & Sole Manufacturers, Wholesale & Export only, **Manchester, London, & Paris.**

"I have not before met with a so well-manufactured and ingenious combination, at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended."—JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E., Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst", Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

Salt Regal

Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, Patent Rights Protected throughout the World.

An Appetising and Refreshing Tonic. A Thirst-Quencher for all occasions. A morning "Pick-me-up." A high-class Effervescent Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life. Prevents and Relieves Flatulence, Nausea, Giddiness, Heartburn Acidity, Palpitation, Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Malaria, Irritation of the Skin, Liver Complaint, Lassitude, Weariness, &c. Corrects all Impurities arising from errors of diet, eating or drinking.

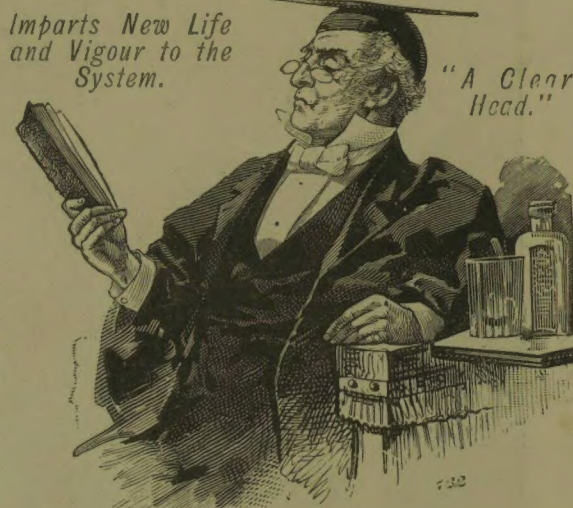
The Editor of "HEALTH," the great authority of HYGIENE, recommends SALT REGAL for general use in Families, and speaks in the highest praise of SALT REGAL for Purity, for Safety, for Excellence—for MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

Lieut.-Colonel HUGH BAMBER, Margate, says: "Pleasant and most agreeable in taste, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

The great rapidity with which SALT REGAL has become the Favourite Remedy with the Public in all cases of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, and kindred complaints is demonstrated by the enormous sale it has attained, both at home and abroad. Insist upon having SALT REGAL, and no other. Be careful to observe SALT REGAL is a delicate white powder; but it turns the water to a beautiful rose pink. Unless it does this it is not genuine.

SALT REGAL is highly recommended by the Medical Profession, and Copies of Testimonials and Certificate of Analysis accompany each bottle.

Bottles, 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Stores; if not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d., to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.



BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

"I heartily recommend it. Eggs may disagree, this will not."
GORDON STABLES,
C.M., M.D., R.N.

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard without Eggs.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP & FOOD WARMER.

INVALUABLE FOR INVALIDS AND INFANTS. NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

CLARKE'S
NEWLY DESIGNED

"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

With New Registered Pannikin.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

A BLESSING—TO MOTHERS.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—TO INFANTS.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—TO INVALIDS.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—TO BACHELORS.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—TO EARLY RISERS.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—TO EVERYONE.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—A CUP OF HOT TEA
Any Hour in the Night.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—A CUP OF HOT COFFEE
Any Hour in the Night.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—A CUP OF HOT BEEF TEA
Any Hour in the Night.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

A BLESSING—A CUP OF HOT SOUP,
GRUEL, or MILK, Any Hour in the Night.
CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

The Patentee, in reply to numerous consumers, begs to state that he will only warrant his Patent "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMERS to answer the purpose for which they are recommended when the "Pyramid" Night Lights are burned in them; the common night lights will not give sufficient heat. The "Pyramid" Food Warmers are sold by all respectable dealers throughout the Kingdom, the United States of America, and Colonies.

CLARKE'S IMPROVED PANNIKIN (REGISTERED)

FOR USE WITH

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a Feeding Bottle, so objectionable with all other Pannikins.

These Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

N.B.—Ask for CLARKE'S PANNIKIN, and see that his name and the registered number (Registered 91,241) are on the Pannikin, and Trade Mark, "Pyramid."

Clarke's Patent "PYRAMID" or "FAIRY-PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS are the only Lights suitable for these Lamps.

CAUTION.—TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.

A "Pyramid" Night Light should be lighted in the front and back of every house as soon as it is dark. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The Police recommend a "Pyramid" Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all the burglaries perpetrated might have been prevented, and much VALUABLE PROPERTY SAVED, if this simple and inexpensive plan had always been adopted. The "Pyramid" Night Lights are much larger and give DOUBLE THE LIGHT of the common night lights, and are therefore particularly adapted for this purpose. Manufactured in Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Cases. No paraffin or other dangerous material used in their manufacture.

CLARKE'S ADJUSTABLE BED-TRAY

(Protected by Two Patents),

With Book Rest, &c.,

For use with

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"
NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.



For Reading, Clarke's Double Wick "Fairy" Lights are best. They will burn in the "Pyramid" Lamp.

Tray and Iron Bracket, 15s. If with Brass Bracket, 4s. extra. If with Book Rest and Medicine Box, 6s. extra. If with Adjustable Brass Support for Book Rest, 5s. extra.

The above is an invaluable invention, and useful appliance at the bedside, suitable for Invalids, and particularly for parents whose INFANTS REQUIRE FEEDING DURING THE NIGHT. It obviates the necessity of getting out of bed, as everything required for use can be put on the TRAY. The Tray is adapted for use in connection with CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMER, and when not required can be turned to the wall in such a manner as to SHADE THE PERSON IN BED FROM THE RAYS OF THE LIGHT.

Invalids will find it a GREAT COMFORT, for any book, plate, basin, &c., can be placed thereon ready for use, and obtained without altering the position in bed. By means of a Slide, the Tray can be pulled forward to the position or length required. IT IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, and can be obtained from most dealers in CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LAMPS, or from the Manufacturer.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST
TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.
THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.
IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY
USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.
No paraffin or other dangerous material
Used in their manufacture.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LAMP, WITH ONE
"PYRAMID" LIGHT, COMPLETE, IN BOX, from
4d. each.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
Insist upon having the Lamp, with one
"Pyramid" Light, complete in Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
THE CHEAPEST, SAFEST, AND MOST
PERFECT NIGHT LIGHT.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S NEW "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP,
2s. 6d. each.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED NURSERY
PANNIKIN. Do not have any other.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LAMPS ARE SOLD IN
BOXES ONLY, with one "Pyramid" Light complete
from 4d.

LINES on BURNING one of CLARKE'S
NIGHT LIGHTS:

When nights are dark
Then think of Clarke,
Who's hit the mark precisely,
For his night lights
Create light nights,
In which you see quite nicely.—W. E.

MORAL—IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP
SAFELY AND SAVE YOUR PROPERTY USE
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "Pyramid" LAMP



"PYRAMID" Nursery LAMP Food-Warmer and Bed-Tray.

INDISPENSABLE FOR THE INVALID'S ROOM OR THE NURSERY.

Combines Night Light, Food-warmer, Bed-tray & Book-rest.

Sold by all dealers in CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LAMPS.

N.B. Each "Pyramid" Lamp and Light is stamped
with trade mark "Pyramid"

CLARKE'S "FAIRY," "FAIRY-PYRAMID," AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.

<p>"FAIRY-PYRAMID" LIGHT. With Double Wicks, burn 6 hours. In Boxes containing 3 Lights and Glass, 8½d. per box.</p>	<p>"FAIRY" LIGHT. With Double Wicks, in Boxes contain- ing 6 Lights, burn 10 hours each, 1s. per Box.</p>	<p>LINES ON BURNING ONE OF CLARKE'S NIGHT LIGHTS.</p> <p>When nights are dark, Then think of Clarke, Who's hit the mark precisely; For his night lights Create light nights, In which you see quite nicely. W. E.</p>	<p>"FAIRY-PYRAMID" LIGHT. Single Wick, burn 10 hours. These are smaller than "FAIRY" Lights, consequently less expensive, and will burn in any of the "Fairy" or "Fairy- Pyramid" Lamps. 8d. per Box.</p>	<p>"PYRAMID" LIGHT. In Fire-proof Plaster Casing. Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 3 Lights, 8½d. per Box.</p>
---	--	--	--	---

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights suitable for burning in Lamps.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LTD., LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN, WHOLESALE ONLY. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.



Good morning!
Have you used Pears'
Soap?